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FOR ENGLISH LITERATURE



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THE POEMS
OF
THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK

EDITED BY
BRIMLEY JOHNSON



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PREFACE

IN this edition the complete Poetical Works of Peacock have been brought together for the first time. The songs, lyrics, and ballads from the novels are now printed among the longer poems, the whole series being arranged in chronological order on the authority of the poet's grand-daughter, Edith Nicolls. By the generous courtesy of Messrs Macmillan & Co., Ltd. I have been permitted to reprint the various pieces quoted in her memoir (now arranged under their dates) and all the other copyright poems first published in *The Works of Thomas Love Peacock, including his Novels, Poems, Fugitive Pieces, Criticisms, etc., with a Preface by the Right Honourable Lord Houghton, a Biographical Notice by his granddaughter, Edith Nicolls, and Portrait. Edited by Henry Cole, C.B., in three volumes. Richard Bentley & Son, MDCCCLXXV.*

The author's footnotes are retained in full, as being eminently characteristic, if somewhat discursive.

R. B. J.



THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK

WHILE Wordsworth was preaching upon morals and the art of poetry out of the mouths of Cumberland peasants, while Coleridge was perturbing philosophy by the exposition of German mysticism, while Shelley was calling on liberty in impassioned song, Thomas Love Peacock, 'the laughing philosopher,' was content to exercise his genius in the composition of works which were intended primarily to give pleasure. His satire is a double-edged weapon that deals its blows alike on enthusiasts and on conventionalism. Instead of holding up ideals, he runs down the actual, and confines himself—for the most part—to the humorous delineation of his contemporaries, offering no contrast but one of classic or chivalrous simplicity. He laughs at the theories of other people, without expounding any for himself. His keenest contempt is reserved for affectation, however inspired: his poetry is never didactic, seldom even containing the picture of an ideal. Peacock does not deal in maxims, fervid appeals, or tender retrospect.

His early training was peculiarly fitted for the encouragement of literary ambitions. From the age of sixteen, apparently, he took his education into his own hands, and chose the British Museum for his schoolmaster. There he read widely, if discursively, in Greek, Latin, French, Italian, and English; supplementing such researches by an enthusiastic study of ancient sculpture, which must have done much to deepen his sympathy with the spirit and the ideals of the classic ages. Having no immediate occasion to earn his own livelihood, he found the

means and the leisure to fall in love, to write verses and publish them, and to spend long summer months in perpetual rambles in the open air. He wandered alone over the mountains of Wales, and traced the sources of the Thames in the stimulating company of Shelley. A casual acquaintance wrote of him at this time: 'He seems an idly-inclined man, indeed he is professedly so in summer; he owns that he cannot apply himself to study, and thinks it more beneficial to him as a human being entirely to devote himself to the beauties of the season while they last; he was only happy while out from morning to night'.

Nevertheless, it is clear that Peacock was no dreamer. His satiric powers never involved him in a quarrel; and he was, in fact, a shrewd and practical man, as free from absurdities of his own as he was alive to those of others. In the management of affairs he proved himself thoroughly efficient by his work at the India House, where, like the Mills, he held the important office of examiner. He was in the service of the Company for thirty-seven years, and had no little influence on its prosperity. His satires upon the gospel of steam and the commercial spirit of the age did not hinder him from projecting improvements in the art of navigation and writing proudly of the 'iron chickens' for which he was responsible. Of the general nature of his work, he wrote to Shelley: 'It is not in the common routine of office, but is an employment of a very interesting and intellectual kind, connected with finance and legislation, in which it is possible to be of great service not only to the Company, but to the millions under their dominion'.

The confession affords a striking contrast to his rhymed estimate of official industry, which, itself, inevitably recalls the similar and similarly-inspired raillery of Charles Lamb:—

From ten to eleven, ate a breakfast for seven ;
From eleven to noon, to begin was too soon ;
From twelve to one, asked, ' What's to be done ?'
From one to two, found nothing to do ;
From two to three, began to foresee
That from three to four, would be a damned bore.

Peacock acted romantically on the one occasion in life with which romance seems most properly connected—namely, on his marriage. At the age of twenty-six he had given his friend Hookham some account of a visit to Merionethshire—'the land of all that is beautiful in nature, and all that is lovely in woman'—during which he said farewell to one Jane Gryffydd, 'the most innocent, the most amiable, the most beautiful girl in existence'. He did not see her again for eight years, and apparently made no attempt to communicate with her until his appointment at the India House had secured him the means to marry. Then the memory of his love was sufficient. He lost no time in seeking her out, but wrote at once: 'It is more than eight years since I had the happiness of seeing you. I can scarcely hope that you have remembered me as I have remembered you, yet I feel confident that the simplicity and ingenuousness of your disposition will prompt you to answer me with the same candour with which I write to you. I long entertained the hopes of returning to Merionethshire under better auspices than those under which I left it; but fortune always disappointed me, continually offering me prospects which receded as I approached them. Recently she has made me amends for her past unkindness, and has given me much present good, and much promise of progressive prosperity, which leaves me nothing to desire in worldly advantage but to participate it with you. The greatest blessing this world could bestow on me would be to make you my wife. Consider if your own feelings would allow you to constitute my happiness. I desire only

to promote yours, and I desire only you ; for your value is beyond fortune, of which I want no more than I have. The same circumstances which have given me prosperity confine me to London, and to the duties of the department with which the East India Company has entrusted me ; yet I can absent myself once in every year for a few days. If you sanction my wishes, with what delight should I employ them in bringing you to my home ! If this be but a baseless dream, if I am even no more in your estimation than the sands of the sea-shore—yet I am sure, as I have already said, that you will answer me with the same candour with which I have written. Whatever may be your sentiments, the feelings with which I now write to you, and which more than eight years of absence and silence have neither obliterated nor diminished, will convince you that I never can be otherwise than most sincerely and affectionately your friend'. Whether Miss Gryffydd was more amused or touched by the ingenuous directness of this remarkable letter does not appear, but she accepted the offer it contained, and became an excellent and devoted wife. She developed, however, a delicacy of constitution, at which the Welsh maidens of her husband's novels would have been profoundly astonished.

Thomas Love Peacock was born on October 18, 1785. He was an only child, and his father Samuel, of Peacock & Pellatt, St Paul's Churchyard, died three years after the boy's birth. His maternal grandfather, one Thomas Love, commanded *H.M.S. Prothee* in Lord Rodney's action of April 1782 against the French Admiral de Grasse in the West Indies ; and he was practically brought up by the old sailor until he was sixteen years of age. Grandfather Love is said to be the original of Captain Hawltaught in *Melincourt*. The child was celebrated for his long

and beautiful flaxen curls, which earned a kiss from Queen Charlotte.

In after years he wrote with unusual insight of the little schooling to which he was subjected by the indulgent guardians of his youth :—

I did not go to any university or public school. I was six years at a private school in Englefield Green. I left it before I was thirteen. The master was not much of a scholar; but he had the art of inspiring his pupils with a love of learning, and he had excellent classical and French assistants. I passed many of my best years with my mother, taking more pleasure in reading than in society. I was early impressed with the words of Harris: 'To be competently skilled in ancient learning is by no means a work of such insuperable pains. The very progress itself is attended with delight, and resembles a journey through some pleasant country, where, every mile we advance, new charms arise. It is certainly as easy to be a scholar as a gamester, or many other characters equally illiberal and low. The same application, the same quantity of habit, will fit us for one as completely as for the other.' Thus encouraged, I took to reading the best books, illustrated by the best critics; and amongst the latter I feel especially indebted to Heyne and Hermann. Such was my education.

As already mentioned, Peacock's schoolroom, from his sixteenth year, was the British Museum, where Lord Houghton has noted that instead of 'plodding through the limited routine of classic writers under methodical instruction, he was traversing the whole range of ancient literature with independent zeal, and realising to himself the thoughts and images of that wonderful phase of human existence in the "old marbles ever beautiful" and abundant relics of architecture brought together in our national Museum.' He never became a scholar in the strictest sense of the term, but the unusual familiarity with classic thought and manners so pleasantly acquired, was destined to colour his mind and work throughout life.

He began his career as an author at the age of nineteen by the publication of a few poems, followed in 1806 by the rare volume entitled *Palmyra and other Poems*, and in 1810 by *The Genius of The Thames*—

projected three years earlier. The first of the novels *Headlong Hall*, appeared in 1816.

Continuing to live in his grandfather's house at Chertsey, he became engaged to 'a beautiful young lady' in the neighbourhood, but was separated from her 'by the underhand interference of a third person'. Though the happiness of his long married life was unbroken, he never apparently forgot his loss. The poems, *Newark Abbey*, *Remember Me*, and *Al Mio Primiero Amore* were inspired by her memory: she was the original of Miss Touchango in *Crotchet Castle*. He 'always wore a locket with her hair in it', and dreamed of her for some weeks before his death, more than sixty years later.

As a young man, indeed, one imagines the handsome Peacock to have been something of a dreamer. Being appointed, no doubt through family interest under-secretary to a naval commander, he complains that 'writing poetry, or doing anything else that is rational, in this floating Inferno, is almost next to a moral impossibility': he gave up the post in less than a year, devoted himself to 'tracing the Thames from its source', and subsequently entered upon the prolonged tour over North Wales destined to prove of so much influence on his life and work. It was here, as we have seen, that he met and wooed the 'Caernarvon shire nymph' who eventually became his wife; here he entered upon a close friendship with Shelley, to whom—alone among contemporary writers—his appreciation glowed sincere and constant; here he gained that familiarity with the wild scenery and legends of the country in which so many of his best stories are laid.

The intimacy with Shelley, maintained till death has been immortalized in the character of Scythrope (see *Nightmare Abbey*, where Coleridge appears as 'Mr Flosky,' Lord Byron as 'Mr Cypress,' and Southey

as 'Mr Sackbut'), and by various contributions to the poet's memoirs. The friends were neighbours for a time in Buckinghamshire, taking an almost equal delight in long country rambles or 'in rowing and sailing on the Thames': during which period our author was gaining a certain reputation by the publication of various novels and poems.

This somewhat desultory, though not unproductive, existence was finally interrupted by an example of what seems almost a freak in the history of English commerce, which in its course has been of profound influence on men of far greater genius than he. The reasons inducing the Directors of East India Company from time to time to enlist the services of literary men, and the effect of such appointments on their fortunes, are not quite obvious to-day. But the fact that Peacock succeeded James Mill, was succeeded by John Stuart Mill, and earned his living under the same auspices as Charles Lamb, remains an incident of note. Government officials of a later generation, certainly, have turned their pens to uses sufficiently unofficial; but no one office has nursed so many authors of genius as the old Company of plutocrats, and it may be feared that our modern craving for efficiency will soon banish the association altogether.

Peacock, however, was undoubtedly a competent and industrious official. His appointment gave him a permanent, congenial, and sufficiently remunerative career. It evoked that unusual combination of practical sense and romantic ambition which characterised his essentially healthy nature, and literally proved his establishment in life. As we have seen, he immediately summoned the fair Jane of Welsh ancestry to share his home, settled down to domestic happiness in Stamford Street, Blackfriars, rose in the service, brought up a family, spoiled his grandchildren, and even adopted a little girl for her remarkable

likeness to the daughter whose early death transformed his wife to a 'complete invalid'.

During early married life, Peacock continued his literary work with little interruption, his mother accepting the responsibilities beyond the powers of a delicate wife; but her death, in 1833, 'added greatly to his private anxieties', and for the next twenty years he scarcely published anything at all.

He continued, however, to earn distinction for his official services, notably in suggestions for the improvement of steam navigation, by evidence before the Salt Committee of 1836, and through recommendations to occupy the Euphrates against Russia in 1838. He also won and maintained the friendship of Lord Broughton, though 'never very fond of what is usually understood by the word Society'.

In 1852 he apparently regained leisure for writing, and contributed a series of articles to *Frazer's Magazine*, of which only three are reprinted in the 'Collected Works'. *Gryll Grange*, written and published in his seventy-sixth year, shows remarkable vitality. 'He had lived to criticise the views, and laugh at the nonsense of three generations. Here he laughed as merrily at the third—that rising just now—as he had done at the first'.

Peacock retired in 1856 on a comfortable pension of over a thousand pounds, and settled down in the country, where he projected a *Collection of Miscellanies* never issued. A letter to a friend on contemporary political developments suggests a difficulty he felt at this time in entering upon new work. 'If I have said lately nothing about the Tories, it arises from my considering them to be as completely extinct as the mammoth. Their successors, the Conservatives, as they call themselves, appear to me like Falstaff's otter, "neither fish nor flesh"; one knows not where to have

them. I could not, in a dialogue, put into the mouth of one of them the affirmation of any principle which I should expect him to adhere to for five minutes'.

He lingered on for another ten years, spending his days for the most part alone in his library or his garden, though he loved children, and, to the last, delighted in the celebration of village customs. A fire which broke out in the roof of his bedroom was, apparently, the direct cause of his last illness. It threatened his beloved books, and, with startling energy, he repelled the invitation to safety of a kindly neighbour: 'By the immortal gods, I will not move'. A few weeks later he died, in his eighty-first year, on the 23rd January 1866, and was buried in what was then the New Cemetery, at Shepperton.

Peacock's grand-daughter, Edith Nicolls, who contributed the 'Biographical Notice' to his Works, has left a vivid description of his personal appearance:—

The pretty fair-haired boy developed into a fine, tall, handsome man, with a profusion of bright brown hair, eyes of fine dark blue, massive brow, and regular features, a Roman nose, a handsome mouth, which, when he laughed, as I well remember, turned up at the corners, and a complexion fair as a girl's; his hair was peculiar in its wild luxuriant growth, it seemed to grow all from the top of the head, had no parting, but hung about in thick locks, with a rich wave all through it, and as an old man, it turned to that beautiful bright silver-white, which one so seldom sees; at his death, in his eighty-first year, it was as profuse in quantity as when he was a young man.

She also tells us that, though averse to society, he was always a welcome guest from his genial appreciation of wit in others, and his own powers of amusing narrative. But, particularly as age grew upon him, 'his detestation of anything disagreeable made him simply avoid whatever fretted him, laughing off all sorts of ordinary calls upon his leisure time. His love of ease and kindness of heart made it impossible that he could be actively unkind to anyone, but he would not be worried, and just got away from

anything that annoyed him'. As Lord Houghton expresses it:—

If his strong proclivity towards the feelings and tastes of an antique world inspired him with some real sentiment and much humorous affectation of hatred of the vaunted progress and actual advantages of the age in which his lot was cast, the continual recurrence of his mind to the simpler and more graceful aspects of humanity may have served to protect his essentially critical nature from any saturnine or severe expression, and enabled him to mix with our self-satisfied and malcontent society in the spirit of an elder time, before all the sherry was dry, and all the ale bitter, and when men of thought were not ashamed of being merry.

Peacock, in fact, was wise enough to laugh at what he could not approve; and, though somewhat solitary and self-sufficient, was always ready to be a boon comrade and loyal friend. The man was eminently consistent with his best work.

Like so many novelists, who apparently practise the art of poetry as a recreation or as an exercise in composition, Peacock is far more conventional in his verse than his prose. Anyone familiar with his delightful novels will admit that he there created a manner of his own (which had its influence on the early work of his son-in-law, Mr George Meredith), and proved himself expert in the latest phase of thought and knowledge. He certainly regarded the enthusiasts of the age as fanatical; but his satire neither conceals an intimate and intelligent acquaintance with their tenets, nor precludes him from admiration and friendship for the individuals so inspired. We have further abundant evidence of his keen and understanding sympathy with progress in practical affairs.

But in poetry, his criticism betrays an almost spiteful antipathy to the best work of his generation (always excepting Shelley); while his own work is mostly confined to a cultured and monotonous expression of that classic imitation and conventional sentiment characterising the *della crusca*

dead level from which Wordsworth and his friends, despite their affectations of superiority, were ultimately destined to rouse and elevate public taste.

In 1820 he contributed an ingenious and eloquent article to *Ollier's Miscellany* entitled the *Four Ages of Poetry*, in which he culminates a brief history of the art by a few caustic paragraphs on his contemporaries, plainly indicating his contempt for the 'degenerate fry of modern rhymesters and their Olympic judges, the magazine critics'. He declares that—

A poet in our times is a semi-barbarian in a civilised community. His ideas, thoughts, feelings, associations, are all with barbarous manners, obsolete customs, and exploded superstitions. The march of his intellect is like that of the crab, backward. The brighter the light diffused around him by the progress of reason, the thicker is the darkness of antiquated barbarism, in which he buries himself like a mole, to throw up the barren hillocks of his Cimmerian labours. . . . The highest inspirations of poetry are resolvable into three ingredients: the rant of unregulated passion, the whining of exaggerated feeling and the cant of fictitious sentiment: and can therefore serve only to ripen a splendid lunatic like Alexander, a puling driveller like Werter, or a morbid dreamer like Wordsworth.

Peacock, apparently, admired the ancients of each generation; but he considered that the general 'activity of intellect', inaugurated by Hume and Gibbon, Rousseau and Voltaire, created 'a necessity for even poets to appear to know something of what they professed to talk of', which was fatal to their art.

He has no mercy for—

That egregious confraternity of Rhymesters, known by the name of the Lake School; who certainly did receive and communicate to the world some of the most extraordinary poetical impressions that were ever heard of, and ripened into models of public virtue, too splendid to need illustration. They wrote verses on a new principle, saw rocks and rivers in a new light; and, remaining studiously ignorant of history, society, and human nature, cultivated the phantasy only at the expense of the memory and the reason.

One would be almost tempted to suspect the critic of envy or spleen; but, while we are now able to judge the Lake Poets by their ultimate achieve-

ments and influence; their contemporaries may perhaps be forgiven for dwelling rather upon the somewhat irritating conceits and affectations of the men themselves, their overwhelming confidence in their message to humanity and in their power for its delivery. A mutual-admiration society, which they assuredly formed, is always ludicrous to the observer and Peacock's witty paraphrase of their theories—always, in fact, inferior to their practice—may be enjoyed without malice. He imagines them blandly congratulating each other on the discovery of a new Evangel:—

Poetical genius is the finest of all things, and we feel that we have more of it than anyone ever had. The way to bring it to perfection is to cultivate poetical impressions exclusively. Poetical impressions can be received only among natural scenes—for all that is artificial is anti-poetical. Society is artificial, therefore we will live out of society. The mountains are natural, therefore we will live in the mountains. There we shall be shining models of purity and virtue passing the whole day in the innocent and amiable occupation of going up and down hill, receiving poetical impressions, and communicating them in immortal verse to admiring generations.

He concludes that, 'while the historian and the philosopher are advancing in, and accelerating, the progress of knowledge, the poet is wallowing in the rubbish of departed ignorance, and raking up the ashes of dead savages to find gewgaws and rattles for the grown babies of the age'.

One wonders, after such a declaration, that Peacock himself had the temerity to publish verse. He proved himself, indeed, insensible to the dawning ideals of his day, and remained content with the spurious classicism, already moribund, naturally voiced in cumbrous odes, rhymed couplets, and 'old tales of the contest between natural and supernatural love'. His earlier and longer poems—as Lord Houghton observes—

Belong to a time when verse-writing was a gentleman-like recreation as well as a divine afflatus, and when a critic no more

thought of dissecting a pleasant piece of rhyme than a man of science would object to the deficient mechanism of the toys of childhood. They are full of that imagery which transformed the affections and mental faculties into mythological personages, and haunted all nature with a new and uninteresting polytheism, while it established a certain obligatory diction for verse, that now sounds intolerably forced and pedantic.

He had the mannerisms of his school, and he intensified the burden of learned allusions by that most pernicious of all adjuncts to verse-making, the explanatory footnote. Two qualities alone serve to raise this portion of his work above the average and render it worthy. A deep love of music tuned his ear and saved him from the flat and monotonous beat of the mechanical versifier. His *genuine* familiarity with the classics, commonly *affected* by this school, preserved the purity of his diction, the taste of his metaphors, and informed even the most tiresome of his effusions with a certain dignity and grace that please while they command respect.

Finally, Peacock wrote also a number of shorter poems so differently inspired as to seem the work of another hand. He possessed a fine lyrical gift, both sad and joyous, and—what is perhaps even more rare—a positive genius for writing ballads. The greater number of these were introduced into his delightful novels, and have been seldom detached from their context, though a few of the best appeared with other verse. Such perfect lines as *Beneath the Cypress Shade*, written in 1806, show that he mastered the lyric form in youth, as *Love and Age*, published in *Gryll Grange*, proves him to have retained it throughout a life-time. His early ballads, again, are scarcely less vigorous and pointed than those more generally familiar from the popularity of his novels.

In lyrics and ballads Peacock entirely escaped the pernicious influences of the school which apparently

directed his more serious attempts in verse. Though still impervious to current influences, he wrote from an obviously spontaneous and personal inspiration with original genius. Lyrical excellence eludes definition; but Peacock exhibited its essential qualities by the tuneful expression of single ideas or moods in simple language. He sings of love or grief with deep and genuine feeling or natural gaiety: he never obscures or weakens his effect by involved metaphor or over-subtlety. The vigour, restraint, and directness of style perfects a form dictated by pure emotion. His ballads, whether satirical or merely narrative, are entirely free from the spurious archaisms and conscious simplicity of most modern examples. Their racy vigour betrays neither pose nor effort, but clearly arises from natural energy of thought and fluency. The old ballads were written in old English, as spoken by their authors; and the best modern ballads are colloquial with the colloquialisms of their own age—not another's. Peacock is obviously at home in true bardic poetry, and wields his power to varied ends, never descending to burlesque in satire or to rhymed prose in legend.

The lyrics and ballads of Thomas Love Peacock must always save his memory from oblivion. They should further tempt us to search for the excellencies that leaven his more ambitious, though inferior, poetical work. He did not belong to his own age. As a poet, he was a revival of a non-poetical generation: the last, and not certainly the least, of an almost forgotten school whose bondage he escaped, yet without falling under the new influences, in his most original and independent work.

R. BRIMLEY JOHNSON.

WESTERHAM, 1906.

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HERE lie interred, in silent shade,
The frail remains of Hamlet Wade ;
A youth more promising ne'er took breath ;
But ere fifteen laid cold in death !
Ye young, ye old, and ye of middle age,
Act well your part, for quit the stage
Of mortal life, one day you must,
And, like him, crumble into dust.

ENGLEFIELD HOUSE, *14th February, 1795.*

THE LORD'S PRAYER

PARAPHRASED

A. Æ. 16

[Written in 1801, and published in 1806]

FATHER of all ! Who dwell'st above !
Thy mercies we proclaim :
To Thee be endless fear and love ;
All-hallow'd be Thy name.

Thy kingdom come : Thy will be done
On earth, as 'tis in HEAV'N :
In ev'ry realm beneath the sun,
To Thee be glory giv'n.

TRANSLATION FROM GUACINI

Grant us, oh Thou Who cloth'st the field !
 This day our daily bread :
 As we to others mercy yield,
 On us Thy mercy shed.

Permit not in temptation's road
 Our heedless steps to stray ;
 Free us from evil's dire abode,
 And guide us on our way.

For ever above all to tow'r,
 For ever bright to shine,
 Thine is the kingdom, Thine the pow'r,
 And endless glory Thine.

TRANSLATION

FROM THE ITALIAN OF GUACINI

' O Primavera, gioventu del anno ' etc.

YOUTH of the year ! celestial spring !
 Again descend thy silent showers ;
 New loves, new pleasures dost thou bring,
 And earth again looks gay with flowers.

Dark winter's chilling storms are flown,
 All nature hails thy reign with gladness,
 All nature smiles, save I alone,
 The victim of eternal sadness.

Thy rosy smiles, all-cheering spring,
 In vain to welcome I endeavour :
 They but the sad remembrance bring
 Of joys which I have lost for ever !

February 1, 1803.

THE MONKS OF ST MARK

[Written in 1804]

'Tis midnight : the sky is with clouds overcast ;
The forest-trees bend in the loud-rushing blast ;
The rain strongly beats on these time-hallowed spires ;
The lightning pours swiftly its blue-pointed fires ;
Triumphant the *tempest-fiend* rides in the dark,
And howls round the old abbey-walls of ST MARK !

The thunder, whose roaring the trav'ler appals,
Seems as if with the ground it would level the walls :
But in vain pours the *storm-king* this horrible rout ;
The uproar within drowns the uproar without ;
For the frairs, with BACCHUS, not SATAN, to grapple,
The refect'ry have met in, instead of the chapel.

'Stead of singing TE DEUMS, on ground-pressing knees,
They were piously bawling songs, catches, and glees :
Or, all speakers, no hearers, unceasing, untir'd,
Each stoutly held forth, by the *spirit* inspir'd,
Till the ABBOT, who only the flock could controul,
Exclaim'd : ' AUGUSTINE ! pr'ythee push round the
bowl ! '

The good brother obey'd ; but, oh direful mishap !
Threw its scalding contents in JERONIMO's lap !
And o'er his bare feet as the boiling tide stream'd,
Poor AUGUSTINE fretted, JERONIMO scream'd,
While PEDRO protested, it vexed him infernally,
To see such good beverage taken *externally* !

The ABBOT, FRANCISCO, then feelingly said :
'Let that poor wounded devil be carried to bed :

And let AUGUSTINE, who, I boldly advance,
Is the whole and sole cause of this fatal mischance,
If e'er to forgiveness he dare to aspire,
Now bear to his cell the unfortunate friar.'

He rose to obey, than a snail rather quicker,
But, finding his strength much diminish'd by liquor,
Declar'd, with a hiccup, he scarcely could stand,
And begg'd Brother PEDRO to *lend him a hand*.
Brother PEDRO consented, but all was not right,
Till NICHOLAS offer'd to carry a light.

By the head and the feet then their victim they held,
Who with pain and with fear most tremendously yell'd ;
And with one little lamp that scarce shone through the
gloom,

In path curvilinear march'd out of the room,
And, unheeding the sound of the rain and the blast,
Through the long dismal corridor fearlessly pass'd.

From the right to the left, from the left to the right,
Brother NICHOLAS reel'd, inconsiderate wight !
For not seeing the stairs to the hall-floor that led,
Instead of his heels he soon stood on his head :
He rolls to the bottom, the lamp-flame expires,
And darkness envelopes the wondering friars !

He squall'd, for the burning oil pour'd on his hand :
Bewilder'd did PEDRO and AUGUSTINE stand :
Then loud roar'd the thunder, and PEDRO, in dread,
Abandon'd his hold of JERONIMO's head,
And prone on the floor fell this son of the cowl,
And howl'd, deeply-smarting, a terrible howl !

Poor AUGUSTINE's bosom with terror was cold,
On finding his burthen thus slide from his hold :

Then, cautiously stealing, and groping around,
He felt himself suddenly struck to the ground ;
Yells, groans, and strange noises, were heard in the dark,
And, trembling and sweating, he pray'd to ST MARK !

Meanwhile, the good ABBOT was *boosing about* ;
When, a little alarm'd by the tumult without,
Occasion'd by poor Brother NICH'LAS's fall
From the corridor-stairs to the floor of the hall,
Like a true jolly friend of good orderly laws,
He serpentin'd out to discover the cause.

Bewilder'd by liquour, by haste, and by fright,
He forgot that he stood in great need of a light ;
When, hiccuping, reeling, and curving along,
And humming a stave of a jolly old song,
He receiv'd a rude shock from an object unseen,
For he came in full contact with *Saint* AUGUSTINE !

By JERONIMO's carcass tripp'd up unawares,
He was instantly hurl'd down the corridor-stairs ;
Brother NICHOLAS there, from the floor cold and damp,
Was rising with what yet remain'd of his lamp ;
And, the worthy superior's good supper to spoil,
Regal'd his strange guest with a mouthful of oil ! .

Thence sprung the dire tumult, which, rising so near,
Had fill'd AUGUSTINE with confusion and fear :
But the sons of ST MARK, now appearing with tapers,
At once put an end to his pray'rs and his vapours ;
They reel'd back to their bowls, laughed at care and foul
weather,
And were shortly all under the table together.

September, 1804.

6 TO MRS DE ST CROIX, ON HER RECOVERY

STANZAS

[Written about 1805]

WHEN hope her warm tints on the future shall cast,
And memory illumine the days that are past,
May their mystical colours, by fancy combined,
Be as bright as thy thoughts, and as pure as thy mind.
May hope's fairy radiance in clouds never set,
Nor memory look dark with the mists of regret ;
For thee may their visions unchangeable shine,
And prove a more brilliant reality thine.

Many are the forms of fate,
Much scarcely hoped in life betides,
Much strongly promised baffles hope,
Much unexpected by the gods is given,
Much strongly promised from our hope is riven ;
Through paths of fate that most impervious seem,
The darkest paths of life's prospective way,
Propitious gods make pervious to the day.

Now, should some god approach me, saying ' Crato,
When you are dead, you shall be born anew,
And be whate'er you will, dog, sheep, or goat,
Or man, or horse, for you must have two lives ;
So have the Fates decreed : choose which you will ' ;
I should at once give answer : ' Make me anything
Rather than man, the only animal
That good and ill betide alike unjustly '.

TO MRS DE ST CROIX

ON HER RECOVERY

[Written in 1805]

WHEN wintry storms, with envious pow'r,
The glorious orb of day o'ercast ;

When black and deep the snow-clouds low'r;
 And coldly blows th' ungenial blast;
 The feather'd race, no longer gay,
 Who joy'd in summer's glowing reign,
 Sit drooping on the leafless spray,
 And mourn the desolated plain.
 But when, at spring's celestial call,
 Subsides the elemental strife,
 When drifting snows no longer fall,
 And nature kindles into life,
 Each little tenant of the grove,
 Makes hill and dale with song resound,
 And pleasure, gratitude, and love,
 From thousand echoes ring around.
 And thus, when thou wast doom'd to pain,
 On sickness' cheerless couch reclin'd,
 Love, duty, friendship, sigh'd in vain,
 And at thy transient loss repin'd.
 But grief and pain no more assail,
 And all with smiles thy steps attend;
 With renovated bliss they hail
 Their guide, their parent, and their friend.

PALMYRA¹

[Published in 1806]

—ἀνακτα τῶν πάντων ὑπερβαλ-
 λόντα χρόνον μακάρων.

Pindar [*Fragm. Incert.* No. 50.]

As the mountain-torrent rages,
 Loud, impetuous, swift, and strong,

¹ Palmyra is situated under a barren ridge of hills to the west, and open on its other sides to the desert.

So the rapid stream of ages
Rolls with ceaseless tide along.
Man's little day what clouds o'ercast !
How soon his longest date is past !
All-conqu'ring DEATH, in solemn state unfurl'd,
Comes, like the burning desert-blast,
And sweeps him from the world.

It is about six days' journey from Aleppo, and as many from Damascus, and about twenty leagues west of the Euphrates, in the latitude of thirty-four degrees, according to Ptolemy. Some geographers have placed it in Syria, others in Phœnicia, and some in Arabia.—Wood, *Ruins of Palmyra*.

That Solomon built Tadmor in the wilderness, we are told in the Old Testament ; and that this was the same city which the Greeks and Romans called afterwards Palmyra, though the Syrians retained the first name, we learn from Josephus.—*Ibid*.

We departed from Aleppo on Michaelmas day, 1691, and in six easy days' travel over a desert country, came to Tadmor. . . . Having passed by the ruins of a handsome mosque, we had the prospect of such magnificent ruins, that if it be lawful to frame a conjecture of the original beauty of that place by what is still remaining, I question whether any city in the world could have challenged precedence of this in its glory.—*Philosophical Transactions*, Lowthrop's *Abridgement*, Vol. III.

On the fourteenth of March, 1751, we arrived at the end of the plain, where the hills to our right and left seemed to meet. We found between those hills a vale, through which an aqueduct, now ruined, formerly conveyed water to Palmyra. In this vale, to our right and left, were several square towers of a considerable height, which, upon a nearer approach, we found were the sepulchres of the ancient Palmyrenes. We had scarcely passed these venerable monuments, when the hills opening discovered to us, all at once, the greatest quantity of ruins we had ever seen, all of white

The noblest works of human pow'r
In vain resist the fate-fraught hour ;
The marble hall, the rock-built tow'r,
Alike submit to destiny :
OBLIVION's awful storms resound ;
The massy columns fall around ;
The fabric totters to the ground,
And darkness veils its memory !

marble, and beyond them, towards the Euphrates, a flat waste, as far as the eyes could reach, without any object which showed either life or motion. It is scarcely possible to imagine anything more striking than this view : so great a number of Corinthian pillars, mixed with so little wall or solid building, afforded a most romantic variety of prospect.—Wood.

Undoubtedly the effect of such a sight is not to be communicated. The reader must represent to himself a range of erect columns, occupying an extent of more than twenty-six hundred yards, and concealing a multitude of other edifices behind them. In this space we sometimes find a palace of which nothing remains but the courts and walls ; sometimes a temple whose peristyle is half thrown down ; and now a portico, a gallery, or triumphal arch. Here stand groups of columns, whose symmetry is destroyed by the fall of many of them ; there we see them ranged in rows of such length, that similar to rows of trees, they deceive the sight, and assume the appearance of continued walls. If from this striking scene we cast our eyes upon the ground, another, almost as varied, presents itself ; on all sides we behold nothing but subverted shafts, some entire, others shattered to pieces, or dislocated in their joints ; and on which side soever we look, the earth is strewed with vast stones half buried, with broken entablatures, damaged capitals, mutilated friezes, disfigured reliefs, effaced sculptures, violated tombs, and altars defiled by dust.—Volney, *Travels in Syria*.

II

'Mid SYRIA's barren world of sand,
 Where THEDMOR's marble wastes expand¹,
 Where DESOLATION, on the blasted plain,
 Has fix'd his adamantine throne,
 I mark, in silence and alone,
 His melancholy reign.
 These silent wrecks, more eloquent than speech,
 Full many a tale of awful note impart ;
 Truths more sublime than bard or sage can teach
 This pomp of ruin presses on the heart.
 Whence rose that dim, mysterious sound,
 That breath'd in hollow murmurs round ?
 As sweeps the gale
 Along the vale,
 Where many a mould'ring tomb is spread,
 Awe-struck, I hear,
 In fancy's ear,
 The voices of th' illustrious dead :
 As slow they pass along, they seem to sigh
 ' Man, and the works of man, are only born to die !'

III

As scatter'd round, a dreary space,
 Ye spirits of the wise and just !
 In reverential thought I trace
 The mansions of your sacred dust,

¹ Or, at the purple dawn of day,
 Tadmor's marble wastes survey.—Grainger.
 Of several ancient ways of writing this name, the
θεδμορ of the Alexandrian copy comes nearest to
 the pronunciation of the present Arabs.—Wood.

I have adopted this pronunciation as a more poetical
 one than Tedmor or Tadmor.

Enthusiast FANCY, rob'd in light,
Pours on the air her many sparkling rays,
Redeeming from OBLIVION's deep'ning night
The deeds of ancient days.
The mighty forms of chiefs of old,
To VIRTUE dear, and PATRIOT TRUTH sublime,
In feeble splendour I behold,
Discover'd dimly through the mists of TIME,
As through the vapours of the mountain-stream
With pale reflection glows the sun's declining beam.

IV

Still as twilight's mantle hoary
Spreads progressive on the sky,
See, in visionary glory,
Darkly-thron'd, they sit on high.
But whose the forms, oh FAME, declare,
That crowd majestic on the air ?
Bright Goddess ! come, on rapid wings,
To tell the mighty deeds of kings.
Where art thou, FAME ?
Each honour'd name
From thy eternal roll unfold :
Awake the lyre,
In songs of fire,
To chiefs renowned in days of old.
I call in vain !
The welcome strain
Of praise to them no more shall sound :
Their actions bright
Must sleep in night,
Till TIME shall cease his mystic round.
The dazzling glories of their day
The stream of years has swept away ;
Their names that struck the foe with fear,
Shall ring no more on mortal ear !

V

Yet faithful MEMORY's raptur'd eye
Can still the godlike form descry¹,
Of him, who, on EUPHRATES' shore,
From SAPOR's brow his blood-stain'd laurels tore,
And bade the ROMAN banner stream unfurl'd ;
When the stern GENIUS of the startling waves
Beheld on PERSIA's host of slaves
Tumultuous ruin hurl'd !

¹ At the time when the East trembled at the name of Sapor, he received a present not unworthy of the greatest kings ; a long train of camels, laden with the most rare and valuable merchandises. The rich offering was accompanied by an epistle, respectful, but not servile, from Odenathus, one of the noblest and most opulent senators of Palmyra. ' Who is this Odenathus ' (said the haughty victor, and he commanded that the presents should be cast into the Euphrates) ' that he thus insolently presumes to write to his lord ? If he entertain a hope of mitigating his punishment, let him fall prostrate before the foot of our throne, with his hands bound behind his back. Should he hesitate, swift destruction shall be poured on his head, on his whole race, and on his country '. The desperate extremity to which the Palmyrenian was now reduced, called into action all the latent powers of his soul. He met Sapor ; but he met him in arms. Infusing his own spirit into a little army, collected from the villages of Syria, and the tents of the desert, he hovered round the Persian host, harassed their retreat, carried off part of the treasure, and, what was dearer than any treasure, several of the women of the Great King, who was at last obliged to repass the Euphrates, with some marks of haste and confusion. By this exploit, Odenathus laid the foundation of his future fame and fortunes. The majesty of Rome, oppressed by a Persian, was protected by a Syrian or Arab of Palmyra.—Gibbon.

Meek SCIENCE too, and TASTE refin'd,
The grave with deathless flow'rs have dress'd,
Of him whose virtue-kindling mind ¹
Their ev'ry charm supremely bless'd ;
Who trac'd the mazy warblings of the lyre
With all a critic's art, and all a poet's fire.

VI

Where is the bard, in these degen'rate days,
To whom the muse the blissful meed awards,
Again the dithyrambic song to raise,
And strike the golden harp's responsive chords ?
Be his alone the song to swell,
The all-transcendant praise to tell
Of yon immortal form,
That bursting through the veil of years,
In changeless majesty appears,
Bright as the sunbeams thro' the scatt'ring storm !
What countless charms around her rise ! ²

¹ Longinus.

² Aurelian had no sooner secured the person and provinces of Tetricus, than he turned his arms against Zenobia, the celebrated queen of Palmyra and the East. Modern Europe has produced several illustrious women who have sustained with glory the weight of empire, nor is our own age destitute of such distinguished characters. But Zenobia is perhaps the only female whose superior genius broke through the servile indolence imposed on her sex by the climate and manners of Asia. She claimed her descent from the Macedonian kings of Egypt, equalled in beauty her ancestor Cleopatra, and far surpassed that princess in chastity and valour. Zenobia was esteemed the most lovely, as well as the most heroic, of her sex. She was of a dark complexion (for in speaking of a lady these trifles become important). Her teeth were of a pearly whiteness, and her large black eyes sparkled with uncommon fire,

What dazzling splendour sparkles in her eyes !
 On her radiant brow enshrin'd,
 MINERVA's beauty blends with JUNO's grace ;
 The matchless virtues of her godlike mind
 Are stamp'd conspicuous on her angel-face.

VII

Hail, sacred shade, to NATURE dear !
 Though sorrow clos'd thy bright career,
 Though clouds obscur'd thy setting day,
 Thy fame shall never pass away !
 Long shall the mind's unfading gaze
 Retrace thy pow'r's meridian blaze,
 When o'er ARABIAN desert, vast and wild,
 And EGYPT'S land (where REASON's wakeful eye
 First on the birth of ART and SCIENCE smil'd,
 And bade the shades of mental darkness fly),
 And o'er ASSYRIA's many-peopled plains,
 By Justice led, thy conqu'ring armies pour'd,

tempered by the most attractive sweetness. Her voice was strong and harmonious. Her manly understanding was strengthened and adorned by study. She was not ignorant of the Latin tongue, but possessed in equal perfection the Greek, the Syriac, and the Egyptian languages. She had drawn up for her own use an epitome of Oriental history, and familiarly compared the beauties of Homer and Plato, under the tuition of the sublime Longinus.—Gibbon.

If we add to this her uncommon strength, and consider her excessive military fatigues, for she used no carriage, generally rode, and often marched on foot three or four miles with her army ; and if we at the same time suppose her haranguing her soldiers, which she used to do in a helmet, and often with her arms bare, it will give us an idea of that severe character of masculine beauty, which puts one more in mind of Minerva than Venus.—Wood.

When humbled nations kiss'd thy silken chains,
 Or fled dismayed from ZABDAS' ¹ victor-sword:
 Yet vain the hope to share the purple robe ²,
 Or snatch from ROMAN arms the empire of the globe.

¹ Zenobia's general.

² From the time of Adrian to that of Aurelian, for about 140 years, this city continued to flourish, and increase in wealth and power, to that degree, that when the Emperor Valerian was taken prisoner by Sapor, King of Persia, Odenathus, one of the lords of this town, was able, whilst Gallienus neglected his duty both to his father and his country, to bring a powerful army into the field, and to recover Mesopotamia from the Persians, and to penetrate as far as their capital city Ctesiphon. Thereby rendering so considerable a service to the Roman state, that Gallienus thought himself obliged to give him a share in the empire: of which action Trebellius Pollio, in the Life of Gallienus, has these words: *Laudatur ejus (Gallieni) optimum factum, qui Odenatum participato imperio Augustum vocavit, ejusque monetan, quæ Persas captos traheret, cudi jussit; quod et Senatus et Urbs et omnis ætas grater accipit.* The same, in many places, speaks of this Odenathus with great respect; and mentioning his death, he says: *Iratum fuisse Deum Republicæ credo, qui interfecto Valeriano noluit Odenatum reservare.* But by a strange reverse of fortune, this honour and respect to Odenathus occasioned the sudden ruin and subversion of the city. For he and his son Herodes being murdered by Mæonius, their kinsman, and dying with the title of Augustus, his wife Zenobia, in right of her son Vaballathus, then a minor, pretended to take upon her the government of the East, and did administer it to admiration: and when, soon after, Gallienus was murdered by his soldiers, she grasped the government of Egypt, and held it during the short reign of the Emperor Claudius Gothicus. But Aurelian coming to the imperial dignity, would not suffer the title of Augustus in this family, though he was contented

VIII

Along the wild and wasted plain
 His vet'ran bands the ROMAN monarch led,
 And roll'd his burning wheels o'er heaps of slain
 The prowling chacal heard afar
 The devastating yell of war,
 And rush'd, with gloomy howl, to banquet on the dead

that they should hold under him as *vice Cæsaris* plainly appears by the Latin coins, of Aurelian the one side, and Vaballathus on the other, with the letters, V. C. R. IM. OR ; which P. Harduin has judiciously interpreted, VICE CÆSARIS RECTOR PERII ORIENTIS, without the title of Cæsar or Augustus and with a laurel instead of a diadem. But both Vaballathus and Zenobia are styled ΣΕΒΑΣΤΟΙ in the Greek coins, made, it is probable within their own jurisdiction.

But nothing less than a participation of the emperor contenting Zenobia, and Aurelian persisting not to have it dismembered, he marched against her ; and having in two battles routed her forces, he shut her up and besieged her in Palmyra, and the besieged finding that the great resistance they made availed not against the resolute emperor, they yielded the town ; and Zenobia flying with her son was pursued and taken ; with which Aurelian being contented spared the city, and marched for Rome with his captive lady ; but the inhabitants believing he would not return, set up again for themselves, and, as Vopiscus has it, slew the garrison he had left in the place. Which Aurelian understanding though by this time he was gotten into Europe, with his usual fierceness, speedily returned, and collected a sufficient army by the way, he again took the city without any great opposition, and put it to the sword with uncommon cruelty (as he himself confesses in a letter extant in Vopiscus), and delivered it to the pillage of his soldiers.—*Philosophical Transactions*.

IX

For succour to PALMYRA's walls
 Her trembling subjects fled, confounded,
 But wide amid her regal halls
 The whirling fires resounded.
 Onward the hostile legions pour'd :
 Nor beauteous youth, nor helpless age¹,
 Nor female charms, by savage breasts ador'd,
 Could check the ROMAN'S barb'rous rage,
 Or blunt the murd'rous sword.
 Loud, long, and fierce, the voice of slaughter roar'd,
 The night-shades fell, the work of death was o'er,
 PALMYRA'S sun had set, to rise no more !

X

What mystic form, uncouth and dread,
 With wither'd cheek, and hoary head,
 Swift as the death-fire cleaves the sky,
 Swept on sounding pinions by ?

¹ The following is the letter of Aurelian above alluded to : Aurelianus Augustus Ceionio Basso : Non oportet ulterius progredi militum gladios, jam satis Palmyrenorum cæsum atque occisum est. *Mulieribus non pepercimus, infantes occidimus, senes jugulavimus, rusticos interemimus, cui terras, cui urbem, deinceps relinquemus ?* Parcendum est iis qui remanserunt. Credimus enim paucos tam multorum suppliciis esse correctos. Templum sanè solis, quod apud Palmyram aquilifer legionis tertiæ cum vexilliferis et draconario cornicinibus atque liticinibus diripuerunt, ad eam formam volo, quæ fuit, reddi. Habes trecentas auri libras Zenobiæ capsulis : habes argenti mille octingenta pondo e Palmyrenorum bonis : habes gemmas regias. Ex his omnibus fac cohonestari templum : mihi et diis immortalibus gratissimum feceris. Ego ad Senatum scribam, petens ut mittet pontificem, qui dedicet templum.

'Twas TIME : I know the FOE OF KINGS,
 His scythe, and sand, and eagle wings :
 He cast a burning look around,
 And wav'd his bony hand, and frown'd.
 Far from the spectre's scowl of fire
 FANCY's feeble forms retire,
 Her air-born phantoms melt away,
 Like stars before the rising day.

XI

Yes, all are flown !
 I stand alone,
 At ev'ning's calm and pensive hour,
 'Mid wasting domes,
 And mould'ring tombs,
 The wrecks of vanity and pow'r.
 One shadowy tint enwraps the plain ;
 No form is near, no sounds intrude,
 To break the melancholy reign
 Of silence and of solitude.
 How oft, in scenes like these, since TIME began,
 With downcast eye has CONTEMPLATION trod,
 Far from the haunts of FOLLY, VICE, and MAN,
 To hold sublime communion with her GOD !
 How oft, in scenes like these, the pensive sage
 Has mourn'd the hand of FATE, severely just,
 WAR's wasteful course, and DEATH's unsparing rage,
 And dark OBLIVION, frowning in the dust !
 Has mark'd the tombs, that kings o'erthrown declare,
 Just wept their fall, and sunk to join them there !

XII

In yon proud fane, majestic in decay ¹,
 How oft of old the swelling hymn arose,

¹ Architecture more especially lavished her ornaments, and displayed her magnificence, in the temple

In loud thanksgiving to the LORD OF DAY,
Or pray'r for vengeance on triumphant foes !
'Twas there, ere yet AURELIAN'S hand
Had kindled Ruin's smould'ring brand,
As slowly mov'd the sacred choir
Around the altar's rising fire,
The priest, with wild and glowing eye,
Bade the flower-bound victim die ;
And while he fed the incense-flame,
With many a holy mystery,
Prophetic inspiration came
To teach th' impending destiny,
And shook his venerable frame
With most portentous augury !
In notes of anguish, deep and slow,
He told the coming hour of woe ;
The youths and maids, with terror pale,
In breathless torture heard the tale,
And silence hung
On ev'ry tongue,
While thus the voice prophetic rung :

XIII

' Whence was the hollow scream of fear,
Whose tones appall'd my shrinking ear ?
Whence was the modulated cry,
That seem'd to swell, and hasten by ?

of the sun, the tutelar deity of Palmyra, The square court which enclosed it was six hundred and seventy-nine feet each way, and a double range of columns extended all round the inside. In the middle of the vacant space, the temple presents another front of forty-seven feet by one hundred and twenty-four in depth, and around it runs a peristyle of one hundred and forty columns.—Volney.

What sudden blaze illum'd the night ?
Ha ! 'twas DESTRUCTION's meteor-light !
Whence was the whirlwind's eddying breath ?
Ha ! 'twas the fiery blast of DEATH !

XIV

' See ! the mighty GOD OF BATTLE
Spreads abroad his crimson train !
Discord's myriad voices rattle
O'er the terror-shaken plain.
Banners stream, and helmets glare,
Show'ring arrows hiss in air ;
Echoing through the darken'd skies,
Wildly-mingling murmurs rise,
The clash of splendour-beaming steel,
The buckler ringing hollowly,
The cymbal's silver-sounding peal,
The last deep groan of agony,
The hurrying feet
Of wild retreat,
The length'ning shout of victory !

XV

' O'er our plains the vengeful stranger
Pours, with hostile hopes elate :
Who shall check the threat'ning danger ?
Who escape the coming fate ?
Thou ! that through the heav'ns afar,
When the shades of night retire,
Proudly roll'st thy shining car,
Clad in sempiternal fire !
Thou ! from whose benignant light
Fiends of darkness, strange and fell,
Urge their ebon-pinion'd flight
To the central caves of hell !

SUN adored ! attend our call !
 Must thy favour'd people fall ?
 Must we leave our smiling plains,
 To groan beneath the stranger's chains ?
 Rise, supreme in heav'nly pow'r,
 On our foes destruction show'r ;
 Bid thy fatal arrows fly,
 Till their armies sink and die ;
 Through their adverse legions spread
 Pale DISEASE, and with'ring DREAD,
 Wild CONFUSION's fev'rish glare,
 HORROR, MADNESS, and DESPAIR !

XVI

' Woe to thy numbers fierce and rude¹,
 Thou madly-rushing multitude,
 Loud as the tempest that o'er ocean raves !
 Woe to the nations proud and strong,
 That rush tumultuously along,
 As rolls the foaming stream its long-resounding waves !
 As the noise of mighty seas,
 As the loudly-murmuring breeze,
 Shall gath'ring nations rush, a pow'rful band :
 Rise, GOD OF LIGHT, in burning wrath severe,
 And stretch, to blast their proud career,
 Thy arrow-darting hand !
 Then shall their ranks to certain fate be giv'n,
 Then on their course DESPAIR her fires shall cast,

¹ Woe to the multitude of many people, that make a noise like the noise of the seas, and to the rushing of nations, that make a rushing like the rushing of mighty waters ! The nations shall rush like the rushing of many waters ; but GOD shall rebuke them, and they shall flee far off, and shall be chased as the chaff of the mountains before the wind, and like a rolling thing before the whirlwind.—*Isaiah*, c. xvii, v. 12.

Then shall they fly, to endless ruin driv'n,
As flies the thistle-down before the mountain-blast !

XVII

' Alas ! in vain, in vain we call !
The stranger triumphs in our fall !
And FATE comes on, with ruthless frown,
To strike PALMYRA's splendour down.
Urg'd by the steady breath of TIME,
The desert-whirlwind sweeps sublime,
The eddying sands in mountain-columns rise :
Borne on the pinions of the gale,
In one concentred cloud they sail,
Along the darken'd skies.
It falls ! it falls ! on THEDMOR's walls
The whelming weight of ruin falls !
Th' avenging thunder-bolt is hurl'd,
Her pride is blotted from the world,
Her name unknown in story :
The trav'ler on her site shall stand,
And seek, amid the desert-sand,
The records of her glory !
Her palaces are crush'd, her tow'rs o'erthrown,
OBLIVION follows stern, and marks her for his own ! '

XVIII

How oft, the festal board around,
These time-worn walls among,
Has rung the full symphonious sound
Of rapture-breathing song !
Ah ! little thought the wealthy proud,
When rosy pleasure laugh'd aloud,
That here, amid their ancient land,
The wand'rer of the distant days
Should mark, with sorrow-clouded gaze,
The mighty wilderness of sand ;

While not a sound should meet his ear,
Save of the desert-gales that sweep,
In modulated murmurs deep,
The wasted graves above,
Of those who once had revell'd here,
In happiness and love !

XIX

Short is the space to man assign'd
This earthly vale to tread ;
He wanders, erring, weak, and blind,
By adverse passions led.
LOVE, the balm of ev'ry woe,
The dearest blessing man can know ;
JEALOUSY, whose pois'nous breath
Blasts affection's op'ning bud ;
Stern DESPAIR, that laughs in death ;
Black REVENGE, that bathes in blood ;
FEAR, that his form in darkness shrouds,
And trembles at the whisp'ring air ;
And HOPE, that pictures on the clouds
Celestial visions, false, but fair ;
All rule by turns :
To-day he burns
With ev'ry pang of keen distress ;
To-morrow's sky
Bids sorrow fly
With dreams of promis'd happiness.

XX

From the earliest twilight-ray,
That mark'd CREATION's natal day,
Till yesterday's declining fire,
Thus still have roll'd, perplex'd by strife,
The many-clashing wheels of life,
And still shall roll, till TIME's last beams expire.

And thus, in ev'ry age, in ev'ry clime,
 While circling years shall fly,
 The varying deeds that mark the present time
 Will be but shadows of the days gone by.

XXI

Along the desolated shore,
 Where, broad and swift, EUPHRATES flows,
 The trav'ller's anxious eye can trace no more
 The spot where once the QUEEN OF CITIES¹ rose.
 Where old PERSEPOLIS sublimely tow'r'd,
 In cedar-groves embow'r'd,
 A rudely-splendid wreck alone remains,
 The course of FATE no pomp or pow'r can shun.
 Pollution tramples on thy giant-fanes,
 Oh CITY OF THE SUN!²
 Fall'n are the TYRIAN domes of wealth and joy.
 The hundred gates of THEBES, the tow'rs of TROY;
 In shame and sorrow pre-ordain'd to cease,
 Proud SALEM met th' irrevocable doom;
 In darkness sunk the arts and arms of GREECE,
 And the long glories of imperial ROME.

XXII

When the tyrant's iron hand
 The mountain-piles of MEMPHIS rais'd,
 That still the storms of angry TIME defy,
 In self-adoring thought he gaz'd,
 And bade the massive labours stand,
 Till NATURE's self should die!
 Presumptuous fool! the death-wind came,
 And swept away thy worthless name;
 And ages, with insidious flow,
 Shall lay those blood-bought fabrics low.

¹ Babylon.

² Balbec, the *Heliopolis* of the Greeks and Romans.

Then shall the stranger pause, and oft be told,
' Here stood the mighty PYRAMIDS of old ! '
And smile, half-doubtful, when the tale he hears,
That speaks the wonders of the distant years.

XXIII

Though NIGHT awhile usurp the skies,
Yet soon the smiling MORN shall rise,
And light and life restore ;
Again the sunbeams gild the plain¹ ;

¹ Let clouds rest on the hills, spirits fly, and travellers fear. Let the winds of the woods arise, the sounding storms descend. Roar streams, and windows flap, and green-winged meteors fly ; rise the pale moon from behind her hills, or enclose her head in clouds ; night is alike to me, blue, stormy, or gloomy the sky. *Night flies before the beam, when it is poured on the hill. The young day returns from his clouds, but we return no more.*

Where are our chiefs of old ? Where our kings of mighty name ? The fields of their battles are silent ; scarce their mossy tombs remain. We shall also be forgotten. This lofty house shall fall. Our sons shall not behold the ruins in grass. They shall ask of the aged ' Where stood the walls of our fathers ? '—[See the beautiful little poem of *The Bards* in the notes on Ossian's *Croma*].

Raise, ye bards, said the mighty Fingal, the praise of unhappy Moyna. Call her ghost, with your songs, to our hills ; that she may rest with the fair of Morven, the sunbeams of other days, and the delight of heroes of old. I have seen the walls of Balclutha, but they were desolate. The fire had resounded in the halls : the voice of the people was heard no more. The stream of Clutha was removed from its place, by the fall of the walls. The thistle shook, there, its lonely head : the moss whistled to the wind. The fox looked out from

The youthful day returns again,
 But man returns no more.
 Though WINTER's frown severe
 Deform the wasted year,
 SPRING smiles again, with renovated bloom ;
 But what sweet SPRING, with genial breath,
 Shall chase the icy sleep of death,
 The dark and cheerless winter of the tomb ?
 Hark ! from the mansions of the dead,
 What thrilling sounds of deepest import spread !
 Sublimely mingled with the eddying gale,
 Full on the desert-air these solemn accents sail :

XXIV

' Unthinking man ! and dost thou weep,
 That clouds o'er cast thy little day ?
 That DEATH's stern hands so quickly sweep
 Thy ev'ry earthly hope away ?
 Thy rapid hours in darkness flow,
 But well those rapid hours employ,
 And they shall lead from realms of woe
 To realms of everlasting joy.
 For though thy FATHER and thy God
 Wave o'er thy head His chast'ning rod,
 Benignantly severe,
 Yet future blessings shall repair,

the windows, the rank grass of the wall waved round
 his head. Desolate is the dwelling of Moina, silence
 is in the house of her fathers. Raise the song of mourn-
 ing, oh bards, over the land of strangers. They have
 but fallen before us : for, one day, we must fall. Why
 dost thou build the hall, son of the winged days ?
 Thou lookest from thy towers to-day ; yet a few years,
 and the blast of the desert comes ; it howls in thy empty
 court, and whistles round thy half-worn shield.—
 Ossian.

In tenfold measure, ev'ry care,
That marks thy progress here.

XXV

' BOW THEN TO HIM, for HE is GOOD,
And loves the works His hands have made ;
In earth, in air, in fire, in flood,
His parent-bounty shines display'd.
BOW THEN TO HIM, for HE is JUST,
Though mortals scan His ways in vain ;
Repine not, children of the dust !
For HE in mercy sends ye pain.
BOW THEN TO HIM, for HE is GREAT,
And was, ere NATURE, TIME, and FATE,
Began their mystic flight ;
And still shall be, when consummating flame
Shall plunge this universal frame
In everlasting night.
BOW THEN TO HIM, the LORD of ALL,
Whose nod bids empires rise and fall,
EARTH, HEAV'N, and NATURE'S SIRE ;
To HIM, Who, matchless and alone,
Has fix'd in boundless space His throne,
'nchang'd, unchanging still, while worlds and suns
expire !'

THE VISIONS OF LOVE

[Published in 1806]

Senza l'amabile
Dio di Citera,
I di non torano
Di primavera ;
Non spira un zeffiro,
Non spunta un fior—Metastasio.

To chase the clouds of life's tempestuous hours,
To strew its short but weary way with flow'rs,

New hopes to raise, new feelings to impart,
And pour celestial balsam on the heart ;
For this to man was lovely woman giv'n,
The last, best work, the noblest gift of HEAV'N.

At EDEN's gate, as ancient legends say,
The flaming sword for ever bars the way ;
Not ours to taste the joys our parents shar'd,
But pitying NATURE half our loss repair'd,
Our wounds to heal, our murmurs to remove,
She left mankind the PARADISE of LOVE.

All-conqu'ring LOVE ! thy pow'rful reign surrounds
Man's wildest haunts, and earth's remotest bounds :
Alike for thee th' untainted bosom glows
'Mid eastern sands and hyperborean snows :
Thy darts unerring fly with strong control,
Tame the most stern, and nerve the softest soul,
Check the swift savage of the sultry zone,
And bend the monarch on his glitt'ring throne.

When wakeful MEMORY bids the mind explore
The half-hid deeds of years that are no more,
How few the scenes her hand can picture there
Of heart-felt bliss untroubled by a care !
Yet many a charm can pow'rful FANCY raise,
To point the smiling path of future days ;
There too will HOPE her genial influence blend,
Faithless, but kind ; a flatt'rer, but a friend.

But most to cheer the lover's lonely hours,
Creative FANCY wakes her magic pow'rs ;
Most strongly pours, by ardent love refin'd,
Her brightest visions on the youthful mind.
Hence, when at eve with lonely steps I rove
The flow'r-enamell'd plain or dusky grove,

Or press the bank with grassy tufts o'erspread,
Where the brook murmurs o'er its pebbly bed ;
Then steals thy form, ROSALIA, on my sight,
In artless charms pre-eminently bright :
By HOPE inspir'd, my raptur'd thoughts engage
To trace the lines of FATE's mysterious page
At once in air, the past, the present, fade ;
In fairy-tints the future stands display'd ;
No clouds arise, no shadows intervene,
To veil or dim the visionary scene.

Within the sacred altar's mystic shade,
I see thee stand, in spotless white array'd ;
I hear thee there thy home, thy name resign,
I hear the awful vow that seals thee mine.
Not on my birth propitious FORTUNE smil'd,
Nor proud AMBITION mark'd me for her child ;
For me no dome with festal splendour shines ;
No pamper'd lacquies spread their length'ning lines,
No venal crowds my nod obsequious wait ;
No summer-friends besiege my narrow gate ;
Joys such as these, if joys indeed they be,
Indulgent NATURE ne'er design'd for me :
I ask them not : she play'd a kinder part :
She gave a nobler gift, ROSALIA's heart.

The simple dwelling by affection rear'd ;
The smiling plains, by calm content endear'd ;
The classic book-case, deck'd with learning's store,
Rich in historic truth, and bardic lore ;
The garden-walks, in NATURE's liv'ry dress'd ;
Will these suffice to make ROSALIA bless'd ?
And will she never feel a wish to roam
Beyond the limits of our rural home ?

How sweet, when SPRING has crown'd, by genial
show'rs,
The woods with verdure, and the fields with flow'rs.

When fleeting SUMMER holds his burning reign,
Or fruitful AUTUMN nods with golden grain,
With thee, dear girl, each well-known path to tread,
Where blooming shrubs their richest odours shed,
With thee to mark the seasons' bright career,
The varied blessings of the rip'ning year.

When frost-crown'd WINTER binds the earth in
chains,
And pours his snow-storms on the whit'ning plains,
Then shall the pow'r of constant LOVE be found,
To chase the deep'ning gloom that low'rs around.
Beside the cheerful fire's familiar blaze,
Shall MEMORY trace the deeds of long-past days ;
Of those propitious hours when first I strove
To win thy gentle ear with tales of love,
When, while thy angel-blushes half-conceal'd
The kind consent thy bashful smiles reveal'd,
From those bright eyes a soft expression stole,
That spoke the silent language of the soul.

Or haply then the poet's song may cheer
The dark death-season of th' accomplish'd year :
Together then we'll roam the sacred plain,
Where the bright NINE in ceaseless glory reign ;
By HOMER led, through TROJAN battles sweep ;
With VIRGIL cleave the tempest-beaten deep ;
Trace the bold flights of SHAKESPEARE'S muse of fire ;
Strike the wild cords of GRAY'S enraptur'd lyre ;
From MILTON learn with holy zeal to glow ;
Or weep with OSSIAN o'er a tale of woe.
Nor less shall MUSIC charm : her pow'r sublime
Shall oft beguile the ling'ring steps of TIME :
Then, as I watch, while my Rosalia sings,
Her seraph fingers sweep the sounding strings,
On soft response to sorrow's melting lay,
Or joy's loud swell, that steals our cares away,

My heart shall vibrate to the heav'nly sound,
And bless the stars our mutual fates that bound.

And oft, when darkness veils the stormy skies,
Beneath our roof shall FRIENDSHIP's voice arise ;
On ev'ry breast her sacred influence pour'd,
Shall crown with gen'rous mirth our social board ;
The chosen few, to TASTE and VIRTUE dear,
Shall meet a welcome, simple, but sincere.

Not from our door, his humble pray'r denied,
The friendless man shall wander unsupplied ;
Ne'er shall the wretch, whom fortune's ills assail,
Tell there in vain his melancholy tale :
Thy heart, where NATURE's noblest feelings glow,
Will throb to heal the bending stranger's woe ;
On mercy's errand wilt thou oft explore
The crazy dwellings of the neighb'ring poor,
To blunt the stings of want's unsparing rage,
To smooth the short and painful path of age,
The childless widow's drooping head to raise,
And cheer her soul with hopes of better days :
For thee the pray'r affliction's child shall frame,
And lisping orphans bless ROSALIA's name.

Soon shall new objects thy affection share,
New hopes, new duties claim ROSALIA's care.
How will thy anxious eye exulting trace
The charms and virtues of thy infant-race !
Thy tender hand with sense and taste refin'd
Shall stamp each impulse of the rip'ning mind,
And early teach their little steps to stray
Through VIRTUE's paths, and WISDOM's flow'ry way.

Thus may our lives in one smooth tenor flow ;
Possess'd of thee, I ask no more below.

That constant love, which bless'd with genial rays
 The bright and happy spring-time of our days,
 Shall still dispel the clouds of woe and strife
 From the full summer of progressive life.
 The hand of TIME may quench the ardent fire
 Of rising passion, and of young desire ;
 But that pure flame esteem first taught to burn
 Can only perish in the silent urn.
 And when the last, the solemn hour draws near,
 That bids us part from all that charm'd us here,
 Then on our thoughts the heav'nly hope shall rise,
 To meet in higher bliss, in better skies,
 In those bright mansions of the just above,
 Where all is RAPTURE, INNOCENCE, and LOVE.

MARIA'S RETURN TO HER NATIVE COTTAGE

[First published in 1806]

Si perda la vita,
 Finisca ill martire ;
 E meglio morire,
 Che viver cosi.—Metastasio.

THE whit'ning ground
 In frost is bound ;
 The snow is swiftly falling ;
 While coldly blows the northern breeze,
 And whistles through the leafless trees,
 In hollow sounds appalling.

On this cold plain,
 Now reach'd with pain,
 Once stood my father's dwelling :
 Where smiling pleasure once was found,
 Now desolation frowns around,
 And wintry blasts are yelling.

Hope's visions wild
 My thoughts beguil'd,
 My earliest days delighting,
 Till unsuspected treach'ry came,
 Beneath affection's specious name,
 The lovely prospect blighting.

With many a wile
 Of blackest guile
 Did HENRY first deceive me :
 What winning words to him were giv'n !
 He swore, by all the pow'rs of HEAV'N,
 That he would never leave me.

With fondest truth
 I lov'd the youth :
 My soul to guilt a stranger,
 Knew not, in those too simple hours,
 That oft beneath the sweetest flow'rs
 Is couch'd the deadliest danger.

With him to roam
 I fled my home ;
 I burst the bonds of duty ;
 I thought my days in joy would roll ;
 But HENRY hid a demon's soul
 Beneath an angel's beauty !

Shall this poor heart
 E'er cease to smart ?
 Oh never ! never ! never !
 Did av'rice whisper thee, or pride,
 False HENRY ! for a wealthier bride
 To cast me off for ever ?

My sire was poor :
 No golden store

MARIA'S RETURN

Had he, no earthly treasure :
I only could his griefs assuage,
The only pillar of his age,
His only source of pleasure.

With anguish wild,
He miss'd his child,
And long in vain he sought her :
The fiercest thunderbolts of heav'n
Shall on thy guilty head be driv'n,
Thou DISOBEDIENT DAUGHTER !

I feel his fears,
I see his tears,
I hear his groans of sadness :
My cruel falsehood seal'd his doom :
He seems to curse me from the tomb,
And fire my brain to madness !

Oh ! keenly blow,
While drifts the snow,
The cold nocturnal breezes ;
On me the gath'ring snow-flakes rest,
And colder grows my friendless breast ;
My very heart-blood freezes !

'Tis midnight deep,
And thousands sleep,
Unknown to guilt and sorrow ;
They think not of a wretch like me,
Who cannot, dare not, hope to see
The rising light to-morrow !

An outcast hurl'd
From all the world,
Whom none would love or cherish,
What now remains to end my woes,

But here, amid the deep'ning snows,
To lay me down and perish ?

Death's icy dart
Invades my heart :
Just HEAV'N ! all-good ! all-seeing !
Thy matchless mercy I implore,
When I must wake, to sleep no more,
In realms of endless being !

FIOLFAR, KING OF NORWAY¹

[First published in 1806]

agmina
Ferrata vasto diruit impetu
Horace [*Odes* IV, xiv, 29-30].

I

In the dark-rolling waves at the verge of the west
The steeds of DELLINGER² had hasten'd to rest,
While HRIMFAX³ advanc'd through the star-spangled
plain,
And shook the thick dews from his grey-flowing mane ;
The moon with pale lustre was shining on high,
And meteors shot red down the paths of the sky.

¹ Though the names of Odin and Thor, the Fatal Sisters, and the Hall of Valhalla, be familiar to the readers of English poetry, yet, as the minutiae of the Gothic Mythology are not very generally known, I have subjoined a few short explanatory notes, which, though they cannot be expected to afford much insight into the general system, will, I trust, be sufficient to enable my readers to comprehend such parts of it as are alluded to in this poem.

² Day.

³ The steed of the evening twilight.

By the shore of the ocean FIOLFAR reclin'd,
Where through the rock-fissures loud-murmur'd the
wind,
For sweet to his ear was the deep-dashing flow
Of the foam-cover'd billows that thunder'd below.
—' Alas ! ' he exclaim'd, ' were the hopes of my youth,
Though rais'd by affection, unfounded on truth ?
Ye are flown, ye sweet prospects, deceitfully fair,
As the light-rolling gossamer melts into air ;
As the wild-beating ocean, with turbulent roar,
Effaces my steps on the sands of the shore !
Thy waters, oh NIORD ! ¹ tumultuously roll,
And such are the passions that war in my soul :
Thy meteors, oh NORVER ! ² malignantly dart,
And such are the death-flames that burn in my heart.
NITALPHA ! my love ! on the hill and the plain,
In the vale and the wood, have I sought thee in vain ;
Through the nations for thee have I carried afar
The sunshine of peace and the tempests of war ;
Through danger and toil I my heroes have led,
Till hope's latest spark in my bosom was dead !
Cold, silent, and dark are the halls of thy sires,
And hush'd are the harps, and extinguish'd the fires ;
The wild autumn-blast in the lofty hall roars,
And the yellow leaves roll through the half-open doors.
NITALPHA ! when rapture invited thy stay,
Did force or inconstancy bear thee away ?
Ah, no ! though in vain I thy footsteps pursue,
I will not, I cannot, believe thee untrue :
Perchance thou art doom'd in confinement to moan,
To dwell in the rock's dreary caverns alone,
And Lok's ³ cruel mandates, while fast thy tears flow,
Forbid thy FIOLFAR to solace thy woe,

¹ The god of the sea and wind.

² Night.

³ Lok, though he ranked amongst the Scandinavian Deities, had all the attributes of a demon. He was

Condemn thee unvarying anguish to bear,
 And leave me a prey to the pangs of despair'.—
 Ha ! whence were those accents portentous and dread,
 Like the mystical tones of the ghosts of the dead,
 In echoes redoubling that rung through the gloom,
 As the thunder resounds in the vaults of the tomb ?
 —' FIOLFAR ! '—He started, and wond'ring descried
 A sable-clad form standing tall by his side :
 His soul-piercing eyes as the eagle's were bright,
 And his raven-hair flow'd on the breezes of night.
 —' FIOLFAR ! ' he cried, ' thy affliction forsake :
 To hope and revenge let thy bosom awake ;
 For he, that NITALPHA from liberty tore,
 Is LOCHLIN's proud monarch, the bold YRRODORE.
 Still constant to thee, she the traitor abhorr'd ;
 Haste ! haste ! let thy valour her virtue reward :
 For her let the battle empurple the plain :
 In the moment of conquest I meet thee again'.—
 He ceas'd, and FIOLFAR beheld him no more ;
 Nor long paus'd the youth on the dark-frowning shore :
 —' Whate'er be thy nature, oh stranger ! ' he said,
 Thou hast call'd down the tempest on YRRODORE'S
 head :
 The broad-beaming buckler and keen-biting glaive
 Shall ring and resound on the fields of the brave,
 And vengeance shall burst, in a death-rolling flood,
 And deluge thy altars, VALFANDER¹, with blood !'

II

To LODA's dark CIRCLE and mystical STONE²,
 With the grey-gather'd moss of long ages o'ergrown,

the enemy of Gods and Men, and the author of crimes
 and calamities.

¹ A name of Odin, the chief of the gods.

² The circle of Loda, or Loden, was a rude circle of

While the black car of NORVER was central in air,
 Did the harp-bearing bards of FIOLFAR repair ;
 The wild-breathing chords, as they solemnly sung,
 In deep modulations responsively rung ;
 To the hall of VALHALLA¹, where monarchs repose,
 The full-swellling war-song symphoniously rose :
 —‘ The mountains of LOCHLIN shall ring with alarms,
 For the heroes of NORWAY are rising in arms ;
 The heroes of NORWAY destruction shall pour
 On the wide-spreading plains of the bold YRRODORE.
 VALFANDER ! look down from thy throne in the skies !
 Our suppliant songs from thy altar arise :
 Be thou too propitious, invincible THOR !²
 And lend thy strong aid to our banners of war.
 As the white-beating stream from the rock rushes down,
 FIOLFAR’S young warriors will speed to renown.
 Ye spirits of chieftains, tremendous in fight !
 That dwell with VALFANDER in halls of delight ;
 Awhile from your cloud-circled mansions descend ;
 On the steps of your sons through the battle attend,
 When the raven shall hover on dark-flapping wing,
 And the eagle shall feed on the foes of our king !’—
 As full to the wind rose the soul-thrilling tones,
 Strange murmurs rung wild from the moss-covered
 stones ;
 The ghosts of the mighty, rejoicing, came forth,
 And roll’d their thin forms on the blasts of the north ;
 On light-flying meteors triumphantly driv’n,
 They scatter’d their signs from the centre of heav’n.
 The skies were all glowing, portentously bright,

stones, used as a place of worship amongst the Scandinavians.

¹ The hall of Odin, where the spirits of the heroes who died in battle drank mead and beer from the skulls of their enemies.

² The Gothic Mars.

With strong coruscations of vibrating light¹ :
 In shadowy forms, on the long-streaming glare,
 The insignia of battle shot swift through the air ;
 In lines and in circles successively whirl'd,
 Fantastical arrows and jav'lines were hurl'd²,
 That, flashing and falling in mimic affray,
 In the distant horizon died darkly away,
 Where a blood-dropping banner seem'd slowly to sail,
 And expand its red folds to the death-breathing gale.
 FIOLFAR look'd forth from his time-honour'd halls,
 Where the trophies of battle emblazon'd the walls :
 He heard the faint song as at distance it swell'd,
 And the blazing of ether with triumph beheld ;
 He saw the white flames inexhaustibly stream,
 And he knew that his fathers rode bright on the beam,

¹ It is well known with what superstitious anxiety the *Aurora Borealis* was formerly regarded. Ignorance and credulity readily discerned in its brilliant phenomena the semblance of aerial battles : and it is not surprising, that from such a source the valiant should draw prognostics of victory, and the timid of defeat and destruction. Thus Lucan, in describing the prodigies which preceded the civil war :

Tum ne qua futuri
 Spes saltem trepidas mentes levet, addita fati
 Pejoris manifesta fides, superique minaces
 Prodigiiis terras implerunt, æthera, pontum.
 Ignota obscuræ viderunt sidera noctes,
 Ardentemque polum flammis, cœloque volantes
 Obliquas per inane faces, crinemque timendi
 Sideris, et terris mutantem regna cometen.
 Fulgura fallaci micuerunt crebra sereno,
 Et varias ignis denso dedil aëre formas ;
 Nunc jaculum longo, nunc sparso lumine lampas
 Emicuit cœlo.—[*Pharsalia*, i, 522-33].

² The northern lights which appeared in London in 1560 were denominated *burning spears*.

That the spirits of warriors of ages long past
 Were flying sublime on the wings of the blast.
 —‘ Ye heroes ! ’ he cried, ‘ that in danger arose,
 The bulwark of friends and the terror of foes ;
 By ODIN with glory eternally crown’d ;
 By valour and virtue for ever renown’d ;
 Like yours may my arm in the conflict be strong,
 Like yours may my name be recorded in song.
 And when HILDA and MISTA¹ my spirit shall bear
 The joys of VALHALLA and ODIN to share,
 Oh then may you smile on the deeds I have done,
 And bend forward with joy to acknowledge your son ! ’

III

The sword clatter’d fiercely on helm and on shield,
 For NORWAY and LOCHLIN had met in the field ;
 The long lances shiver’d, the swift arrows flew,
 The string shrilly twang’d on the flexible yew ;
 Rejoicing, the VALKYRÆ strode through the plain,
 And guided the death-blow, and singled the slain.
 Long, long did the virgins of LOCHLIN deplore
 The youths whom their arms should encircle no more,
 For, strong as the whirlwinds the forest that tear,
 And strew with its boughs the vast bosom of air,
 The NORWEYANS bore down with all-conquering force,
 And havoc and slaughter attended their course.
 FIOLFAR through danger triumphantly trod,
 And scatter’d confusion and terror abroad ;
 Majestic as BALDER², tremendous as THOR,
 He plung’d in the red-foaming torrent of war :

¹ Two of the Valkyræ, or fatal sisters.

² The Scandinavian Apollo, the son of Odin. He was the most amiable and beautiful of all the Deities ; and drove the chariot of the sun, till, being killed by Hoder through the machinations of Lok, he was compell’d to fix his residence in the palace of Hela, when his office was transferred to Dellinger.

Through the thickest of battle he hasten'd at length
 Where YRRODORE stood in the pride of his strength :
 —' Turn, traitor ! ' he cried, ' thy destruction is nigh !
 Thy soul to the regions of HELA¹ shall fly,
 Where the base and the guilty for ever are toss'd
 Through NILFHIL's nine worlds of unchangeable frost ! '
 —' Vain boaster ! no ! never shall YRRODORE yield ! '—
 But the sword of FIOLFAR had shatter'd his shield :
 Indignantly YRRODORE sprung on the foe,
 And rear'd his strong arm for a death-dealing blow,
 But the monarch of Norway impatiently press'd,
 And sheath'd the bright steel in his enemy's breast.
 Swift flow'd the black blood, and in anguish he breath'd,
 Yet he mutter'd these words as expiring he writh'd :
 —' And deem'st thou, FIOLFAR, the conquest is thine ?
 No ! victory, glory, and vengeance are mine !
 In triumph I die ; thou shalt languish in pain :
 For ne'er shall NITALPHA delight thee again !
 The wakeful DUERGI² the caverns surround,
 Where in magical slumbers the maiden is bound ;
 Those magical slumbers shall last till the day,
 When ODIN shall summon thy spirit away :
 Then, then shall she wake to remembrance and pain,
 To seek her FIOLFAR, and seek him in vain,
 Long years of unvarying sorrow to prove,
 And weep and lament on the grave of her love ! '—
 He said, and his guilt-blacken'd spirit went forth,
 And rush'd to the caves of the uttermost north ;

¹ The Goddess of Death. She presided over Nilfhil, or Nistheimr, the hell of the Gothic nations, which was situated in the frozen regions at the North Pole. At the South Pole was the region of fire, inhabited by Surtur, the enemy of Odin, and his attendant genii and giants, by whom, in the twilight of the Gods, the world is to be consumed.

² Dwarfs.

Still destin'd to roam through the frost-cover'd plain,
 Where HELA has fix'd her inflexible reign,
 Till the day when existence and nature shall end,
 When the last fatal TWILIGHT on earth shall descend,
 When FENRIS and LOK, by all beings accurst,
 Their long-galling chains shall indignantly burst,
 When the trump of HEIMDALLER the signal shall peal
 Of the evils CREATION is destin'd to feel,
 And SURTUR shall scatter his ruin-fraught fire,
 And earth, air, and ocean, burn, sink, and expire !

IV

Now dreary and dark was the field of the dead,
 For NORWAY had conquer'd, and LOCHLIN had fled :
 The hoarse raven croak'd from the blood-streaming
 ground,
 Where the dead and the dying lay mingled around :
 The warriors of NORWAY were sunk in repose,
 And rush'd, in idea, again on their foes ;
 Yet lonely and sad did FIOLFAR remain
 Where the monarch of LOCHLIN had fall'n on the
 plain ;
 In the silence of sorrow he lean'd on his spear,
 For YRRODORE'S words echoed still in his ear :
 When sudden, through twilight, again he descried
 The sable-clad form standing tall by his side :
 — ' Behold me, Fiolfar : my promise I keep :
 NITALPHA is fetter'd in magical sleep :
 Yet I to thy arms can the maiden restore,
 And passion and vengeance shall harm her no more.
 The monarch of LOCHLIN, enrag'd at her scorn,
 Confin'd her in DEURANIL'S caverns forlorn,
 Nor dar'd he endeavour, though deeply he sigh'd,
 By force to obtain what affection denied'.—
 ' Strange being ! what art thou ? thy nature declare'.—
 ' The name of NERIMNHER from mortals I bear :

'Mid desolate rocks, in a time-hollow'd cell,
At distance from man and his vices I dwell ;
But, obedient to ODIN, I haste from the shade,
When virtue afflicted solicits my aid ;
For the mystical art to my knowledge is giv'n,
That can check the pale moon as she rolls through the
heav'n,

Can strike the dark dwellers of NILFHIL with dread,
And breathe the wild verse that awakens the dead.
My voice can the spells of thy rival destroy :
Then follow, FIOLFAR, I lead thee to joy ! '—
As flow'd the deep accents mysterious and stern,
FIOLFAR felt hope to his bosom return ;
He follow'd the stranger by vale and by flood,
Till they pierc'd the recesses of DURANIL's wood :
Through untrodden thickets of ash and of yew,
Whose close-twining boughs shut the sky from their
view,

Slow-toiling they wound, till before them arose
The black-yawning caves of NITALPHA's repose.
A blue-burning vapour shone dim through the gloom,
And roll'd its thin curls round a rude-fashion'd tomb,
Where the weary DUERGI, by magic constrain'd,
With eyes never closing, their station maintain'd.
Loud shouting they rose when the strangers advanc'd,
But fear glaz'd their eyes, and they paus'd as entranc'd,
While the mighty NERIMNHER, in fate-favour'd hour,
Thus breath'd the strong spell that extinguish'd their
pow'r :

—' By the hall of VALHALLA, where heroes repose,
And drink beer and mead from the skulls of their foes ;
By the virtues of FREYER¹, and valour of THOR ;
By the twelve giant-sisters, the rulers of war ;
By the unreveal'd accents, in secret express'd,
Of old by VALFANDER to BALDER address'd ;

¹ The son of Niord.

By the ills which the guilty and dastardly share ;
 By HELA's dominions of pain and despair ;
 By SURTU's wide regions of death-spreading fire ;
 Hence, children of evil ! DUERGI, retire !'—
 The DUERGI with yells made the cavern resound,
 As, reluctantly yielding, they sunk through the grou
 And the youth felt his breast with anxiety swell,
 While thus the magician concluded the spell :
 —' Fair maid, whom the tomb's dreary confines
 round,
 Whom the dark, iron slumber of magic has bound
 Let life and delight re-illumine thine eyes,
 Arise, star of beauty ! NITALPHA, arise !'—
 The vapour-flame died in a bright-beaming flash ;
 The tomb burst in twain with an earth-shaking crash
 All wonder, NITALPHA arose in her charms,
 She knew her FIOLFAR, she flew to his arms,
 And he found ev'ry shadow of sorrow depart,
 As he clasp'd the dear maiden again to his heart.

HENRIETTE

[Published in 1806]

LOUD and long the church-bells ringing
 Spread their signals on the air ;
 Tow'rd his ELLEN lightly springing,
 Faithless EDWARD hastens there.
 Can he dare to wed another ?
 Can he all his vows forget ?
 Can he truth and conscience smother,
 And desert his HENRIETTE ?

Pale remorse my steps attending,
 Whither can I hope to fly ?
 When shall all my woes have ending ?
 Never, never, till I die !

Can the youth who once ador'd me,
Can he hear without regret,
Death has that repose restored me,
He has stol'n from HENRIETTE ?

Brightly smiles the summer morning
On my EDWARD'S nuptial day ;
While the bells, with joyous warning,
Call to love and mirth away.
How this wretched heart is throbbing !
Ere the ev'ning sun shall set,
Death shall ease my bosom's sobbing,
Death shall comfort HENRIETTE.

Cruel youth, farewell for ever !
False as thou hast been to me,
Ne'er till FATE my thread shall sever,
Can I turn my thoughts from thee.
Guilt and shame thy soul enslaving,
Thou may'st weep and tremble yet,
When thou seest the willow waving
O'er the grave of HENRIETTE !

THE OLD MAN'S COMPLAINT

[Published in 1806]

ON Eternity's confines I stand,
And look back on the paths I have trod :
I pant for the summoning hand,
That shall call me away to my God !

My temples are sprinkled with snow ;
The sands of existence decline ;
The dwelling is cheerless and low,
The dwelling that soon must be mine.

46 *THE DEATH OF CHARLES PEMBROKE*

No longer beside me are found
The forms that of old were so dear ;
No longer the voices resound,
That once were so sweet to mine ear.

The wife of my bosom is lost ;
Long, long, has she sunk into sleep :
My boy on the ocean was toss'd,
He rests in the caves of the deep.

A villain my daughter betray'd ;
Her home and her father she fled :
But HEAV'N has in justice repaid
The tears he has caus'd me to shed.

Her peace and her honour he stole ;
Abandon'd, despairing, she died :
Remorse quickly seiz'd on his soul,
And he rests in the grave by her side.

Oh ! where are the friends of my youth,
The lovely, the good, and the brave ?
All flown to the mansions of TRUTH !
All pass'd through the gates of the grave !

On parents, and children, and friends,
Have mortality's arrows been driv'n ;
But swiftly the darkness descends,
And my spirit shall join them in HEAV'N !

ON THE DEATH OF CHARLES PEMBROKE, Es

[Published in 1806]

WHERE yon green tombs their heads promiscuo
raise,
With tearful eyes let FRIENDSHIP mark the spot
Where PEMBROKE slumbers. Upright and sincere,
For public worth esteem'd, for private lov'd,

ving VIRTUE smil'd upon his life,
 oft-eyed sorrow consecrates his urn.
 that spot where rests his honour'd dust,
 portive child may spend his idle hours,
 lking that the silent form below
 nce like him, like him was wont to play,
 own to care. Thrice happy innocent !
 oo shalt fall, and on thy humble grave
 er child, unthinking as thyself,
 as the lark, and rosy as the morn,
 rolic in his turn. Thus 'tis with man :
Autumn's leaves the present race decays,
*her race succeeds*¹. But after death
 VIRTUE live, and live to die no more,
 er climes, from mortal eyes retir'd.
 PEMBROKE, there thy sainted spirit dwells,
 lasting rest ; there, far remov'd
 all the troubles of the world, enjoys
 re reward of goodness here below,
 l, boundless happiness above.

THE RAINBOW

[Published in 1806]

ay has pass'd in storms, though not unmix'd
 ansitory calm. The western clouds,
 ing slow, unveil the glorious sun,
 c in decline. The wat'ry east
 with the many-tinted arch of HEAV'N.
 l it as a pledge that brighter skies
 less the coming morn. Thus rolls the day,
 ort dark day of life ; with tempests thus,
 eting sunshine chequer'd. At its close,

¹ cf. Homer, [*Iliad* vi, 146-9].

When the dread hour draws near, that bursts all ties,
All commerce with the world, RELIGION pours
HOPE's fairy-colours on the virtuous mind,
And, like the rainbow on the ev'ning clouds,
Gives the bright promise that a happier dawn
Shall chase the night and silence of the grave.

ELLEN

[Published in 1806]

THE marble tomb, in sculptur'd state display'd,
Decks the vile earth where wealthy vice is laid ;
But no vain pomp its hollow splendour throws,
Where Beauty, Virtue, Innocence, repose.
The cypress tow'rs, the waving willows weep,
Where ELLEN sleeps the everlasting sleep,
Where with a sigh the passing stranger sees
The long rank grave-grass bending in the breeze.

FAREWELL TO MATILDA

[Published in 1806]

Oui, pour jamais
Chassons l'image
De la volage
Que j'adorais—Parny.

MATILDA, farewell ! FATE has doom'd us to part,
But the prospect occasions no pang to my heart ;
No longer is love with my reason at strife,
Though once thou wert dearer, far dearer than life.

As together we roam'd, I the passion confess'd,
Which thy beauty and virtue had rais'd in my breast ;
That the passion was mutual thou mad'st me believe,
And I thought *my* MATILDA could never deceive.

My MATILDA ! no, false one ! my claims I resign :
Thou canst not, thou must not, thou shalt not be mine :
I now scorn thee as much as I lov'd thee before,
Nor sigh when I think I shall meet thee no more.

Though fair be thy form, thou no lovers wilt find,
While folly and falsehood inhabit thy mind,
Though coxcombs may flatter, though idiots may prize,
Thou art shunn'd by the good, and contemn'd by the
wise.

Than mine what affection more fervent could be,
When I thought ev'ry virtue was centred in thee ?
Of the vows thou hast broken I will not complain,
For I mourn not the loss of a heart I disdain.

Oh ! hadst thou but constant and amiable prov'd
As that *fancied perfection* I formerly lov'd,
Nor absence, nor time, though supreme their control,
Could have dimm'd the dear image then stamp'd on my
soul.

How bright were the pictures, untinted with shade,
By HOPE's glowing pencil on FANCY pourtray'd !
Sweet visions of bliss ! which I could not retain ;
For they like thyself, were deceitful and vain.

Some other, perhaps, to MATILDA is dear,
Some other, more pleasing, though not more sincere ;
May he fix thy light passions, now wav'ring as air,
Then leave thee, inconstant, to shame and despair !

Repent not, MATILDA, return not to me :
Unavailing thy grief, thy repentance will be :
In vain will thy vows or thy smiles be resum'd,
For LOVE, once extinguish'd, is never relum'd.

MIRA

[Published in 1806]

BENEATH yon yew-tree's silent shade,
Long, tufted grass the spot discloses
Where, low in death untimely laid,
Pale MIRA's silent form reposes.

The plaintive bird, at ev'ning-close,
Pours there her softly-mournful numbers ;
The earth its earliest sweets bestows,
To deck the grave where MIRA slumbers.

There SUMMER's brightest flow'rs appear ;
There oft the hollow breeze is swelling ;
The passing stranger drops a tear
On MIRA's dark and narrow dwelling.

The moralist, with musing eyes,
Loves there his pensive steps to measure :
' How vain is human pride ! ' he cries ;
' Now soon is lost each earthly treasure !

' To snatch the fleeting bubble, joy,
How weak is ev'ry fond endeavour !
We rush to seize the glitt'ring toy ;
It bursts, it vanishes for ever !

' How soon our pleasures pass away !
How soon our bliss must yield to sorrow !
The friend, with whom we smile to-day,
May wither in his shroud to-morrow ! '

AMARILLIS

FROM THE PASTOR FIDO

[Published in 1806]

DUNQUE addio, care selve.
 Care mie selve, addio.
 Ricevete questi ultimi sospiri,
 Fin che sciolta da ferro ingiusto, e crudo,
 Torni la mia fredd' ombra
 A le vostr' ombre amate.
 Che nel penoso inferno
 Non può gir innocente,
 Nè può star tra beati
 Disperata e dolente.

. i' moro, e senza colpa,
 E senza frutto ; e senza te, cor mio :
 Mi moro, oime, MIRTILLO.

Dear woods, your sacred haunts I leave :
 Adieu ! my parting sighs receive !
 Adieu ! dear native woods, adieu !
 Which I no more am doom'd to view,
 From ev'ry joy remov'd ;
 Till from the cold and cruel urn
 My melancholy shade shall turn
 To seek your shades below'd.
 For, free from guilt I cannot go
 To join the wailing ghosts below,
 Nor can despair and bleeding love
 Find refuge with the blest above.

.
 In youth and innocence I die ;
 The cold grave-stone must be my pillow ;
 From life, from love, from hope I fly ;
 Adieu ! a long adieu ! MIRTILLO

CLONAR AND TLAMIN

IMITATED FROM A LITTLE POEM IN MACPHERSON'S NOTES
ON OSSIAN

[Published in 1806]

'The loves of Clonar and Tlamin were rendered famous in the north by a fragment of a lyric poem, still preserved, which is ascribed to Ossian. It is a dialogue between Clonar and Tlamin. She begins with a soliloquy, which he overhears'.

TLAMIN

SON of CONGLAS of IMOR ! thou first in the battle !
Oh CLONAR, young hunter of dun-sided roes !
Where the wings of the wind through the tall branches
rattle,
Oh, where does my hero on rushes repose ?

By the oak of the valley, my love, have I found thee,
Where swift from the hill pour thy loud-rolling
streams ;
The beard of the thistle flies sportively round thee,
And dark o'er thy face pass the thoughts of thy
dreams.

Thy dreams are of scenes where the war-tempest rages :
TLAMIN's youthful warrior no dangers appal :
Even now, in idea, my hero engages,
On Erin's green plains, in the wars of Fingal.

Half hid, by the grove of the hill, I retire :
Ye blue mists of Lutha ! why rise ye between ?
Why hide the young warrior whose soul is all fire,
Oh why hide her love from the eyes of TLAMIN ?

FOLDATH IN THE CAVERN OF MOMA 53

CLONAR

As the vision that flies with the beams of the morning,
While fix'd on the mind its bright images prove,
So fled the young sunbeam these valleys adorning ;
Why flies my TLAMIN from the sight of her love ?

TLAMIN

Oh CLONAR ! my heart will to joy be a stranger,
Till thou on our mountains again shalt be seen ;
Then why wilt thou rush to the regions of danger,
Far, far from the love of the mournful TLAMIN ?

CLONAR

The signals of war are from Selma resounding !
With morning we rise on the dark-rolling wave :
Towards green-valleyed Erin our vessels are bounding ;
I rush to renown, to the fields of the brave !

Yet around me when war's hottest thunders shall rattle,
Thy form to my soul ever present shall be ;
And should death's icy hand check my progress in battle,
The last sigh of CLONAR shall rise but for thee.

FOLDATH IN THE CAVERN OF MOMA

FROM THE SAME

[Published in 1806]

FOLDATH (*addressing the spirits of his fathers*)

In your presence dark I stand :
Spirits of my sires ! disclose,
Shall my steps o'er Atha's land,
Pass to Ullin of the roes ?

DREAMS

ANSWER

Thou to Ullin's plains shalt go :
 There shall rage the battle loud :
 O'er the fall'n thy fame shall grow,
 Like the gath'ring thunder-cloud.

There thy blood-stain'd sword shall gleam,
 Till, around while danger roars,
 Cloncath, the reflected beam,
 Come from Moruth's sounding shores.

DREAMS

FROM PETRONIUS ARBITER

[Published in 1806]

Somnia, quæ mentes ludunt volitantibus umbris, etc.
 —Petronius [*Satyricon*, civ].

DREAMS, which, beneath the hov'ring shades of night,
 Sport with the ever-restless minds of men,
 Descend not from the gods. Each busy brain
 Creates its own. For when the chains of sleep
 Have bound the weary, and the lighten'd mind
 Unshackled plays, the actions of the light
 Become renew'd in darkness. Then the chief,
 Who shakes the world with war, who joys alone
 In blazing cities, and in wasted plains,
 O'erthrown battalions sees, and dying kings,
 And fields o'erflow'd with blood. The lawyer dreams
 Of causes, of tribunals, judges, fees.
 The trembling miser hides his ill-gain'd gold,
 And oft with joy a buried treasure finds.
 The eager hunter with his clam'rous dogs
 Makes rocks and woods resound. The sailor brings

His vessel safe to port, or sees it whelm'd
Beneath the foaming waves. The anxious maid
Writes to her lover, or beholds him near.
The dog in dreams pursues the tim'rous hare.
The wretch, whom Fortune's iron hand has scourg'd,
Finds in his slumbers all his woes reviv'd.

PINDAR ON THE ECLIPSE OF THE SUN

[Published in 1806]

'Ακτὶς δελίου πολύσκοπε, κ.τ.λ.—Pindar [*Carmen in Def. Solis*, l. 1.]

ALL-ENLIGHT'NING, all-beholding,
All-transcending star of day !
Why, thy sacred orb enfolding,
Why does darkness veil thy ray ?

On thy life-diffusing splendour
These portentous shades that rise,
Vain the strength of mortals render,
Vain the labours of the wise.

Late thy wheels, through ether burning,
Roll'd in unexampled light :
Mortals mourn thy change, returning
In the sable garb of night.

Hear, oh Phœbus ! we implore thee,
By Olympian Jove divine ;
Phœbus ! Thebans kneel before thee,
Still on Thebes propitious shine.

On thy darken'd course attending,
Dost thou signs of sorrow bring ?
Shall the summer rains descending,
Blast the promise of the spring ?

TO A YOUNG LADY, NETTING

Or shall War, in evil season,
Spread unbounded ruin round ?
Or the baleful hand of Treason
Our domestic joys confound ?

By the bursting torrent's power,
Shall our rip'ning fields be lost ?
Shall the air with snow-storms lower,
Or the soil be bound in frost ?

Or shall ocean's waves stupendous,
Unresisted, unconfin'd,
Once again, with roar tremendous,
Hurl destruction on mankind ?

•

TO A YOUNG LADY, NETTING

[Published in 1806]

WHILE those bewitching hands combine,
With matchless grace, the silken line,
They also weave, with gentle art,
Those stronger nets that bind the heart.

But soon all earthly things decay :
That net in time must wear away :
E'en Beauty's silken meshes gay
No lasting hold can take :

But Beauty, Virtue, Sense, combin'd,
(And all these charms in thee are join'd)
Can throw that net upon the mind,
No human heart can e'er unbind,
No human pow'r can break.

LEVI MOSES

[Published in 1806]

Sed quò divitias hæc per tormenta coactas ?
Cum furor haud dubius, cum sit manifesta phrenesis,
Ut locuples moriaris egenti vivere fato ?

Juvenal [*Sat.*, xiv, 136].

MA name'sh Levi Moshesh : I tink I vash born,
Dough I cannot exactly remember,
In Roshemary Lane, about tree in de morn,
Shome time in de mont of November.
Ma fader cried ' *clothesh* ', trough de shtreetsh ash he
vent,
Dough he now shleeping under de shtone ish,
He made by hish bargains two hundred per shent,
And dat way he finger'd de monish.

MA fader vash vise : very great vash hish shenshe :
De monish he alwaysh vash turning :
And early he taught me poundsh, shillingsh, and penshe ;
' For ', shaysh he, ' dat ish all dat'sh vorth learning.
Ash to Latin and Greek, 'tish all nonskenshe, I shay,
Which occasion to shtudy dere none ish ;
But shtick closhe to Cocker, for dat ish de vay,
To teach you to finger de monish '.

To a shtock-broker den I apprentishe vash bound,
Who hish monish lov'd very shinshereley ;
And, trough hish inshtuctions, I very shoon found,
I ma bushiness knew pretty clearly.
Shaysh he : ' cheat a little : 'tish no shuch great crime,
Provided it cleverly done ish ' :
Sho I cleverly cheated him every time
I could manage to finger hish monish.

And den I shet up for a broker mashelf,
 And Fortune hash shmil'd on ma laborsh ;
 I've minded de main-chanshe, and shcrap'd up de pel
 And ruin'd von half of ma neighboursh.
 If any von cash on goot bondsh would obtain,
 Very shoön ready for him de loan ish ;
 And about *shent per shent* ish de int'resht I gain,
 And dat vay I finger de monish.

To part vit ma monish I alwaysh vash loth ;
 For ma table no daintiesh I dish up :
 I dine on two eggsh, and I shup on de broth,
 But I feasht vonsh a veek like a bishop !
 Ev'ry Shaturday night, on a *grishkin of pork*
 I regale bote mashelf and ma croneish ;
 And I play on de grishkin a goot knife and fork,
 Dough dat runsh away vit de monish !

To de présheptsh ma fader inshtill'd in ma mind
 I have ever been conshtant and shteady :
 To learning or pleasure I ne'er vash inclin'd,
 For neider would bring in de ready.
 And into ma pocketsh de monish to bring
 Ma perpetual shtudy alone ish,
 For de monish indeed ish a very goot ting,
 ' Oh, a very goot ting ish de monish !

SLENDER'S LOVE-ELEGY

[Published in 1806]

COME, Polyhymnia, heav'nly maid !
 Oh deign an humble bard to aid,
 Whose heart in tenfold chains is laid,
 In Cupid's cage :

To Anna's name I strike the string ;
Thence all my pains and pleasures spring :
Yes, I aspire thy praise to sing,
Oh sweet Anne Page !

The lustre of thy soft blue eyes,
Thy lip that with the coral vies,
Might bid love's flames the breast surprise
Of stoic sage :
And cold indeed his heart must be,
Who could thy matchless features see,
And not at once exclaim with me,
Oh sweet Anne Page !

Wealth, pow'r, and splendour, I disown :
To them no real joys are known :
Thy unaffected charms alone
My heart engage :
Thou canst alone my bosom fire,
Thou canst alone my muse inspire,
To thee alone I tune the lyre,
Oh sweet Anne Page !

Against my passion's fond appeal
Should'st thou thy gentle bosom steel,
What pow'r the pangs I then should feel
Could e'er assuage ?
To woods, to mountains would I fly ;
Thy dear lov'd name unceasing sigh,
Till thousand echoes should reply :
Oh sweet Anne Page !

I cannot boast the art sublime,
Like some great poets of the time,
To sing, in lofty-sounding rhyme,
Of amorous rage :

But love has taught me to complain ;
 Love has inspir'd this humble strain ;
 Then let me not still sigh in vain,
 Oh sweet Anne Page !

A FRAGMENT

[Published in 1806]

NAV, deem me not insensible, Cesario,
 To female charms ; nor think this heart of mine
 Is cas'd in adamant ; because, forsooth,
 I cannot ogle, and hyperbolise,
 And whisper tender nothings in the ear
 Of ev'ry would-be beauty, holding out
 The bright but treach'rous flame of flattery,
 To watch the she-moths of a drawing-room
 Sport round the beam, and burn their pretty wings,
 Ere conscious of their danger : yet, believe me,
 I love a maid whose untranscended form
 Is yet less lovely than her spotless mind.
 With modest frankness, unaffected genius,
 Unchang'd good-humour, beauty void of art,
 And polish'd wit that seeks not to offend,
 And winning smiles that seek not to betray,
 She charms the sight, and fascinates the soul.
 Where dwells this matchless nymph ? alas, Cesario !
 'Tis but a sickly creature of my fancy,
 Unparallel'd in nature.

BENEATH THE CYPRESS SHADE

[Written after 1806]

I DUG, beneath the cypress shade,
 What well might seem an elfin's grave ;
 And every pledge in earth I laid,
 That erst thy false affection gave.

I pressed them down the sod beneath ;
I placed one mossy stone above ;
And twined the rose's fading wreath
Around the sepulchre of love.

Frail as thy love, the flowers were dead,
Ere yet the evening sun was set :
But years shall see the cypress spread,
Immutable as my regret.

THE VIGILS OF FANCY

[Written 1806]

NO. I

THE wind is high, and mortals sleep,
And through the woods resounding deep,
The wasting winds of Autumn sweep,
While waves remurmur hollowly.

Beside this lake's sequester'd shore,
Where foam-crowned billows heave and roar,
And pines, that sheltered bards of yore,
Wave their primeval canopy.

At midnight hour I rove alone,
And think on days for ever flown,
When not a trace of care was known,
To break my soul's serenity.

To me, when day's loud cares are past,
And coldly blows th' autumnal blast,
And yellow leaves around are cast
In melancholy revelry.

While Cynthia rolls through fields of blue,
'Tis sweet these fading groves to view,
With ev'ry rich and varied hue
Of foliage smiling solemnly.

Matur'd by Time's revolving wing,
These fading groves more beauties bring
Than all the budding flow'rs of Spring,
Or Summer's glowing pageantry.

All hail ! ye breezes wild and drear,
That peal the death-song of the year,
And with the waters thund'ring near
Combine in awful harmony !

Methinks, as round your murmurs sail,
I hear a spirit in the gale,
That seems to whisper many a tale
Of dark and ancient mystery.

Ye bards, that in these sacred shades,
These tufted woods and sloping glades,
Awoke, to charm the sylvan maids,
Your soul-entrancing minstrelsy !

Say, do your spirits yet delight
To rove, beneath the starry night,
Along this water's margin bright,
Or mid the woodland scenery.

And strike, to notes of tender fire,
With viewless hands the shadowy lyre,
Till all the wandering winds respire
A more than mortal symphony ?

Come, Fancy, come, romantic maid !
No more in rainbow vest array'd
But robed to suit the sacred shade
Of midnight's deep sublimity.

By thee inspir'd I seem to hold
High converse with the good and bold,
Who fought and fell, in days of old,
 To guard their country's liberty.
Roused from oblivion's mouldering urn,
The chiefs of ancient times return ;
Again the battle seems to burn,
 And rings the sounding panoply !
And while the war-storm rages loud,
In yonder darkly rolling cloud,
Their forms departed minstrels shroud,
 And wake the hymns of victory.
Far hence all earthly thoughts be hurl'd !
Thy regions, Fancy, shine unfurl'd,
Amid the visionary world
 I lose the sad reality.
Led by thy magic pow'r sublime,
From shore to shore, from clime to clime,
Uncheck'd by distance or by time,
 My steps shall wander rapidly.
Thy pow'r can all the past restore,
Bid present ills afflict no more,
And teach the spirit to explore
 The volume of futurity.

REMEMBER ME

[Written after 1808]

E tu, chi sa se mai
Te sovverrai di me ?—Metastasio.

AND what are life's enchanting dreams,
That melt, like morning mists, away ?
And what are Fancy's golden beams,
That glow with transitory day ?

While adverse stars my steps impel,
To climes remote, my love, from thee,
Will that dear breast with pity swell,
And wilt thou still remember me ?

Alas ! I hoped from Britain's shore
My wayward feet would never rove :
I hoped to share my little store,
With thee, my first, my only love !
No more those hopes my breast elate :
No more thy lovely form I see :
But thou wilt mourn thy wanderer's fate,
And thou wilt still remember me.

When twilight shades the world o'erhung,
Oft hast thou loved with me to stray,
While Philomela sweetly sung
The dirge of the departing day.
But when our cherished meads and bowers
Thy solitary haunts shall be,
Oh ! then recall those blissful hours ;
Oh ! then, my love, remember me.

When Spring shall bid the forest live,
And clothe the hills and vales with green ;
Or summer's ripening hand shall give
New beauties to the sylvan scene ;
Reflect that thus my prospects smiled
Till changed by Fortune's stern decree :
And wintry storms severe and wild,
Shall bid thee still remember me.

For wintry storms have overcast
And blighted all my hopes of joy :
Vain joys of life, so quickly past !
Vain hope that clouds so soon destroy !

Around us cares and dangers grow :
Between us rolls the restless sea :
Yet this one thought shall soothe my woe,
That thou wilt still remember me.

And when, thy natal shades among,
While noontide rays their fervours shower,
The poet's sadly pleasing song
Shall charm thy melancholy hour ;
When Zephyr, rustling in the grove,
Sighs feebly through the spreading tree,
Think 'tis the whispering voice of love,
And pity, and remember me !

Remember me, when morning's call
Shall bid thee leave thy lonely bed :
Remember me, when evening fall
Shall tinge the skies with blushing red :
Remember me, when midnight sleep
Shall set excursive fancy free ;
And should'st thou wake, and wake to weep,
Still, in thy tears, remember me.

Farewell, my love ! the paths of truth,
The paths of happiness pursue :
But ever mindful of the youth,
Who loved thee with a flame so true.
And though to thy transcendent form
Admiring courts should bow the knee,
Still be thy breast with pity warm,
Still, still, my love, remember me.

ROMANCE

[Published in 1806]

DEATH ! the mourner's surest aid !
Mark my sad devotion :
Hear a lost, forsaken maid,
Mourn with wild emotion.

I my griefs unpitied pour
To the winds that round me roar,
On the billow-beaten shore
Of the lonely ocean.

Where the sea's extremest line
Seems with ether blended,
Still I see the white sails shine
To the breeze extended.
False one ! still I mark thy sail
Spread to catch the favouring gale.
Soon shall storms thy bark assail,
And thy crimes be ended !

By the mighty tempests tost,
Death-flames round thee burning,
On a bleak and desert coast,
Whence is no returning ;—
Thou o'er all thy friends shall weep,
Buried in th' unpitying deep ;
Thou thy watch of woe shalt keep,
Vainly, deeply, mourning.

Unattended shalt thou rove,
O'er the mountain dreary,
Through the haunted, pathless grove,
Through the desert eerie :
Unassuaged thy tears thall flow ;
None shall sooth or share thy woe,
When thy blood runs cold and slow,
And thy limbs are weary !

Far from haunts of human kind,
Vengeful heaven impelling,
Thou thy dying bed shall find,
Where cold blasts are yelling.

None shall hear thee, none shall save,
 In thy monumental cave,
 None shall weep, where tempests rave
 Round thy narrow dwelling !

THE GENIUS OF THE THAMES

[Second edition, published in 1812]

PART I

ΑΑΔΙΣΤΟΣ ΠΟΤΑΜΩΝ ΕΠΙ ΓΑΙΑΝ 'ΙΠΠΙ.—'ΟΜ.—

[Homer, *Odyssey* xi, 239.]

[on è questo 'l terren, ch' i' toccai pria ?
 [on è questo 'l mio nido,
 ve nudrito fui sì dolcemente ?
 [on è questa la patria in ch' io mi fido
 ladre benigna e pia,
 he copre l'uno e l'altro mio parente ?—Petrarca¹

¹ PRÆMIUM

Sweet was the choral song,
 When in Arcadian vales,
 Primeval shepherds twined the Aonian wreath.
 While in the dying gales,
 That sighed the shades among,
 Rapt fancy heard responsive spirits breathe.
 Dryads and Genii wandered then
 Amid the haunts of guileless men,
 As yet unknown to strife :
 Ethereal beings poured the floods,
 Dwelt in the ever waving woods,
 And filled the varied world with intellectual life.
 Ah ! whither are they flown,
 Those days of peace and love
 So sweetly sung by bards of elder time ?
 When in the startling grove

ANALYSIS OF THE FIRST PART

An Autumnal night on the banks of the Thames.
Eulogium of the Thames. Characters of several
rivers of Great Britain. Acknowledged superiority
of the Thames. Address to the Genius of the Thames.
View of some of the principal rivers of Europe, Asia,
Africa, and America. Pre-eminence of the Thames.
General character of the river. The port of London.
The naval dominion of Britain and extent of her com-
merce and navigation. Tradition that an immense
forest occupied the site of the metropolis. Episode
of a Druid, supposed to have taken refuge in that forest,
after the expulsion of Mona.

The battle-blast was blown,
And misery came, and cruelty and crime,
Far from the desolated hills,
Polluted meads, and blood-stained rills,
Their guardian genii flew ;
And through the woodlands, waste and wild,
Where erst perennial summer smiled,
Infuriate passions prowled, and wintry whirlwinds
blew.

Yet where light breezes sail
Along the sylvan shore,
The bard still feels a sacred influence nigh :
When the far torrent's roar
Floats through the twilight vale,
And, echoing low, the forest-depths reply.
Nor let the throng his dreams despise
Who to the rural deities
From courts and crowds retires :
Since human grandeur's proudest scheme
Is but a fabric of a dream,
A meteor-kindled pile, that, while we gaze, expires.

I

THE moonlight rests, with solemn smile,
On sylvan shore and willowy isle :
While Thames beneath the imaged beam,
Rolls on his deep and silent stream.
The wasting wind of autumn sighs :
The oak's discoloured foliage flies :
The grove, in deeper shadow cast,
Waves darkly in the eddying blast.
All hail, ye breezes loud and drear,
That peal the death-song of the year !
Your rustling pinions waft around
A voice that breathes no mortal sound,
And in mysterious accents sings
The flight of time, the change of things.
The seasons pass in swift career :
Storms close, and zephyrs wake, the year :
The streams roll on, nor e'er return
To fill again their parent urn ;
But bounteous nature, kindly-wise,
Their everlasting flow supplies.
Like planets round the central sun,
The rapid wheels of being run,
By laws, from earliest time pursued,
Still changed, still wasted, still renewed.
Reflected in the present scene,
Return the forms that once have been :
The present's varying tints display
The colours of the future day.

II

Ye bards, that, in these secret shades,
These tufted woods and sloping glades,
Awoke, to charm the sylvan maids,
Your soul-entrancing minstrelsy !
Say, do your spirits yet delight
To rove, beneath the starry night,

Along this water's margin bright,
 Or mid the woodland scenery ;
 And strike, to notes of tender fire,
 With viewless hands the shadowy lyre,
 Till all the wandering winds respire
 A wildly-awful symphony ?

III

Hark ! from beneath the aged spray,
 Where hangs my humbler lyre on high,
 Soft music fills the woodlands grey,
 And notes ærial warble by !
 What flying touch, with elfin spell,
 Bids its responsive numbers swell ?
 Whence is the deep Æolian strain,
 That on the wind its changes flings ?
 Returns some ancient bard again,
 To wake to life the slumbering strings ?
 Or breathes the spirit of the scene
 The lightly-trembling chords between,
 Diffusing his benignant power
 On twilight's consecrated hour ?

IV

Even now, methinks, in solemn guise,
 By yonder willowy islet gray,
 I see thee, sedge-crowned Genius ! rise,
 And point the glories of thy way.
 Tall reeds around thy temples play¹ ;

¹ Huic deus ipse loci fluvio Tiberinus amœno
 Populeas inter senior se adtollere frondis
 Visus : eum tenuis glauco velebat amictu
 Carbasus, et crinis umbrosa tegebat arundo.—
 Virgil [*Æneid*, viii, 31-4].

Thy hair the liquid crystal gems :
 To thee I pour the votive lay,
 Oh Genius of the silver Thames !

The tutelary spirits, that formerly animated the scenes of nature, still continue to adorn the visions of poetry ; though they are now felt only as the creatures of imagination, and no longer possess that influence of real existence, which must have imparted many enviable sensations to the mind of the ancient polytheist.

Of all these fabulous beings, the Genii and Nymphs of rivers and fountains received the largest portion of human adoration. In them an enthusiastic fancy readily discerned the agency of powerful and benevolent spirits, diffusing wealth and fertility over the countries they adorned.—‘ Rivers are worshipped ’ says Maximus Tyrius (*Dissertatio VIII. El θεοὶς ἀγάλματα ἰδουρέον*) ‘ on account of their utility, as the Nile by the Egyptians ; or of their beauty, as the Peneus by the Thessalians ; or of their magnitude, as the Danube by the Scythians ; or of mythological traditions, as the Achelous by the Ætolians ; or of particular laws, as the Eurotas by the Spartans ; or of religious institutions, as the Ilisus by the Athenians.’

These local divinities are the soul of classical landscape ; and their altars, by the side of every fountain, and in the shade of every grove, are its most interesting and characteristic feature. From innumerable passages that might be cited on this subject, it will be sufficient to call to mind that beautiful description of Homer :

“ Ἀστεος ἐγγὺς ἔσαν, καὶ ἐπὶ κρήνην ἀφίκοντο
 Τυκτὴν, καλλίροον, ὅθεν ὑδρεύοντο πολῖται,
 Τὴν ποίησ’ Ἴθακος, καὶ Νήριτος, ἡδὲ Πολύκτωρ
 Ἄμφι δ’ ἄρ’ αἰγείρων ὑδάτοτρεφέων ἦν ἄλσος
 Πάντοσε κυκλωτέρης· κατὰ δὲ ψυχρὸν ῥέει ὕδωρ
 Ὑψόθεν ἐκ πέτρης· βωμὸς δ’ ἐφύπερθε τέτυκτο
 Νυμφῶων, ὅθι πάντες ἐπιρέζουσιν ὀδῖται.

[Homer, *Odyssey* xvii, 205–11.]

V

The shepherd-youth, on Yarrow braes,
Of Yarrow stream has sung the praise,
To love and beauty dear :
And long shall Yarrow roll in fame,
Charm with the magic of a name,
And claim the tender tear.
Who has not wept, in pastoral lay,
To hear the maiden's song of woe,
Who mourned her lover snatched away,
And plunged the sounding surge below ?
The maid who never ceased to weep,
And tell the winds her tale of sorrow,
Till on his breast she sunk to sleep,
Beneath the lonely waves of Yarrow.

VI

The minstrel oft, at evening-fall,
Has leaned on Roxburgh's ruined wall,
Where, on the wreck of grandeur past,
The wild wood braves the sweeping blast :
And while, beneath the embowering shade,
Swelled, loud and deep, his notes of flame,
Has called the spirits of the glade,
To hear the voice of Teviot's fame.

VII

While artless love and spotless truth,
Delight the waking dreams of youth ;
While nature's beauties, softly wild,
Are dear to nature's wandering child ;
The lyre shall ring, where sparkling Tweed,
By red-stone cliff, and broom-flowered mead,
And ivied walls in fair decay,
Resounds along his rock-strown way.

There oft the bard, at midnight still,
When rove his eerie steps alone,
Shall start to hear, from haunted hill,
The bugle blast at distance blown :
And oft his raptured eye shall trace,
Amid the visionary gloom,
The foaming courser's eager pace,
The mail-clad warrior's crimson plume,
The beacons, blazing broad and far,
The lawless marchmen ranging free,
And all the pride of feudal war,
And pomp of border chivalry.

VIII

And Avon too has claimed the lay,
Whose listening wave forgot to stray,
By Shakespeare's infant reed restrained :
And Severn, whose suspended swell
Felt the dread weight of Merlin's spell,
When the lone spirits of the dell
Of Arthur's fall complained.
And sweetly winds romantic Dee,
And Wye's fair banks all lovely smile :
But all, oh Thames ! submit to thee,
The monarch-stream of Albion's isle.

IX

From some ethereal throne on high,
Where clouds in nectar-dews dissolve,
The muse shall mark, with eagle-eye,
The world's diminished orb revolve.
At once her ardent glance shall roll,
From clime to clime, from pole to pole,
O'er waters, curled by zephyr's wing,
O'er shoreless seas, by whirlwinds tost ;

O'er valleys of perennial spring,
 And wastes of everlasting frost ;
 O'er deserts where the Siroc raves,
 And heaves the sand in fiery waves ;
 O'er caverns of mysterious gloom :
 O'er lakes, where peaceful islets bloom,
 Like emerald spots, serenely-bright,
 Amid a sapphire field of light ;
 O'er mountain-summits, thunder-riven,
 That rear eternal snows to heaven ;
 O'er rocks, in wild confusion hurled,
 And woods, coeval with the world.

X

Her eye shall thence the course explore
 Of every river wandering wide,
 From tardy Lena's frozen shore
 To vast La Plata's sea-like tide.
 Where Oby's barrier-billows freeze,
 And Dwina's waves in snow-chains rest :
 Where the rough blast from Arctic seas
 Congeals on Volga's ice-cold breast ¹ :
 Where Rhine impels his confluent springs
 Tumultuous down the Rhætian steep ²,
 Where Danube's world of waters brings
 Its tribute to the Euxine deep :
 Where Seine, beneath Lutetian towers,
 Leads humbly his polluted stream,
 Recalling still the blood-red hours
 Of frantic freedom's transient dream :
 Where crowns sweet Loire his fertile soil :
 Where Rhone's impetuous eddies boil :

¹ And Volga, on whose face the north wind freeze
 —Beaumont and Fletcher.

² Rhenus, Ræticarum Alpium inaccessio ac præcipit
 vertice ortus—Tacitus [*Germania*, I].

Where Garonne's pastoral waves advance,
 Responsive to the song and dance,
 When the full vintage calls from toil
 The youths and maids of southern France
 Where horned Po's once-raging flood
 Now moves with slackened force along¹,
 By hermit-isle and magic wood,
 The theme of old chivalric song :
 Where yellow Tiber's turbid tide
 In mystic murmurings seems to breathe
 Of ancient Rome's imperial pride,
 That passed away, as blasts divide
 November's vapoury wreath :
 Where proud Tajo's golden river
 Rolls through fruitful realms afar :
 Where Romantic Guadalquivir,
 Wakes the thought of Moorish war :
 Where Penëus, smoothly-flowing²,
 Or Meander's winding-shore,

¹ *Et gemina auratus taurino cornua voltu
 Eridanus : buo non alius per pingua culta
 In mare purpureum violentior effluit anmis.*
 Virgil [*Georgics*, iv, 371-3].

Impetuosissimum amnem olim Padum fuisse, ex aliis locis manifestum est ; quamquam nunc ejus natura diversa esse narratur—Heyne.

² Down whose blood empurpled water
 Mightiest chiefs, in death-cold sleep,
 Victims stern of mutual slaughter,
 Rolled towards the Atlantic deep :
 Where soft Peneus, etc.

The propriety of this epithet may be questioned. 'The vale of Tempe', says Dr Gillies, 'is adorned by the hand of nature with every object that can gratify the senses or delight the fancy. The gently-flowing Peneus intersects the middle of the plain. Its waters

Charm the pensive wanderer, glowing
 With the love of Grecian lore :
 Where Alphæus, wildly-falling,
 Dashes far the sparkling spray ;
 In the eternal sound recalling
 Lost Arcadia's heaven-taught lay ;
 Following dark, in strong commotion
 Through the night of central caves,
 Deep beneath the unmingling ocean¹.
 Arethusa's flying waves :

are increased by perennial cascades from the green mountains, and thus rendered of sufficient depth for vessels of considerable burthen. The rocks are everywhere planted with vines and olives ; and the banks of the river, and even the river itself, are overshadowed with lofty forest-trees, which defend those who sail upon it from the sun's meridian ardour'. He adds in a note : ' I know not why Ovid says, *Penæus ab imo effusus Pindo spumosis volvitur undis* [*Metam.* i, 569]. Ælian, from whom the description in the text is taken, says, that the Penæus flows *Δίκην ελαίου*, smooth as oil'.

Livy's description, which seems to have escaped Dr G., is singularly contradictory : *Sunt enim Tempe, saltus, etiam si non bello fiat, infestus, transitu difficilis : nam præter angustias per quinque millia, qua exiguum jumento onusto iter est, rupes utrimque ita abscissæ sunt, ut despici vix sine vertigine quadam simul oculorum animique possit. Terret et sonitus et altitudo per mediam vallem fluentis Penei amnis.* [Livy, *Hist.*, xlv, 6.]

The *sonitus* coincides with the description of Ovid, the *altitudo* with that of Ælian. It is difficult to reconcile the terms with each other : since *altissima* quæque flumina *minimo* sono labuntur. We may suppose, that the Penæus is a torrent in the upper part of the vale, and gains a smother course as it proceeds.

¹ τὰν δὲ θάλασσαν

Νέρθεν ὑποτροχάει, καὶ μίγνται ὕδασι ὕδωρ.—Moschus.

Where Tigris runs, in rapid maze :
Where swift Euphrates brightly strays ;
To whose lone wave the night-breeze sings
A song of half-forgotten days

And old Assyrian kings :
Where Gangà's fertile course beside,
The Hindu roves, alone to mourn,
And gaze on heaven's resplendent pride,
And watch for Veeshnu's tenth return,
When fraud shall cease, and tyrant power
Torment no more, to ruin hurled,
And peace and love their blessings shower,
O'er all the renovated world :

Where Nile's mysterious sources sleep¹ :

Where Niger sinks in sands unknown :

Where Gambia hears, at midnight deep,

Afflicted ghosts for vengeance groan² :

¹ Bruce penetrated to the source of the eastern branch of the Nile : that of the western, which is the principal branch, has never yet been visited by any European.

² The Niger has been generally supposed to terminate in a lake in the desert, where its waters are evaporated by the heat of the sun. Mr Jackson, in his account of the empire of Morocco, adduces authorities to show, that the Nile and the Niger are actually the same river ; a supposition which Major Rennel, in his geographical illustrations of Mr Park's *Travels in Africa*, had previously demonstrated to be altogether inadmissible. We may here, perhaps, apply the words of an Italian poet :

Quel Sorridano è re dell' Esperia,
Ove Balcana fiume si distende :
Il Nilo crede alcun, che questo sia,
Ma chi lo crede, poco sen' intende.

Berni, *Orlando Innamorato*.

Where Mississippi's giant stream
Through savage realms impetuous pours :
Where proud Potomac's cataracts gleam,
Or vast Saint Lawrence darkly roars :
Where Amazon her pomp unfolds
Beneath the equinoctial ray,
And through her drear savannahs holds
Her long immeasurable way :
Where'er in youthful strength they flow,
Or seek old ocean's wide embrace,
Her eagle-glance the muse shall throw,
And all their pride and power retrace :
Yet, wheresoe'er, from copious urn,
Their bursting torrents flash and shine,
Her eye shall not a stream discern
To vie, oh sacred Thames ! with thine.

XI

Along thy course no pine-clad steep,
No alpine summits, proudly tower :
No woods, impenetrably deep,
O'er thy pure mirror darkly lower :
The orange-grove, the myrtle-bower,
The vine, in rich luxuriance spread ;
The charms Italian meadows shower ;
The sweets Arabian valleys shed ;
The roaring cataract, wild and white ;
The lotos-flower, of azure light ;
The fields, where ceaseless summer smiles ;
The bloom, that decks the Ægæan isles :
The hills, that touch the empyreal plain,
Olympian Jove's sublime domain ;
To other streams all these resign :
Still none, oh Thames ! shall vie with thine.

XII

For what avails the myrtle-bower,
Where beauty rests at noon-tide hour ;
The orange groves, whose blooms exhale
Rich perfume on the ambient gale ;
And all the charms in bright array,
Which happier climes than thine display ?
Ah ! what avails, that heaven has rolled
A silver stream o'er sands of gold,
And decked the plain, and reared the grove,
Fit dwelling for primeval love ;
If man defile the beauteous scene,
And stain with blood the smiling green ;
If man's worst passions there arise,
To counteract the favouring skies ;
If rapine there, and murder reign,
And human tigers prowl for gain,
And tyrants foul, and trembling slaves,
Pollute their shores, and curse their waves ?

XIII

Far other charms than these possess,
Oh Thames ! thy verdant margin bless :
Where peace, with freedom, hand-in-hand,
Walks forth along the sparkling strand,
And cheerful toil, and glowing health,
Proclaim a patriot nation's wealth.
The blood-stained scourge no tyrants wield :
No groaning slaves invert the field :
But willing labour's careful train
Crowns all thy banks with waving grain,
With beauty decks thy sylvan shades,
With livelier green invests thy glades,
And grace, and bloom, and plenty, pours
On thy sweet meads and willowy shores.

XIV

The plain, where herds unnumbered rove,
The laurelled path, the beechen grove,
The lonely oak's expansive pride,
The spire, through distant trees descried,
The cot, with woodbine wreathed around,
The field, with waving corn embrowned,
The fall, that turns the frequent hill,
The seat, that crowns the woodland hill,
The sculptured arch, the regal dome,
The fisher's willow-mantled home,
The classic temple, flower-entwined,
In quick succession charm the mind,
Till, where thy widening current glides
To mingle with the turbid tides,
Thy spacious breast displays unfurled
The ensigns of the assembled world.

XV

Throned in Augusta's ample port,
Imperial commerce holds her court,
 And Britain's power sublimed :
To her the breath of every breeze
Conveys the wealth of subject seas,
 And tributary climes.
Adventurous courage guides the helm
From every port of every realm :
Through gales that rage, and waves that whelm
 Unnumbered vessels ride :
Till all their various ensigns fly,
Beneath Britannia's milder sky,
Where roves, oh Thames ! the patriot's eye
 O'er thy refulgent tide.
The treasures of the earth are thine :
For thee Golcondian diamonds shine :

For thee, amid the dreary mine,
The patient sufferers toil :
Thy sailors roam, a dauntless host,
From northern seas to India's coast,
And bear the richest stores they boast
To bless their native soil.

XVI

O'er states and empires, near and far,
While rolls the fiery surge of war,
Thy country's wealth and power increase,
Thy vales and cities smile in peace :
And still, before thy gentle gales,
The laden bark of commerce sails ;
And down thy flood, in youthful pride,
Those mighty vessels sternly glide,
Destined, amid the tempest's rattle,
To hurl the thunder-bolt of battle,
To guard, in danger's hottest hour,
Britannia's old prescriptive power,
And through winds, floods, and fire, maintain
Her native empire of the main.

XVII

The mystic nymph, whose ken sublime
Reads the dark tales of eldest time,
Scarce, through the mist of years, descries
Augusta's infant glory rise.
A race, from all the world estranged,
Wild as the uncultured plains they ranged,
Here raised of yore their dwellings rude,
Beside the forest-solitude.
For then, as old traditions tell,
Where science now and splendor dwell,

Along the stream's wild margin spread
 A lofty forest's mazes dread ¹,
 None dared, with step profane, impress
 Those labyrinths of loneliness,
 Where dismal trees, of giant-size ²,
 Entwined their tortuous boughs on high,
 Nor hailed the cheerful morn's uprise,
 Nor glowed beneath the evening sky.
 The dire religion of the scene
 The rustic's trembling mind alarmed :
 For oft, the parting boughs between,
 'Twas said, a dreadful form was seen,
 Of horrid eye, and threatening mien,
 With lightning-brand and thunder armed.
 Not there, in sunshine-chequered shade,
 The sylvan nymphs and genii strayed ;
 But horror reigned, and darkness drear,
 And silence, and mysterious fear :
 And superstitious rites were done,
 Those haunted glens and dells among,
 That never felt the genial sun,
 Nor heard the wild bird's vernal song :
 To gods malign the incense-pyre
 Was kindled with unearthly fire,
 And human blood had oft bedewed
 Their ghastly altars, dark and rude.
 There feebly fell, at noontide bright,
 A dim, discoloured, dismal light,
 Such as a lamp's pale glimmerings shed
 Amid the mansions of the dead.

¹ The existence of this forest is attested by Fitzstephen. Some vestiges of it remained in the reign of Henry the Second.

² Several lines in this description are imitated from Virgil, Lucan, and Tasso.—*Æneid*, viii, 349. *Pharsalia*, iii, 339. *Gerus*. lib. xiii, pr.

The Druid's self, who dared to lead
The rites barbaric gods decreed,
 Beneath the gloom half-trembling stood
As if he almost feared to mark,
In all his awful terrors dark,
 The mighty monarch of the wood.

XVIII

The Roman came : the blast of war
Re-echoed wide o'er hill and dell :
Beneath the storm, that blazed afar,
 The noblest chiefs of Albion fell.
The Druids shunned its rage awhile
In sylvan Mona's haunted isle,
Till on their groves of ancient oak
The hostile fires of ruin broke,
And circles rude of shapeless stone,
With lichens gray and moss o'ergrown,
Alone remained to point the scene,
Where erst Andraste's rites had been.
When to the dust their pride was driven ;
 When waste and bare their haunts appeared ;
No more the oracles of heaven,
 By gods beloved, by men revered,
No refuge left but death or flight,
 They rushed, unbidden, to the tomb,
Or veiled their heads in caves of night,
 And forests of congenial gloom.

XIX

There stalked in murky darkness wide,
Revenge, despair, and outraged pride :
Funereal songs, and ghastly cries,
Rose to their dire divinities.
Oft, in their feverish dreams, again
Their groves and temples graced the plain ;

And stern Andraste's fiery form¹
 Called from its caves the slumbering storm,
 And whelmed, with thunder-rolling hand,
 The flying Roman's impious band.

XX

It chanced, amid that forest's shade,
 That frowned where now Augusta towers,
 A Roman youth bewildered strayed,
 While swiftly fell the evening hours.
 Around his glance inquiring ran :
 No trace was there of living man ;
 Forms indistinct before him flew :
 The darkening horror darker grew :
 Till night, in death-like stillness felt,
 Around those dreary mazes dwelt.

¹ ' Amongst our Britons ', says Mr Baxter, as quoted by Mr Davies, *Mythology and Rites of the British Druids*, p. 617, ' even of the present day, *Andras* is a popular name of the goddess *Malen*, or the lady, whom the vulgar call *Y Vall*, that is, *Fauna Fatua*, and *Mam y Drwg*, the *Devil's Dam*, or *Y Wrach*, the old hag. . . Some regarded her as a flying spectre. . . . That name corresponded not only with *Hecate*, *Bellona*, and *Enyo*, but also with *Bona Dea*, the great mother of the gods, and the terrestrial *Venus*. . . . In the fables of the populace, she is styled *Y Vad Ddu Hyll*, that is *Bona Furva Effera*, and on the other hand, *Y Vad Velen*, that is, *Helena*, or *Bona Flava*. . . Agreeably to an ancient rite, the old Britons cruelly offered human sacrifices to this *Andrasta* : whence, as Dion relates, our amazon, *Vondicea* (*Boadicea*), invoked her with imprecations, previous to her engagement with the Romans. The memory of this goddess, or fury, remains to the present day ; for men in a passion growl at each other, *Mae rhyw Andras arnochwi* : *Some Andrasta possesses you* '.

Sudden, a blaze of lurid blue,
That flashed the matted foliage through,
Illumed, as with Tartarean day,
The knotted trunks and branches grey.
Sensations, wild and undefined,
Rushed on the Roman warrior's mind :

But deeper wonder filled his soul,
When on the dead still air around,
Like symphony from magic ground,

Mysterious music stole :
Such strains as flow, when spirits keep,
Around the tombs where wizards sleep,
Beneath the cypress foliage deep,
The rites of dark solemnity ;
And hands unearthly wildly sweep
The chords of elfin melody.

XXI

The strains were sad : their changeful swell,
And plaintive cadence, seemed to tell
Of blighted joys, of hopes o'erthrown,
Of mental peace for ever flown,
Of dearest friends, by death laid low,
And tears, and unavailing woe.
Yet something of a sterner thrill
With those sad strains consorted ill,
As if revenge had dared intrude
On hopeless sorrow's darkest mood.

XXII

Guided by those sulphureous rays,
The Roman pierced the forest maze ;
Till, through the opening woodland reign,
Appeared an oak-encircled plain,
Where giant boughs expanded high
Their storm-repelling canopy,

And, central in the sacred round,
Andraste's moss-grown altar frowned.

XXIII

The mystic flame of lurid blue
There shed a dubious, mournful light,
And half-revealed to human view
The secret majesty of night.
An ancient man, in dark attire,
Stood by the solitary fire :
The varying flame his form displayed,
Half-tinged with light, half-veiled in shade.
His grey hair, gemmed with midnight dew,
Streamed down his robes of sable hue :
His cheeks were sunk : his beard was white :
But his large eyes were fiery-bright,
And seemed through flitting shades to range,
With wild expression, stern and strange.
There, where no wind was heard to sigh,
Nor wandering streamlet murmured by,
While every voice of nature slept,
The harp's symphonious strings he swept :
Such thrilling tones might scarcely be
The touch of mortal minstrelsy ;
Now rolling loud, and deep, and dread,
As if the sound would wake the dead,
Now soft, as if, with tender close,
To bid the parted soul repose.

XXIV

The Roman youth with wonder gazed
On those dark eyes to heaven upraised,
Where struggling passions wildly shone,
With fearful lustre, not their own.
Awhile irresolute he stood :
At length he left the sheltering wood,

XXV

The scene, the form, the act, combined,
A moment on the Roman's mind
An enervating influence poured :
But to himself again restored,
Upspringing light, he grasped his foe,
And checked the meditated blow,
And on the Druid's breast repelled
The steel his own wild fury held.
The vital stream flowed fast away,
And stained Andraste's altars grey.

XXVI

More ghastly pale his features dire
Gleamed in that blue funereal fire :
The death-mists from his brow distilled :
But still his eyes strange lustre filled,
That seemed to pierce the secret springs
Of unimaginable things.
No longer, with malignant glare,
Revenge unsated glistened there,
And deadly rage, and stern despair :
All trace of evil passions fled,
He seemed to commune with the dead,
And draw from them, without alloy,
The raptures of prophetic joy.

XXVII

A sudden breeze his temples fanned :
His harp, untouched by human hand,
Sent forth a sound, a thrilling sound,
That rang through all the mystic round :
The incense-flame rose broad and bright,
In one wide stream of meteor-light.

He knew what power illumed the blaze,
What spirit swept the strings along :
Full on the youth his kindling gaze
He fixed, and poured his soul in song.

XXVIII

' Roman ! life's declining tide
From my bosom ebbs apace :
Vengeance have the gods denied
For the ruin of my race.
Triumph not : in night compressed,
Yet the northern tempests rest,
Doomed to burst, in fatal hour,
On the pride of Roman power.

XXIX

' Sweetly beams the morning ray :
Proudly falls the noon-tide glow :
See ! beneath the closing day,
Storm-clouds darken, whirlwinds blow !
Sun-beams gild the tranquil shore :
Hark ! the midnight breakers roar !
O'er the deep, by tempests torn,
Shrieks of shipwrecked souls are borne !

XXX

' Queen of earth, imperial Rome
Rules, in boundless sway confessed,
From the day-star's orient dome
To the limits of the west.
Proudest work of mortal hands,
The ETERNAL CITY stands :
Bound in her all-circling sphere,
Monarchs kneel, and nations fear.

XXXI

' Hark ! the stream of ages raves :
 Gifted eyes its course behold :
Down its all-absorbing waves
 Mightiest chiefs and kings are rolled.
Every work of human pride,
Sapped by that eternal tide,
Shall the raging current sweep
Tow'rds oblivion's boundless deep.

XXXII

' Confident in wide control,
 Rome beholds that torrent flow,
Heedless how the waters roll,
 Wasting, mining, as they go.
That sure torrent saps at length
Walls of adamantine strength :
Down its eddies wild shall pass
Domes of marble, towers of brass.

XXXIII

' As the sailor's fragile bark,
 Beaten by the adverse breeze,
Sinks afar, and leaves no mark
 Of its passage o'er the seas ;
So shall Rome's colossal sway
In the lapse of time decay,
Leaving of her ancient fame
But the memory of a name.

XXXIV

' Vainly raged the storms of Gaul
 Round dread Jove's Tarpeian dome :

See in flames the fabric fall !¹
'Tis the funeral pyre of Rome !
Red-armed vengeance rushes forth
In the whirlwinds of the north :
From her hand the sceptre riven
To transalpine realms is given.

xxxv

' Darkness veils the stream of time,
As the wreck of Rome dissolve :
Years of anarchy and crime
In barbaric night revolve.
From the rage of feudal strife
Peace and freedom spring to life,
Where the morning sunbeams smile
On the sea-god's favourite isle.

' Hail ! all hail ! my native land !
Long thy course of glory keep :
Long thy sovereign sails expand
O'er the subjugated deep !
When of Rome's unbounded reign
Dust and shade alone remain,
Thou thy head divine shalt raise,
Through interminable days.

' Death-mists hover : voices rise :
I obey the summons dread :
On the stone my life-blood dyes
Sinks to rest my weary head.

¹ Sed nihil æque, quam incendium Capitolii, ut finem imperio adesse crederent, impulerat. *Captam olim à Gallis urbem ; sed, integra Jovis sede, mansisse imperium. Fatali nunc igne, signum cælestis iræ datum, et possessionem rerum humanarum transalpinis gentibus portendi, superstitione vana Druidæ caneant*—Tacitus [*Histories*, iv, 54.]

Far from scenes of night and woe,
 To eternal groves I go,
 Where for me my brethren wait
 By Andraste's palace-gate'.

PART II

Quidquid sol oriens, quidquid et occidens
 Novit; cæruleis oceanus fretis
 Quidquid vel veniens vel fugiens lavat,
 Ætas Pegaseo conripiet gradu
 Seneca [*Troades*, 383-6].

ANALYSIS OF THE SECOND PART

Return to the banks of the Thames. The influence of spring on the scenery of the river. The tranquil beauty of the valleys of the Thames contrasted with the sublimity of more open and elevated regions. Allusion to the war on the Danube. Ancient wars on the Thames. Its present universal peace. View of the course of the Thames. Its source near Kemble Meadow. Comparative reflections on time. Ewan. Lechlade. Radcote. Godstow nunnery: Rosamond. Oxford. Apostrophe to science. Nuneham Court-nay: Mason. The Vale of Marlow. Hedsor. Cliefden. Windsor. Cooper's Hill. Runnymede. Twitnam: Pope. Richmond: Thomson. Chelsea and Greenwich. The Tower. Tilbury Fort. Hadleigh Castle. The Nore. General allusion to the illustrious characters that have adorned the banks of the Thames. A summer evening on the river at Richmond. Comparative adversion to the ancient state of the Euphrates and Araxes, at Babylon and Persepolis. Present desolation of those scenes. Reflections on the fall of nations. Conclusion.

I

OH Genius of that sacred urn,
 Adored by all the Naiad train!

Once more my wandering steps return
To trace the precincts of thy reign :
Once more, amid my native plain,
I roam thy devious course along,
And in the oaken shade again
Awake to thee the votive song.
Dear stream ! while far from thee I strayed,
The woods, that crown my natal glade,
Have mourned on all the winds of heaven
Their yellow faded foliage driven ;
And winter, with tempestuous roar,
Descending on thy wasted shore,
Has seen thy turbid current flow
A deluge of dissolving snow.

II

But now, in spring's more soft control,
Thy turbid waves subside,
And through a narrower channel roll
A brighter, gentler tide.
Emerging now in light serene,
The meadows spread their robes of green
The weeping willow droops to lave
Its leafy tresses in the wave ;
The poplar and the towering pine¹
Their hospitable shade combine :
And, flying like the flying day,
The silent river rolls away.

III

Not here, in dreadful grandeur piled,
The mountain's pathless masses rise,

¹Qua pinus ingens albaque populus
Umbram hospitalem consociare amant
Ramis, et obliquo laborat
Lympha fugax trepidare rivo.

Horace [*Odes* ii, iii, 12-15].

Where wandering fancy's lonely child
Might meet the spirit of the skies :
Not here, from misty summits hoar,
Where shattered firs are rooted strong,
With headlong force and thundering roar
The bursting torrent foams along :
Sublime the charms such scenes contain :
For nature on her mountain reign
Delights the treasures to dispense
Of all her wild magnificence :
But thou art sweet, my native stream !
Thy waves in liquid lustre play,
And glitter in the morning beam,
And chime to rest the closing day :
While the vast mountain's dizzy steep
The whirlwind's eddying rage assails,
The gentlest zephyrs softly sweep
The verdure of thy sheltered vales :
While o'er the wild and whitening seas
The unbridled north triumphant roars,
Thy stream scarce ripples in the breeze,
That bends the willow on thy shores :
And thus, while war o'er Europe flings
Destruction from his crimson wings,
While Danube's wasted banks around
The steps of mingling foes resound,
Thy pure waves wash a stainless soil,
To crown a patriot people's toil.

IV

Yet on these shores, in elder days,
Arose the battle's maddening blaze :
Even here, where now so softly swells
The music of the village bells,
The painted savage rolled to war
The terrors of the scythed car,

And wide around, with fire and sword,
The devastating Roman poured :
Here shouted o'er the battle-plain
The Pict, the Saxon, and the Dane :
And many a long succeeding year
Saw the fierce Norman's proud career,
The deadly hate of feudal foes,
The stain that dyed the pallid rose,
And all the sanguinary spoil
Of foreign and intestine broil.

V

But now, through banks from strife remote,
Thy crystal waters wind along,
Responsive to the wild bird's note,
Or lonely boatman's careless song.
Oh ! ne'er may thy sweet echoes swell
Again with war's demoniac yell !
Oh ! ne'er again may civil strife
Here aim the steel at kindred life !
Ne'er may those deeds of might and crime,
That stain the rolls of feudal time,
Again pollute these meads and groves,
Where science dwells, and beauty roves !
And should some foreign tyrant's band
Descend to waste the beauteous land,
Thy swelling current, eddying red,
Shall roll away the impious dead.

VI

Let fancy lead, from Trewsbury Mead †,
With hazel fringed, and copsewood deep,

† The Thames rises in a field called Trewsbury Mead near the villages of Tarlton and Kemble, in Gloucestershire.

Where scarcely seen, through brilliant green,
 Thy infant waters softly creep,
 To where the wide-expanding Nore
 Beholds thee, with tumultuous roar,
 Conclude thy devious race,
 And rush, with Medway's confluent wave,
 To seek, where mightier billows rave,
 Thy giant sire's embrace.

VII

Where Kemble's wood-embosomed spire
 Adorns the solitary glade,
 And ancient trees, in green attire¹,
 Diffuse a deep and pleasant shade,
 Thy bounteous urn, light-murmuring, flings
 The treasures of its infant springs,
 And fast, beneath its native hill,
 Impels the silver-sparkling rill,
 With flag-flowers fringed and whispering reeds,
 Along the many-coloured meads.

¹ I am slightly indebted, in this stanza, to one of Ariosto's most exquisite descriptions :

La fonte scorrea per mezzo un prato,
 D'arbori antequi e di bell' ombre adorno,
 Che i viandanti col mormorio grato
 A bere invita, e a far seco soggiorno.
 Un culto monticel dal manco lato
 Le difende il calor del mezzo giorno.
 Quivi, come i begli occhi prima torse,
 D'un cavalier la giovane s'accorse :
 D'un cavalier, che all' ombra d'un boschetto,
 Nel margin verde, e bianco, rosso, e giallo,
 Sedea pensoso, tacito, e soletto,
 Sopra quel chiaro e liquido cristallo.

VIII

Thames ! when, beside thy secret source,
Remembrance points the mighty course
 Thy defluent waters keep ;
Advancing, with perpetual flow,
Through banks still widening as they go,
 To mingle with the deep ;
Emblemed in thee, my thoughts survey
 Unruffled childhood's peaceful hours,
And blooming youth's delightful way
 Through sunny fields and roseate bowers ;
And thus the scenes of life expand
Till death draws forth, with steady hand,
 Our names from his capacious urn ;
And dooms alike the base and good,
To pass that all-absorbing flood,
 O'er which is no return.

IX

Whence is the ample stream of time ?¹
 Can fancy's mightiest spell display,
Where first began its flow sublime,
 Or where its onward waves shall stray ?
What gifted hand shall pierce the clouds
 Oblivion's fatal magic rears,
And lift the sable veil, that shrouds
 The current of the distant years ?
The sage with doubt the past surveys,
 Through mists which memory half dispels :
And on the course of future days
 Impenetrable darkness dwells.

¹ Whence is the stream of years ? whither do they
oll along ? where have they hid, in mist, their many-
coloured sides ? '—Ossian.

X

The present rolls in light : awhile
 We hail its evanescent smile,
 Rejoicing as it flies :
 Ephemera on the summer-stream,
 Heedless of the descending beam,
 And distant lowering skies.
 False joys, with fading flowerets crowned,
 And hope, too late delusive found,
 And fancy's meteor-ray,
 And all the passions, light and vain
 That fill ambition's fatal train,
 Attend our downward way.
 Some struggle on, by tempests driven :
 To some a gentler course is given :
 All down the self-same stream are rolled :
 Their day is passed—their tale is told.

XI

Youth flies, as bloom forsakes the grove,
 When icy winter blows :
 And transient are the smiles of love,
 As dew-drops on the rose.
 Nor may we call those things our own¹,
 Which, ere the new-born day be flown,
 By chance, or fraud, or lawless might,
 Or sterner death's supreme award,
 Will change their momentary lord,
 And own another's right.
 As oceans now o'er quicksands roar,
 Where fields and hamlets smiled of yore ;

¹ tamquam

Sit proprium quidquam, puncto quod mobilis horæ,
 Nunc prece, nunc pretio, nunc vi, nunc sorte suprema,
 Permutet dominos, et cedat in altera jura

—Horace, [*Epistles*, II, ii, 171-4]

As now the purple heather blows,
Where once impervious forests rose ;
So perish from the burthened ground
The monuments of human toil :
Where cities shone, where castles frowned,
The careless ploughman turns the soil.

XII

How many a chief, whose kindling mind
Convulsed this earthly scene,
Has sunk, forgotten by mankind,
As though he ne'er had been !
Even so the chiefs of modern days,
On whom admiring nations gaze,
Shall sink, by common fate oppressed :
Their name, their place, remembered not :
Not one grey stone to point the spot
Of their eternal rest.

XIII

Flow proudly, Thames ! the emblem bright
And witness of succeeding years !
Flow on, in freedom's sacred light,
Nor stained with blood, nor swelled with tears.
Sweet is thy course, and clear, and still,
By Ewan's old neglected mill :
Green shores thy narrow stream confine,
Where blooms the modest eglantine,
And hawthorn-boughs o'ershadowing spread
To canopy thy infant bed.
Now peaceful hamlets wandering through,
And fields in beauty ever new,
Where Lechlade sees thy current strong
First waft the unlabouring bark along ;
Thy copious waters hold their way
Tow'rds Radcote's arches, old and grey.

Where triumphed erst the rebel host¹,
When hapless Richard's hopes were lost,
And Oxford sought, with humbled pride,
Existence from thy guardian tide.

XIV

The wild-flower waves, in lonely bloom,
On Godstow's desolated wall :
Their thin shades flit through twilight gloom,
And murmured accents feebly fall.
The aged hazel nurtures there²
Its hollow fruit, so seeming fair,
And lightly throws its humble shade,
Where Rosamonda's form is laid.
The rose of earth, the sweetest flower
That ever graced a monarch's breast,
In vernal beauty's loveliest hour,
Beneath that sod was laid to rest.
In vain, the bower of love around,
The Dædalæan path was wound :
Alas ! that jealous hate should find
The clue for love alone designed !

¹ Robert de Vere, Earl of Oxford and Duke of Ireland, the favourite of Richard the Second, was defeated in the vicinity of Radcote by the Earl of Derby, in the year 1387, and escaped by swimming with his horse across the river.

² A small chapel, and a wall, enclosing an ample space, are all now remaining of Godstow Nunnery. A hazel grows near the chapel, the fruit of which is always apparently perfect, but is invariably found to be hollow.

This nunnery derives its chief interest from having been the burial-place of the beautiful Rosamond, who appears, after her death, to have been regarded as a saint.

XV

The venom'd bowl—the mandate dire—
 The menaced steel's uplifted glare—
 The tear, that quenched the blue eye's fire—
 The humble, ineffectual prayer :
 All these shall live, recorded long
 In tragic and romantic song,
 And long a moral charm impart,
 To melt and purify the heart.
 A nation's gem, a monarch's pride,
 In youth, in loveliness, she died :
 The morning sun's ascending ray
 Saw none so fair, so blest, so gay :
 Ere evening came, her funeral knell
 Was tolled by Godstow's convent bell.

XVI

The marble tomb, the illumined shrine,
 Their unavailing splendour gave—
 Where slept in earth the maid divine,
 The votive silk was seen to wave.
 To her, as to a martyred saint,
 His vows the weeping pilgrim poured :
 The drooping traveller, sad and faint,
 Knelt there, and found his strength restored :
 To that fair shrine, in solemn hour,
 Fond youths and blushing maidens came,
 And gathered from its mystic power
 A brighter, purer, holier flame :
 The lightest heart with awe could feel
 The charm her hovering spirit shed :
 But superstition's impious zeal¹
 Distilled its venom on the dead !

¹ A fanatical priest, Hugh, Bishop of Lincoln, visiting the nunnery at Godstow, and observing a tomb, covered with silk, and splendidly illuminated, which he found,

XVII

The illumined shrine has passed away :
The sculptured stone in dust is laid :
But when the midnight breezes play
Amid the barren hazel's shade,
The lone enthusiast, lingering near,
The youth, whom slighted passion grieves,
Through fancy's magic spell may hear
A spirit in the whispering leaves ;
And dimly see, while mortals sleep,
Sad forms of cloistered maidens move,
The transient dreams of life to weep,
The fading flowers of youth and love !

XVIII

Now, rising o'er the level plain,
Mid academic groves enshrined,
The Gothic tower, the Grecian fane,
Ascend, in solemn state combined.
Science, beneath those classic spires,
Illumes her watch-lamp's orient fires,
And pours its everlasting rays
On archives of primeval days.
To her capacious view unfurled,
The mental and material world

on inquiry, to be the tomb of Rosamond, commanded her *to be taken up, and buried without the church, lest the Christian religion should grow into contempt*. This brutal order was instantly obeyed: 'but the chaste sisters', says Speed, 'gathered her bones, and put them in a perfumed bag, enclosing them so in lead, and laid them again in the church, under a fair large grave-stone, about whose edges a fillet of brass was inlaid, and thereon written her name and praise: these bones were at the suppression of the nunnery so found.'

Their secrets deep display :
She measures nature's ample plan,
To hold the light of truth to man.
And guide his erring way.

XIX

Oh sun-crowned science ! child of heaven !
To wandering man by angels given !
Still, nymph divine ! on mortal sight
Diffuse thy intellectual light,
Till all the nations own thy sway,
And drink with joy the streams of day !
Yet lov'st thou, maid ! alone to rove
In cloister dim, or polished grove,
Where academic domes are seen
Emerging grey through foliage green ?
Oh ! hast thou not thy hermit seat,
Embosomed deep in mountains vast,
Where some fair valley's still retreat
Repels the north's impetuous blast ?
The falling stream there murmurs by :
The tufted pine waves broad and high :
And musing silence sits beneath,
Where scarce a zephyr bends the heath,
And hears the breezes, loud and strong,
Resound the topmost boughs among.
There peace her vestal lamp displays,
Undimmed by mad ambition's blaze,
And shuns, in the sequestered glen,
The storms that shake the haunts of men,
Where mean intrigue, and sordid gain,
And frenzied war's ensanguined reign,
And narrow cares, and wrathful strife,
Dry up the sweetest springs of life.

XX

Oh ! might my steps, that darkly roam,
Attain at last thy mountain home,
And rest, from earthly trammels free,
With peace, and liberty, and thee !
Around while faction's tempests sweep,
Like whirlwinds o'er the wintry deep,
And, down the headlong vortex torn,
The vain, misjudging crowd is borne ;
'Twere sweet to mark, re-echoing far,
The rage of the eternal war,
That dimly heard, at distance swelling,
Endears, but not disturbs, thy dwelling.

XXI

But sweeter yet, oh trebly sweet !
Were those blest paths of calm retreat,
Might mutual love's endearing smile
The lonely hours of life beguile !
Love, whose celestial breath exhales
Fresh fragrance on the vernal gales ;
Whose starry torch and kindling eye
Add lustre to the summer sky ;
Whose tender accents cheer the day,
When autumn's wasting breezes sway ;
Whose heavenly flame the bosom warms,
When freezing winter wakes in storms !

XXII

Not in the glittering halls of pride,
Where spleen and sullen pomp reside,
Around though Paphian odours breathe,
And fashion twines her fading wreath,
Young fancy wakes her native grace,
Nor love elects his dwelling-place.

But in the lone, romantic dell,
Where the rural virtues dwell,
Where the sylvan genii roam,
Mutual love may find a home.
Hope, with raptured eye, is there,
Weaving wreaths of pictured air :
Smiling fancy there is found,
Tripping light on fairy ground,
Listening oft, in pine-walks dim,
To the wood-nymph's evening hymn.

XXIII

But whither roams the devious song,
While Thames, unheeded, flows along,
And, sinking o'er the level mead,
The classic domes and spires recede ?
The dashing oar the wave divides :
The light bark down the current glides :
The furrowed stream, that round it curls,
In many a murmuring eddy whirls.
Succeeding each as each retires,
Wood-mantled hills and tufted spires,
Groves, villas, islets, cultured plains,
Towers, cities, palaces, and fanes,
As holds the stream its swift career,
Arise, and pass, and disappear.

XXIV

O'er Nuneham Courtney's flowery glades
Soft breezes wave their fragrant wings,
And still, amid the haunted shades,
The tragic harp of Mason rings.
Yon votive urn, yon drooping flowers,
Disclose the minstrel's favourite bowers,
Where first he tuned, in sylvan peace,
To British themes the lyre of Greece.
Delight shall check the expanded sail

In woody Marlow's winding vale :
 And fond regret for scenes so fair
 With backward gaze shall linger there,
 Till rise romantic Hedsor's hills,
 And Cliefden's groves, and springs, and rills,
 Where hapless Villars, doomed to prove
 The ills that wait on lawless love,
 In festal mirth, and choral song,
 Impelled the summer-hours along,
 Nor marked, where scowled expectant by
 Despair, and shame, and poverty.

xxv

The Norman king's embattled towers
 Look proudly o'er the subject plain,
 Where, deep in Windsor's regal bowers,
 The sylvan muses hold their reign.
 From groves of oak, whose branches hoar
 Have heard primeval tempests roar,
 Beneath the moon's pale ray they pass
 Along the shore's unbending grass,
 And songs of gratulation raise,
 To speak a patriot monarch's praise.

xxvi

Sweetly, on yon poetic hill,
 Strains of unearthly music breathe,
 Where Denham's spirit, hovering still,
 Weaves his wild harp's aerial wreath.
 And sweetly, on the mead below,
 The fragrant gales of summer blow :
 While flowers shall spring, while Thames shall
 flow,
 That mead shall live in memory,
 Where valour, on the tented field,
 Triumphant raised his patriot shield,
 The voice of truth to kings revealed,
 And broke the chains of tyranny.

XXVII

The stream expands : the meadows fly :
The stately swan sails proudly by :
Full, clear, and bright, with devious flow,
The rapid waters murmuring go.
Now open Twitnam's classic shores,
Where yet the moral muse deplores
Her Pope's unrivalled lay :
Unmoved by wealth, unawed by state,
He held to scorn the little great,
And taught life's better way.
Though tasteless folly's impious hand
Has wrecked the scenes his genius planned—
Though low his fairy grot is laid,
And lost his willow's pensive shade ;—
Yet shall the ever-murmuring stream,
That lapt his soul in fancy's dream,
Its vales with verdure cease to crown,
Ere fade one ray of his renown.

XXVIII

Fair groves, and villas glittering bright,
Arise on Richmond's beauteous height ;
Where yet fond echo warbles o'er
The heaven-taught songs she learned of yore.
From mortals veiled, mid waving reeds,
The airy lyre of Thomson sighs,
And whispers to the hills and meads :
IN YONDER GRAVE A DRUID LIES !
The seasons there, in fixed return,
Around their minstrel's holy urn
Perennial chaplets twine :
Oh ! never shall their changes greet,
Immortal bard ! a song more sweet,
A soul more pure than thine ?

XXIX

Oh Thames ! in conscious glory glide
By those fair piles that crown thy tide,
Where, worn with toil, from tumult far,
The veteran hero rests from war.
Here, marked by many a well-fought field,
On high the soldier hangs his shield ;
The seaman there has furled his sail,
Long rent by many an adverse gale.
Remembered perils, braved and past,—
The raging fight, the whelming blast,
The hidden rock, the stormy shore,
The mountain-breaker's deepening roar,—
Recalled by fancy's spell divine,
Endear their evening's calm decline,
And teach their children, listening near,
To emulate their sires' career.

XXX

But swiftly urge the gliding bark,
By yon stern walls and chambers dark,
Where guilt and woe, in night concealed,
Unthought, unwitnessed, unrevealed,
Through lengthened ages scowling stood,
Mid shrieks of death, and tears of blood.
No heart may think, no tongue declare,
The fearful mysteries hidden there :
Justice averts her trembling eye,
And mercy weeps, and hastens by¹.

XXXI

Long has the tempest's rage been spent
On yon unshaken battlement,

¹ Fama di loro mondo esser non lassa :
Misericordia e giustizia gli sdegna :
Non ragioniam di lor, ma guarda e passa—Dante.

Memorial proud of days sublime,
Whose splendor mocks the power of time.
There, when the distant war-storm roared,
While patriot thousands round her poured,
The British heroine grasped her sword,

To trace the paths of victory :
But in the rage of naval fight,
The island-genius reared his might,
And stamped, in characters of light,
His own immortal destiny.

XXXII

Ascending dark, on uplands brown,
The ivied walls of Hadleigh frown :
High on the lonely mouldering tower
Forms of departed ages lower.
But deeper, broader, louder, glide
The waves of the descending tide ;
And soon, where winds unfettered roar,
Where Medway seeks the opening Nore,
Where breakers lash the dark-red steep¹,
The barks of Britain stem the deep.

XXXIII

Oh king of streams ! when, wandering slow,
I trace thy current's ceaseless flow,
And mark, with venerating gaze,
Reflected on thy liquid breast,
The monuments of ancient days,
Where sages, bards, and statesmen rest ;
Who, waking erst the ethereal mind,
Instructed, charmed, and blessed mankind ;
The rays of fancy pierce the gloom
That shrouds the precincts of the tomb,

¹ The red cliffs of the isle of Sheppy.

And call again to life and light
The forms long wrapped in central night.
From abbeys grey and castles old,
Through mouldering portals backward rolled,
Glide dimly forth, with silent tread,
The shades of the illustrious dead.
Still dear to them their native shore,
The woods and fields they loved of yore ;
And still, by farthest realms revered,
Subsists the rock-built tower they reared
Though lightnings round its summit glow,
And foaming surges burst below.

XXXIV

Thames ! I have roamed, at evening hours,
Near beauteous Richmond's courtly bowers,
When, mild and pale, the moonbeams fell
On hill and islet, grove and dell,
And many a skiff, with fleecy sail
Expanded to the western gale,
Traced on thy breast, serenely-bright,
The lengthening line of silver light ;
And many an oar, with measured dash
Accordant to the boatman's song,
Bade thy pellucid surface flash,
And whirl, in glittering rings, along ;
While from the broad and dripping blade
The clear drops fell, in sparkling showers,
Bright as the crystal gems, displayed
In Amphitrite's coral bowers.
There beauty wooed the breeze of night,
Beneath the silken canopy,
And touched, with flying fingers light,
The thrilling chords of melody.

XXXV

It seemed, that music's inmost soul
Was breathed upon the wandering airs,
Charming to rest, with sweet control,
All human passions, pains, and cares.
Enthusiast voices joined the sound,
And poured such soothing strains around,
That well might ardent fancy deem,
The sylphs had led their viewless band,
To warble o'er the lovely stream
The sweetest songs of fairyland.
Now, breathing wild, with raptured swell,
They floated o'er the silent tide ;
Now, soft and low, the accents fell,
And, seeming mystic tales to tell,
In heavenly murmurs died.

XXXVI

Yet that sweet scene of pensive joy
Gave mournful recollections birth,
And called to fancy's wild employ
The certain destinies of earth.
I seemed to hear, in wakening thought,
While those wild minstrel accents rung,
Whate'er historic truth had taught,
Or philosophic bards had sung.
Methought a voice, severe and strange,
Whispered of fate, and time, and change,
And bade my wandering mind recall,
How nations rise, and fade, and fall.

XXXVII

Thus fair, of old, Euphrates rolled,
By Babylon's imperial site :
The lute's soft swell, with magic spell,
Breathed rapture on the listening night :

Love-whispering youths and maidens fair
 In festal pomp assembled there,
 Where to the stream's responsive moan
 The desert gale now sighs alone.

XXXVIII

Still changeless, through the fertile plain,
 Araxes, loud-resounding, flows,
 Where gorgeous despots fixed their reign
 And Chil-minar's proud domes arose¹.
 High on his gem-emblazoned throne
 Sate kneeling Persia's earthly god :
 Fair slaves and satraps round him shone,
 And nations trembled at his nod :
 The mighty voice of Asia's fate
 Went forth from every golden gate.
 Now pensive steps the wrecks explore,
 That skirt the solitary shore :
 The time-worn column mouldering falls,
 And tempests rock the roofless walls.

XXXIX

Perchance, when many a distant year,
 Urged by the hand of fate, has flown,
 Where moonbeams rest on ruins drear,
 The musing sage may rove alone ;
 And many an awful thought sublime
 May fill his soul, when memory shows,

¹ The plain of Persepolis is watered by the great river Araxes or Bendemir. The ancient palace of the kings of Persia, called by the inhabitants *Chil-minar*, i.e. *forty columns*, is situated at the foot of the mountain : the walls of this stately building are still standing on three sides ; and it has the mountain on the east'—*Universal History*.

That there, in days of elder time,
 The world's metropolis arose ;
 Where now, by mouldering walls, he sees
 The silent Thames unheeded flow,
 And only hears the river-breeze,
 Through reeds and willows whispering low.

XL

Where are the states of ancient fame ?
 Athens, and Sparta's victor-name,
 And all that propped, in war and peace,
 The arms, and nobler arts, of Greece ?
 All-grasping Rome, that proudly hurled
 Her mandates o'er the prostrate world,
 Long heard mankind her chains deplore,
 And fell, as Carthage fell before¹.

¹ Sanazzaro, in his poem *De partu Virginis*, has a fine passage on the fallen state of Carthage, which Tasso has imitated in the *Gerusalemme Liberata* :

Et qui vertentes inmania saxa juvencos
 Flectit arans, qua devictæ Carthaginis arces
 Procubuerè, jacentque infausto in litore turres
 Eversæ. Quantum illa metus, quantum illa laborum
 Urbs dedit insultans Latio et Laurentibus arvis !
 Nunc passim vix reliquias, vix nomina servans,
 Obruitor propriis non agnoscenda ruinis.
 Et quærmur genus infelix humana labare
 Membra ævo, quum regna palam moriantur, et urbes.

Giace l'alta Cartago: appena i segni
 Dell'alte sue ruine il lido serba.
 Muojono le città; muojono i regni;
 Copre i fasti e le pompe arena ed erba:
 E l'uom d'esser mortal par che si sdegni.
 O nostra mente cupida e superba !

XLI

Is this the crown, the final meed,
To man's sublimest toils decreed ?
Must all, from glory's radiant height,
Descend alike the paths of night ?
Must she, whose voice of power resounds
On utmost ocean's loneliest bounds,
In darkness meet the whelming doom
That crushed the sovereign strength of Rome,
And o'er the proudest states of old
The storms of desolation rolled ?

XLII

Time, the foe of man's dominion,
Wheels around in ceaseless flight,
Scattering from his hoary pinion
Shades of everlasting night.
Still, beneath his frown appalling,
Man and all his works decay :
Still, before him, swiftly-falling,
Kings and kingdoms pass away.

XLIII

Cannot the hand of patriot zeal,
The heart that seeks the public weal,
The comprehensive mind,
Retard awhile the storms of fate,
That, swift or slow, or soon or late,
Shall hurl to ruin every state,
And leave no trace behind ?

XLIV

Oh Britain ! oh my native land !
To science, art, and freedom dear !

Whose sails o'er farthest seas expand,
 And brave the tempest's dread career !
 When comes that hour, as come it must,
 That sinks thy glory in the dust,
 May no degenerate Briton live,
 Beneath a stranger's chain to toil,
 And to a haughty conqueror give
 The produce of thy sacred soil !
 Oh ! dwells there one, on all thy plains,
 If British blood distend his veins,
 Who would not burn thy fame to save,
 Or perish in his country's grave ?

XLV

Ah ! sure, if skill and courage true
 Can check destruction's headlong way,
 Still shall thy power its course pursue,
 Nor sink, but with the world's decay.
 Long as the cliffs that girds thine isle
 The bursting surf of ocean stems,
 Shall commerce, wealth, and plenty smile
 Along the silver-eddyng Thames¹ :
 Still shall thine empire's fabric stand,
 Admired and feared from land to land,
 Through every circling age renewed,
 Unchanged, unshaken, unsubdued ;
 As rocks resist the wildest breeze,
 That sweeps thy tributary seas.

² Ποταμός περ ἐν ῥέοις, ΑΡΓΥΡΟΔΑΪΝΗΣ,
 [Homer, *Iliad*, xxi, 130.]

STANZAS, WRITTEN AT SEA¹

[Published in 1812]

THOU white-rolling sea ! from thy foam-crested billows,
 That restlessly flash in the silver moon-beam,
 In fancy I turn to the green-waving willows,
 That rise by the side of my dear native stream.
 There softly in moonlight soft waters are playing,
 Which light-breathing zephyrs symphoniously sweep ;
 While here the loud wings of the north-wind are
 swaying,
 And whirl the white spray of the wild-dashing deep.

II

Sweet scenes of my childhood ! with tender emotion,
 King memory, still wakeful, your semblance por-
 trays :
 And I sigh, as I turn from the wide-beating ocean
 To the paths where I roamed in my infantine days.
 In fancy before me the pine-boughs are waving,
 Beneath whose deep canopy musing I strayed ;
 In crystalline waters their image is laving,
 And the friends of my bosom repose in their shade.

III

Ye fair-spreading fields, which fertility blesses !
 Ye rivers, that murmur with musical chime !
 Ye groves of dark pine, in whose sacred recesses
 The nymph of romance holds her vigils sublime !
 Ye heath-mantled hills, in lone wildness ascending !
 Ye valleys, true mansions of peace and repose !
 Ever green be your shades, nature's children defending,
 Where liberty sweetens what labour bestows.

¹ In the North Sea on board a man-of-war in 1809.

IV

Oh blest, trebly blest, is the peasant's condition !
From courts and from cities reclining afar,
He hears not the summons of senseless ambition,
The tempests of ocean, and tumults of war.
Round the standard of battle though thousands may
rally

When the trumpet of glory is pealing aloud,
He dwells in the shade of his own native valley,
And turns the same earth which his forefathers
ploughed.

V

In realms far remote while the merchant is toiling,
In search of that wealth he may never enjoy ;
The land of his foes while the soldier is spoiling,
When honour commands him to rise and destroy ;
Through mountainous billows, with whirlwinds con-
tending,
While the mariner bounds over wide-raging seas,
Still peace, o'er the peasant her mantle extending,
Brings health and content in the sigh of the breeze.

VI

And happy, who, knowing the world and its treasures,
Far, far from his home its allurements repels,
And leaves its vain pomps and fantastical pleasures,
For the woodlands where wisdom with solitude dwells.
With the follies of custom disdaining compliance,
He leaves not his country false riches to find ;
But content with the blessings of nature and science,
He pants for no wealth but the wealth of the mind.

VII

The beauties are his of the sweet-blushing morning,
The dew-spangled field, and the lark's matin-song :
And his are the charms the full forest adorning,
When sport the noon-breezes its branches among :

And his, sweeter yet, is the twilight of even,
When melts the soft ray from the far-flashing floods,
And fancy descends from the westerly heaven,
To talk with the spirit that sings in the woods.

VIII

In some hermit vale had kind destiny placed me,
'Mid the silence of nature all lonely and drear,
Oh, ne'er from its covert ambition had chased me,
To join the vain crowd in its frenzied career !
In the haunts of the forest my fancy is dwelling,
In the mystical glade, by the lone river's shore,
Though wandering afar where the night-breeze is
 swelling,
And waters unbounded tumultuously roar.

IX

I hail thee, dark ocean, in beauty tremendous !
I love the hoarse dash of thy far-sounding waves !
But he feels most truly thy grandeur stupendous,
Who in solitude sits mid thy surf-beaten caves.
From thy cliffs and thy caverns, majestic and hoary,
Be mine to look forth on thy boundless array,
Alone to look forth on thy vast-rolling glory,
And hear the deep lessons thy thunders convey.

X

But hope softly whispers, on moon-beams descending :—
Despond not, oh mortal ! thy sorrows are vain :
The heart, which misfortune and absence are rending,
Love, friendship, and home shall enrapture again.
Though the night-billows rave to the tempest's com-
 motion,
In the mild breath of morning their fury shall cease ;
And the vessel, long tossed on the storm-troubled ocean,
Shall furl her torn sails in the harbour of peace.

INSCRIPTION FOR A MOUNTAIN-DELL

[Published in 1812]

WHOE'ER thou art, thy love of nature led
These cloud-capped rocks and pathless heights to
climb !
Approach this dell with reverential dread,
Where, bosomed deep in solitudes sublime,
Repose the secrets of primeval time.
But if thy mind degenerate cares degrade,
Or sordid hopes convulse, or conscious crime,
Fly to the sunless glen's more genial shade,
Nor with unhallowed steps this haunted ground invade.

II

Here sleeps a bard of long-forgotten years :
Nameless he sleeps, to all the world unknown :
His humble praise no proud memorial bears :
Remote from man, he lived and died alone.
Placed by no earthly hand, one mossy stone
Yet marks the sod where his cold ashes lie.
Across that sod one lonely oak has thrown
Its tempest-shattered branches, old and dry ;
And one perennial stream runs lightly-murmuring by.

III

He loved this dell, a solitary child,
And placed that oak, an acorn, in the sod :
And here, full oft, in hermit-visions wild,
In scenes by every other step untrod,
With nature he conversed, and nature's god.
He fled from superstition's murderous fane,
And shunned the slaves of Circe's baleful rod,
The mean, malignant, mercenary train,
That feed at Moloch's shrine the unholy fires of gain.

IV

The stream, that murmured by his favourite stone,
The breeze, that rustled through his youthful tree,
To fancy sung, in sweetly-mingled tone,
Of future joys, which fate forbade to be.
False as the calm of summer's treacherous sea
Is beauty's smile, in magic radiance drest.
Far from that fatal shore, fond wanderer, flee !
Rocks lurk beneath the ocean's limpid breast,
And, deep in caves of night, storms darkly-brooding
rest.

V

Love poured the storm that wrecked his youthful
prime :
Beneath his favourite tree his bones were laid :
Through rolling ages towered its strength sublime,
Ordained, unseen, to flourish and to fade.
Its mossy boughs, now sapless and decayed,
Fall in the blast, and moulder in the shower :
Yet be the stately wreck with awe surveyed,
Sad monument of time's unsparing power,
That shakes the marble dome, and adamantine tower.

VI

Such was the oak, from whose prophetic shell
Breathed the primeval oracles of Greece :
And here, perhaps, his gentle shade may dwell,
Diffusing tenderness and heavenly peace,
Of power to bid the rage of passion cease,
When some fond youth, capricious beauty's slave,
Seeking from care in solitude release,
Shall sit upon the minstrel's lonely grave,
And hear through withered boughs the mountain-
breezes rave.

NECESSITY

[Written after 1811]

'Εγὼ καὶ διὰ Μούσας.—Euripides, *Alcestis* [962].

STROPHE

MY steps have pressed the flowers,
 That to the Muses' bowers
 The eternal dew of Helicon have given :
 And trod the mountain height,
 Where Science, young and bright,
 Scans with poetic gaze the midnight-heaven ;
 Yet have I found no power to vie
 With thine, severe Necessity !
 No counteracting spell sublime,
 By Orpheus, breathed in elder time,
 The tablets of initiate Thrace contain ;
 No drug imbued with strength divine,
 To sons of Æsculapian line,
 By pitying Phœbus taught, to soothe the stings of pain.

ANTISTROPHE

Thee, goddess, thee alone
 None seek with suppliant moan :
 No votive wreaths thine iron altars dress :
 Immutably severe,
 The song thou dost not hear,
 That speaks the plaint of mortal wretchedness.
 Oh, may I ne'er more keenly feel
 Thy power, that breaks the strength of steel,
 With whose dread course concordant still
 Jove executes his sovereign will :
 Vain were his might, unseconded by thee.

Regret or shame thou canst not know ;
 Nor pity for terrestrial woe
 Can check thy onward course, or change thy stern
 decree.

EPODE

And thou, in patience bear thy doom,
 Beneath her heaviest bonds opprest :
 Tears cannot burst the marble tomb,
 Where e'en the sons of gods must rest.
 In life, in death, most loved, most blest,
 Was she for whom our fruitless tears are shed ;
 And round her cold sepulchral bed,
 Unlike the tombs of the promiscuous dead,
 Wreaths of eternal fame shall spread,
 By matchless virtue merited.
 There oft the traveller from his path shall turn,
 To grace with holy rites her funeral urn,
 And muse beneath the lonely cypress shade,
 That waves, in silent gloom, where her remains are laid.

YOUTH AND AGE

[Written after 1811]

Ανεόττης μοι φίλον. ἀχθος δὲ τὸ γῆρας, κ.τ.λ.

Euripides, *Hercules Furens* [637]

To me the hours of youth are dear,
 In transient light that flow :
 But age is heavy, cold, and drear,
 As winter's rocks of snow.
 Already on my brows I feel
 His grasp of ice and fangs of steel,
 Dimming the visual radiance pale,
 That soon eternal night shall veil.

Oh ! not for all the gold that flings,
Through domes of oriental kings,
Its mingled splendour, falsely bright,
Would I resign youth's lovelier light.
For whether wealth its path illumine,
Or toil and poverty depress,
The days of youth are days of bloom,
And health, and hope, and loveliness.
Oh ! were the ruthless demon, Age,
Involved by Jove's tempestuous rage,
And fast and far to ruin driven,
Beyond the flaming bounds of heaven,
Or whelmed where arctic winter broods
O'er Ocean's frozen solitudes,
So never more to haunt again
The cities and the homes of men.

Yet, were the gods the friends of worth,
Of justice, and of truth,
The virtuous and the wise on earth
Should find a second youth.
Then would the true glory shine unfurled,
A light to guide and guard the world,
If, not in vain with time at strife,
The good twice ran the race of life,
While vice, to one brief course confined,
Should wake no more to curse mankind.
Experience then might rightly trace
The lines that part the good and base,
As sailors read the stars of night,
Where shoreless billows murmuring roll,
And guide by their unerring light
The vessel to its distant goal.
But, since no signs from Jove declare
That earthly virtue claims his care ;
Since folly, vice, and falsehood prove
As many marks of heavenly love ;

The life of man in darkness flies ;
 The thirst of truth and wisdom dies ;
 And love and beauty bow the knee
 To gold's supreme divinity.

PHÆDRA AND NURSE

Ὡ κακὰ Θνητῶν στρυγερὰ τε νόσοι
 Euripides, *Hippolytus* [177]

Nurse : OH, ills of life ! relentless train
 Of sickness, tears, and wasting pain !
 Where shall I turn ? what succour claim
 To warm with health thy failing frame ?
 Thy couch, by which so long we mourn,
 Forth from the palace doors is borne :
 Turn on these scenes thy languid sight,
 That breathe of life, and smile in light,
 But now thy every wish was given
 To draw the ethereal heirs of heaven :
 Soon will thy fancy's wandering train
 Recall the chamber's gloom again,
 Charmless all present objects seem :
 The absent fill thy feverish dream :
 Thy half-formed thoughts new thoughts destroy,
 Nor leave one transient pause of joy.
 Yet better feel the sharpest pains,
 That rend the nerves, and scorch the veins,
 Than the long watch of misery prove
 By the sick couch of those we love.
 In the worst pangs of sickness known,
 Corporeal sufferance reigns alone ;
 The double pangs our vigils share
 Of manual toil and mental care.
 The days of man in misery flow :
 No rest from toil and tears we know ;

The happier slumbers of the tomb
Are wrapped in clouds, and veiled in gloom,
And hence our abject spirits shrink
Form pressing that oblivious brink,
Still fondly lingering to survey
The radiance of terrestrial day,
Through fear that fate's unpitying breath
May burst the deep repose of death,
And ignorance of those paths of dread
Which no returning step may tread.
We trace the mystic legends old
That many a dreaming bard has told,
And hear, half-doubting, half-deceived,
The songs our simpler sires believed.

Phædra : Give me your hands. My strength has fled.
Uplift my frame. Support my head.
Unclasp the bands that bind my hair,
A weight I have not power to bear,
And let my loosened tresses flow
Freely on all the winds that blow.

Nurse : My child, let hope thy bosom warm :
Convulse not thus thy sickly form :
Thy mind let tranquil virtue steel
To bear the ills that all must feel,
Since human wisdom shuns in vain
The sad necessity of pain.

Phædra : Oh, place me on some flowery glade,
Beneath the poplar's murmuring shade,
Where many a dewy fountain flings
The treasures of its crystal springs.
There let me draw, in transient rest,
A draught to cool my burning breast.

Nurse : Alas ! what words are these, my child ?
Oh breathe not strains so sadly wild,
That seem with frenzy's tint imbued,
Before the listening multitude.

Phædra : Oh ! bear me to these heights divine,
Where wild winds bend the mountain pine,
Where, to the dog's melodious cry,
The rocks and caverned glens reply.

By heaven, I long to grasp the spear,
Hang on the track of flying deer,
Shout to the dogs, as fast we sweep
Tumultuous down the sylvan steep,
And hurl along the tainted air
The javelin from my streaming hair.

Nurse : Alas ! what may these visions be ?
What are the dogs and woods to thee ?
Why is it thus thy fancy roves
To lonely springs and cypress groves,
When here the hanging rock distils
Its everlasting crystal rills ?

Phædra : Goddess of Limna's sandy bounds,
Where many a courser's hoof resounds ;
Would I were on thy field of fame,
Conspicuous in the equestrian game.

Nurse : Still from thy lips such strains depart
As thrill with pain my aged heart.
Now on the mountain heights afar
You long to urge the sylvan war ;
Now, on the billow-bordering sand,
To guide the rein with desperate hand.
What gifted mind's mysterious skill
Shall say whence springs thy secret ill ?
For sure some god's malignant sway
Turns thee from reason's paths away.

Phædra : Where has my darkened fancy strayed ?

What has my rash delirium said ?

How lost, alas ! how fallen am I,

Beneath some adverse deity !

Nurse, veil my head. The dream is past ;

My mournful eyes on earth I cast :

The thoughts I breathe my memory rend,

And tears of grief and shame descend.

Sad is the change, when reason's light

Bursts on the waste of mental night.

Severe the pangs of frenzy's hour :

But, when we feel its scorpion power,

Oh, might the illusion never fly !

For 'twere some blessing so to die,

Ere yet returning sense could show

The dire reality of woe.

Nurse : I veil thee ! when shall death so spread

His veil around my weary head ?

Truths, oft by sages sought in vain,

Long life and sad experience gain.

Let not the children of mankind

Affection's bonds too closely bind,

But let the heart unshackled prove

The links of dissoluble love.

Loose be those links, and lightly held ;

With ease compressed, with ease repelled ;

More tender ties the health destroy,

And bring long grief for transient joy.

Ill may one feeble spirit bear,

When double feelings claim its care,

The pangs that in the heart concur,

Such pangs as now I feel for her.

For love, like riches, in excess,

Has more the power to curse than bless :

And wisdom turns from passion's strife,

To seek the golden mean of life.

CHORAL ODE TO LOVE

[Ἔρως, Ἔρως, ὁ κατ' ὁμμάτων.

Euripides, *Hippolytus* [525]

[Written after 1812]

I

OH love ! oh love ! whose shafts of fire
 Invade the soul with sweet surprise,
 Through the soft dews of young desire
 Trembling in beauty's azure eyes !
 Condemn not me the pangs to share
 Thy too impassioned votaries bear,
 That on the mind their stamp impress,
 Indelible and measureless :
 For not the sun's descending dart,
 Nor yet the lightning brand of Jove,
 Fall like the shaft that strikes the heart,
 Thrown by the mightier hand of love.

II

Oh ! vainly, where, by Letrian plains,
 Tow'rd Dian's dome Alpheus bends,
 And from Apollo's Pythian fanes,
 The steam of hecatombs ascends ;
 While not to love our altars blaze ;
 To love, whose tyrant power arrays
 Against Mankind each form of woe
 That hopeless anguish bleeds to know :
 To love who keeps the golden key,
 That, when more favoured lips implore,
 Unlocks the sacred mystery
 Of youthful beauty's bridal door.

III

Alas ! round love's despotic power,
Their brands what forms of terror wave !
The Æchalian maid in evil hour,
Venus to greet Alcides gave.
As yet in passion's love unread,
Unconscious of connubial ties,
She saw around her bridal bed
Her native city's flames arise.
All hapless maid ! mid kindred gore
Whose nuptial torch the Furies bore !
To him consigned, an ill-starred bride,
By whom her sire and brethren died.

IV

Oh towers of Thebes ! oh sacred flow
Of mystic Dirce's fountain tides !
Say in what shapes of fear and woe
Love through his victim's bosom glides ?
She, who to heaven's imperial sire
The care-dispelling Bacchus bore,
'Mid thunder and celestial fire
Embraced, and slept, to wake no more.
Too powerful love, inspiring still
The dangerous risk, the frantic will,
Bears like the bee's mellifluous wing,
A transient sweet, a lasting sting.

CONNUBIAL EQUALITY

Ἦσοφός ἢ σοφός ἦν.

Æschylus, Prometheus [887]

[Written in 1812]

OH ! wise was he, the first who taught
 This lesson of observant thought,
 That equal fates alone may bless
 The bowers of nuptial happiness ;
 That never where ancestral pride
 Inflames, or affluence rolls its tide,
 Should love's ill-omened bonds entwine
 The offspring of an humbler line.

AL MIO PRIMIERO AMORE

[Written in 1813]

I

To many a shrine my steps have strayed,
 Ne'er from their earliest fetters free :
 And I have sighed to many a maid,
 Though I have never loved but thee.

II

Youth's visioned scenes, too bright to last,
 Have vanished to return no more :
 Yet memory loves to trace the past,
 Which only memory can restore.

III

The confidence, no heart has felt
 But when with first illusions warm,
 The hope, on one alone that dwelt,
 The thought, that knew no second form,—

IV

All these were ours : and can it be
 That their return may charm us yet ?
 Can aught remain to thee and me,
 Beyond remembrance and regret ?

V

For now thy sweetest smiles appear
 Like shades of joys for ever flown,
 As music in an exile's ear
 Recalls the strains his home has known.

VI

No more can bloom the faded flower :—
 No more the extinguished fire can burn :
 Nor hope nor fancy's mightiest power
 Can burst young love's sepulchral urn.

TRANSLATION

To the Editor of The Morning Chronicle

April 8, 1814.

MR EDITOR,—It may perhaps gratify some of your readers who are more conversant with the English than with the Greek drama, to bring them acquainted with a passage of Euripides, which bears a striking resemblance to a part of Hamlet's soliloquy. The original lines being anapæstic, I have given them in translation the form of that colloquial lyric, which seems to me to bear the most strict analogy our language will admit of to the Greek tragedy and apæstic :

THE days of man in misery flow,
 No rest from toil and tears we know ;
 The happier slumbers of the tomb
 Are wrapt in clouds and veil'd in gloom,

And hence our abject spirits shrink
 From pressing that oblivious brink ;
 Still fondly lingering to survey
 The radiance of terrestrial day,
 Through fear that fate's unpitying breath
 May burst the deep repose of death,
 And ignorance of those paths of dread,
 Which no returning steps may tread,
 We trace the mystic legends old,
 Which many a dreaming bard has told,
 And hear, half doubting, half deceived,
 The songs our simple sires believed.

These lines form part of a speech of Phædra's nurse, in the tragedy of 'Hippolytus'. The sentiments may seem too philosophical for the personage, and Aristophanes has not failed to ridicule Euripides for putting moral disquisitions and logical subtleties into the mouths of women. But it should be remembered that in the heroic ages, the nurses of princesses were frequently princesses themselves, whom the chance of war had thrown into captivity. P.

LINES TO A FAVOURITE LAUREL

IN THE GARDEN AT ANKERWYKE COTTAGE

[Written in 1814]

How changed this lonely scene ! the rank weed chokes
 The garden flowers : the thistle's towering growth
 Waves o'er the untrodden paths : the rose that breathed
 Diffusive fragrance from its christening bed,
 Scarcely a single bud denotes the spot
 Where glowed its countless bloom : the woodbine
 droops

And trails along the ground, and wreathes no more
 Around the light verandah's pillared shade
 The tendrils of its sweetness : the green shrubs,
 That made even winter gay, have felt themselves
 The power of change, and mournful is the sound
 Of evening's twilight gale, that shrilly sweeps
 Their brown and sapless leaves.

But thou remain'st

Unaltered save in beauty : thou alone,
 Amid neglect and desolation, spread'st
 The rich luxuriance of thy foliage still,
 More rich and more luxuriant now, than when,
 'Mid all the gay parterre, I called thee first
 My favourite laurel : and 'tis something yet,
 Even in this world where Ahrimanes reigns
 To think that thou, my favourite, hast been left
 Unharm'd amid the inclemency of time,
 While all around thee withered.

Lovely tree !

There is a solemn aspect in thy shade,
 A mystic whisper in the evening gale,
 That murmurs through thy boughs ; it breathes of
 peace,
 Of rest, to one, who, having trodden long
 The thorny paths of this malignant world,
 Full fain would make the moss that tufts thy root
 The pillow of his slumber.

Many a bard,

Beneath some favourite tree, oak, beech, or pine,
 Has by the pensive music of the breeze,
 Been soothed to transient rest : but thou canst shed
 A mightier spell : the murmur of thy leaves
 Is full of meaning : and *their influence*,
Accessible to resolution, yields
 No evanescent balm, but pours at once

Through all the sufferer's frame, the sweetest sleep
 The weary pilgrim of the earth can know :
 The long, oblivious, everlasting sleep
 Of that last night on which no morn shall rise.

SIR PROTEUS

A SATIRICAL BALLAD

By P. M. O'DONOVAN, Esq.

ΕΤΗΕΑΤΕ ΜΟΙ ΠΡΩΤΗ ΠΟΛΤΤΡΟΠΟΝ

HIC EST QUEM REQUIRIS !

[Published by Hookhams in 1814]

THIS BALLAD IS INSCRIBED TO THE
 RIGHT HONOURABLE LORD BYRON

With that deep conviction of the high value of his praise, and of the fatal import of his censure, which must necessarily be impressed by the profound judgment with which his opinions are conceived, the calm deliberation with which they are promulgated, the Protean consistency with which they are maintained, and the total absence of all undue bias on their formation, from private partiality or personal resentment; with that admiration of his poetical talents which must be universally and inevitably felt for versification undecorated with the meretricious fascinations of harmony, for sentiments unsophisticated by the delusive ardour of philanthropy, for narrative enveloped in all the Cimmerian sublimity of the impenetrable obscure.

I. JOHNNY ON THE SEA
 II. JOHNNY IN THE SEA
 III. JOHNNY UNDER THE
 SEA

IV. CHEVY CHASE
 V. THE BATHOS
 VI. THE WORLD'S END

I

ILLE EGO¹

OH ! list to me : for I'm about
 To catch the fire of Chaucer,
 And spin in doleful measure out
 The tale of Johnny Raw, sir²,

Who, bent upon a desperate plan
 To make the people stare,
 Set off full speed for Hindostan
 Upon old Poulter's mare³

Tramp ! tramp ! across the land he went ;
 Splash ! splash ! across the sea ;
 And then he gave his bragging⁴ vent :
 ' Pray who can ride like me ?

¹ A variant opening of Virgil's *Æneid*.

² Our hero appears to have been 'all naked feeling and raw life', like Arvalan in *The Curse of Kehama*.

³ This is the *Pegasa* of the Cumberland school of poetry. Old Poulter's mare is the heroine 'of one of our old ballads so full of beauty'. A modern bard, 'whose works will be read *when* Homer and Virgil are forgotten', was at infinite trouble to procure an imperfect copy of this precious piece of antiquity, and has rescued it from oblivion, *si ats placet*, in the pages of *Thalaba*.

⁴ After all, perhaps, there is not much bragging in the speech of our hero. He has classical authority for self-panegyric, and, what is still better, the authority of Mr Southey :

Come, listen to a tale of times of old :
 Come, for ye know me ! I am he who sung
 The Maid of Arc ; and I am he who framed
 Of Thalaba the wild and wondrous song.
 Come, listen to my lay, and ye shall hear
 How Madoc, etc.

' For I'm the man who sallied forth,
To rout the classic forces,
And swore this mare was far more worth
Than both fierce Hector's horses.

And again :

Most righteously thy soul
Loathes the black catalogue of human crimes
And human misery : let that spirit fill
Thy song, and it shall teach thee, boy, to raise
Strains such as Cato might have deigned to hear.

What degree of pleasure Cato would have derived from the *Carmen Triumphale* for the year 1814, is a point that remains to be decided.

Ranarian minstrels of all ages and nations have entertained a high opinion of their own melody. The Muses of Styx, the *Πιερίδες* Κα. ταχθόναι, have transferred their seat in modern days to the banks of the Northern Lakes, where they inflate their tuneful votaries with inspiration and egotism. *O dolce concerto!* when, to the philosophic wanderer on the twilight shore, ascends from the depths of Winander the choral modulation :

Βρεκεκεκὲξ, κοᾶξ, κοᾶξ.
Βρεκεκεκὲξ, κοᾶξ, κοᾶξ.
Λιμναῖα κρηνῶν τέκνα
Ξυναύλου ὕμνων βοᾶν
Φθεγξόμεθ', 'ΕΤΤΗΡΤΝ 'ΕΜΑΝ 'ΑΟΙΔΑΝ,
Κοᾶξ, κοᾶξ.

ΑΡΙΣΤΟΦΑΝΟΥΣ ΒΑΤΡΑΧΟΙ.

Brek-ek-ek-ex ! ko-ax ! ko-ax !

Our lay's harmonious burthen be :
In vain yon critic owl attacks
Our blithe and full-voiced minstrelsy.

Still shall our lips the strain prolong
With strength of lung that never slacks ;
Still wake the *wild and wondrous* song :

Ko-ax ! ko-ax ! ko-ax ! ko-ax !

Chorus in the *Frogs* of Aristophanes.

' Old Homer from his throne I struck,
To Virgil gave a punch,
And in the place of both I stuck
The doughty Mother Bunch.

' To France I galloped on my roan,
Whose metal nought can quail ;
There squatted on the tomb of Joan,
And piped a dismal tale.

' A wild and wondrous stave I sung,
To make my hearers weep :
But when I looked, and held my tongue,
I found them fast asleep !¹

' Oh ! then, a furious oath I swore,
Some dire revenge to seek ;
And conjured up, to make them roar,
Stout Taffy and his leek.

' To heaven and hell I rode away,
In spite of wind and weather :
Trumped up a diabolic lay ;
And cursed them altogether.

' Now, Proteus, rise ! thou changeful seer !
To spirit up my mare² :
In every shape but those appear,
Which taste and nature wear.'

¹ Ω φίλον, "ΤΗΠΟΤ ΘΕΛ' γητρον, ΕΠΙΚΟΤΡΟΝ ΝΟΣΟΤ,
'ΩΣ 'ΗΔΥ ΜΟΙ ΠΡΟΣΗΛΘΕΣ ΕΝ ΔΕΟΝΤΙ ΓΕ !

Euripides [*Orestes*, 211].

² This seems to be an imitation of two lines in the *Dionysiaca* of Nonnus, selected by Mr Southey as the motto to *The Curse of Kehama* :

Στήσατέ μοι Πρωτῆα πολύτροπον, ὄφρα φανείη
Ποικίλον εἶδος ἔχων, ὅτε ποικίλον ὕμνον ἀράσσω.

II

DIVERSE LINGUE, ORRIBILI FAVELLE

EVEN while he sung Sir Proteus rose,
That wight of ancient fun,
With salmon-scales instead of clothes,
And fifty shapes in one.

He first appeared a folio thick,
A glossary so stout,
Of modern language politic¹,
Where conscience was left out.

Let me the many-changing Proteus see,
To aid my many-changing melody.

It is not at all surprising, that a man, under a process of moral and political metamorphosis, should desire the patronage of this multiform god, who may be regarded as the tutelary saint of the numerous and thriving sect of Anythingarians. Perhaps the passage would have been more applicable to himself, though less so to his poem, if he had read, *suo periculo* :

Στήσατέ μοι Πρωτῆα πολύτροπον, ὄφρα φανεῖη
Ποικίλον εἶδος ἔχων, 'ΟΤ ΑΜΕΙΒΩ ΠΟΙΚΙΛΑΟΝ 'ΕΙΜΑ !

Before my eyes let changeful Proteus float,
When now I change my many-coloured coat.

¹ This language was not much known to our ancestors ; but it is now pretty well understood by the majority of the H—— of C——, by the daily, weekly, monthly, and quarterly venders of panegyric and defamation, and by the quondam republicans of the Northern Lakes. The echoes of Grasmere and Derwentwater have responded to its melodious vocables. The borderers of Tweed and Teviot and the '*Braw, braw lads of Edinbroo*' are well versed in its tangible eloquence. Specimens of its use in

He next appeared in civic guise,
Which C——s could not flout¹,
With forced-meat balls instead of eyes,
And, for a nose, a snout.

And then he seemed a patriot *braw*,
Who, o'er a pot of froth,
Was very busy, stewing straw,
To make the *people* broth.

composition may be seen in the *Courier* newspaper, in *The Quarterly Review*, in *The Edinburgh Annual Register*, and in the *receipts* of the *stamp-commissioners* for the country of *Westmoreland*.

¹C——s: This is a *learned* man, 'who does not want instruction': an *independent* man, 'who always votes according to his conscience', which has a singular habit of finding the minister invariably right: a *free* man, who always 'takes the liberty' to do that which is most profitable to himself; a man, in short, of the first magnitude, that '*don't care nothing for nobody*' whom he cannot turn a penny by: *Rarum ac memorabile magni Gutturis exemplum conducendusque magister*¹: who will be inexhaustible food for laughter while he lives; and, though not witty himself, be the cause of wit in others: and who, when he shall have been found, *cum capite in Lasano*, dead of a surfeit after a civic feast, shall be entombed in some mighty culinary utensil, vast as the *patina* of Vitellius, or the *fish-kettle* of Domitian, which shall be erected in the centre of the *salle des gourmands*, with his Homeric inscription, to transmit his virtues to posterity:

METEΠΠΕΠΕ· ΓΑΣΤΕΡΙ· ΜΑΡΤΗΙ·
ΑΖΗΧΕΣ· ΦΑΓΕΜΕΝ· ΚΑΙ· ΠΙΕΜΕΝ· ΟΥΔΕ· ΟΙ· ΗΝ· ΙΣ·
ΟΥΔΕ· ΒΙΗ· ΕΙΔΟΣ· ΔΕ· ΜΑΛΛ· ΜΕΓΑΣ· ΗΝ· ΟΡΑΑΣΘΑΙ.

Great was his skill, insatiably to dine
On pounds of flesh and copious floods of wine:
No mental strength his heavy form inspired.
But hooting crouds the portly mass admired.

[Juvenal, *Satires*, II, 113].

In robes collegiate, loosely spread,
 His form he seemed to wrap :
 Much Johnny mused to see no head
 Between the gown and cap¹.

Like grave logician, next he drew
 A tube from garment mystic ;
 And bubbles blew, which Johnny knew
 Were *anti-hyloistic*².

¹ This must have been something which had finished its *education*, as the saying is, at one of our learned universities.

² There is a modern bubble-blower of this description, whose philosophical career it is agreeable to trace. First, we discover him up to his neck in fluids and crystallizations, labouring to build a geological system, in all respects conformable to the very scientific narrative of that most enlightened astronomer and profound cosmogonist, Moses. Emerging from his 'Primitive Ocean' he soars into the opaque atmosphere of scholastic dialectics, whence he comes forth the doughty champion of that egregious engine of the *difficiles nugæ* and *labor ineptiarum*, syllogism. Armed with this formidable weapon, he rushes into the metaphysical *arena*, in the consistent character of a dogmatizing anti-hyloist,¹ *insanire parans certa ratione modoque* : maintaining the existence of *three distinct substances*, that of *God*, that of *angels*, and that of the *souls of men*, and annihilating *in toto* the sun, moon, and stars, and all 'the visible diurnal sphere' ; denying the evidence of his senses, and asserting the reality of chimeras. Man, according to him, is a being spiritual, intelligent and immortal, while all other animals are insentient machines ; a proposition which must be amply established in the mind of every one, who will take the trouble of comparing a man-milliner with a lion, an alderman with an elephant, or a Bond Street

¹ [Horace, *Satires*, II, iii, 271].

Like *doughty* critic next he sped,
 Of fragrant Edinbroo' :
 A yellow cap was on his head ;
 His jacket was sky-blue :

lounger with a Newfoundland dog.—See the *Geological, Logical, and Metaphysical Essays* of Richard Kirwan, Esq., LL.D., F.R.S., P.R.I.A. etc., etc.

Metaphysical science, in the hands of a Locke, a Berkeley, a Hume, or a Drummond, demands and receives my utmost respect and admiration; but I must confess there are moments, when, after having fatigued my understanding with the lucubrations of such a systematical *déraisonneur* as this, I am tempted to exclaim with Anacreon :

Τί με τοὺς νόμους διδάσκεις,
 Καὶ ῥητόρων ἀνάγκας ;
 Τί δέ μοι λόγων τοσούτων,
 Τῶν μηδὲν ὠφελούντων ;

Why tease me with pedantic themes,
 Predicaments and enthymemes,
 My mental storehouse vainly stowing
 With heaps of knowledge not worth knowing ?

The third part of the *Metaphysical Essays* will afford a delectable treat to the observer of phenomena, who may be desirous of contemplating a meteorosophistical spider completely entangled in his own cobweb; and I can scarcely help thinking it was to some such paradoxographical philosophaster that Virgil alluded, when he said :

Invisa Minervæ
 Laxos in foribus suspendit aranea casses
 [Virgil, *Georgics*, iv, 246]

The subtle spider, sage Minerva's hate,
 Hangs his loose webs in Wisdom's temple-gate.

It is much to be lamented that, before Sir Proteus quitted his metaphysical shape, it did not occur to our hero to propound to him the celebrated philosophical

He wore a cauliflower wig,
 With bubble filled, and squeak ;
 Where hung behind, like *tail of pig*,
 Small lollypop of Greek ¹,
 With rusty knife, he seemed prepared
 Poor poets' blood to fetch :
 In speechless horror Johnny stared
 Upon the ruthless wretch ².
 Like washing-tub he next appeared
 O'er W——'s sea ³ that scuds
 Where poor John Bull stood all besmeared,
 Up to the necks in suds ⁴.

question: Utrum, Protée omniforme se faisant cigale, et musicalement exerçant sa voix és jours caniculaires, pourroit, d'une rosée matutine soigneusement emballée au mois de Mai, faire une tierce concoction, devant le cours entier d'une escharpe zodiacale?—Perhaps Mr Kirwan himself will undertake the solution: I know no man so well qualified.

¹ 'Small skill in Latin, and still less in Greek,
 Is more than adequate to all we seek!'—Cowper.

² The severity of this *blue-jacketed* gentleman has been productive, on many occasions, of very salutary effects. He is much more reprehensible for having condescended to play the part of *Justice Midas* to Mr Wordsworth, Mrs Opie, Mr Wilson, etc., etc., etc., while superior claimants have been treated with harshness or contempt. If praise be withheld from Moore, comparative justice requires that it should not be given to Bloomfield. The philosophical enemy of idolatry may tear the laurel wreath from the brow of Apollo; but he must not transfer it to the statue of Pan.

³ *Mare Australe Incognitum*. For a satisfactory account of this undiscovered sea, consult the *Lyrical Ballads* of William Wordsworth, Esq.

⁴ John Bull is here alluded to in his domestic capacity.

Then three wise men he seemed to be,
 Still sailing in the tub ;
 Whose white wigs looked upon the sea,
 Like bowl of syllabub¹.

The first he chattered, chattered still,
 With meaning none at all,



He is a sturdy wight, but the arch-fiend Corruption has proved too strong for him. Let not the temporary elation of triumph over his most inveterate foreign foe blind him to the insidious inroads of that more formidable enemy, which has already plunged him so deep in the alkaline ebullitions mentioned in the text. Among the causes which have contributed to his submersion, may be enumerated the selfish and mercenary apostasy of his quondam literary champions. Where is now 'the eye that sees, the heart That feels, the voice that in these evil times, Amid these evil tongues, exalts itself, And cries aloud against iniquity?' Let the *Edinburgh Annual Register* answer the question. Where are 'The skirts of the departing year?' Waving, like those of a *Courier's* jacket, in the withering gales of ministerial influence. The antique enemies of 'the monster Pitt' are now the panegyrists of the immaculate Castlereagh. The spell which Armida breathed over her captives was not more magically mighty in the operation of change, than are the golden precepts of the Language Politic, when presented in a compendious and tangible shape to the 'Sons of little men'.

Terra malos homines nunc educat atque pusillos ;
 Ergo Deus, quicumque adspexit, ridet et odit.

[Juvenal, *Satires*, xv, 70-1]

¹ These three wiseacres go to sea in their tub, as their prototypes of Gotham did in their bowl, not to fish for the moon, but to write nonsense about her.

Of Jack and Jill, and Harry Gill,
And Alice Fell so small¹.

The second of three graves did sing,
And in such doggrel strains,
You might have deemed the Elfin King
Had charmed away his brains².

Loud sang the third, of Palmy Isle,
'Mid oceans vast and wild,
Where he had won a mermaid's smile,
And got a fairy child³.

¹ Who knows not Alice Fell, the little orphan Alice Fell, with her cloak of duffel grey?—and Harry Gill, whose teeth they chatter, chatter, chatter, chatter still? and Jack and Jill, that climbed the hill, to fetch a pail of water; when Jack fell down, and cracked his crown, and Jill came tumbling after?

² Surely this cannot allude to Mr ESTHÉE Coleridge, the profound transcendental metaphysician of *The Friend*, the consistent panegyric politician of the *Courier*, the self-elected laureate of the asinine king, the compounder of the divinest narcotic under the shape of a tragedy that ever drugged the beaux of Drury Lane, the author of that irresistibly comic ballad, *The Ancient Mariner*, and of a very exquisite piece of tragical mirth, also in the form of a ballad, entitled *The Three Graves*, which read—'If you can!'

³ The adventures of this worthy are narrated in a rhapsodical *congeries* of limping verse, entitled *The Isle of Palms*, very loftily extolled by the Edinburgh Reviewers, and very peremptorily condemned by the tribunal of common sense.

The winning cant and drivelling affectation of this author, with his 'dear God', his 'blessed creatures', and his 'happy living things', which would be insufferable in a spinster, half-dying with megrim, become trebly disgusting in the mouth of a man who has no

Like rueful wanderer next he showed,
 Much posed with pious qualm ;
 And first he roared a frantic ode,
 And then he sung a psalm ¹.

Like farmer's man, he seemed to rear
 His form in smock-frock dight ;
 And screeched in poor Apollo's ear,
 Who ran with all his might.

And, even while Apollo ran,
 Arose the Bellman there,
 And clapped the crack-voiced farmer's man
 Into his vacant chair ².

such fine sympathies with the animal creation, and is not only an indefatigable angler, but a cock-fighter of the first notoriety. It is a curious fact that, as he was one day going to a match, accompanied by a man who carried two bags of fighting-cocks, he unexpectedly met with his friend Wordsworth (who was coming to visit him), and immediately caused the man to secrete himself and the cocks behind the hedge; an anecdote which redounds greatly to the credit of Mr Wordsworth's better feelings, and makes me strongly inclined to forgive him his *Idiot Boy*, and the *Moods of his own Mind*, and even *Harry Gill*.

¹ Wanderer, whither dost thou roam ?
 Weary wanderer, old and gray !
 Wherefore hast thou left thy home,
 In the twilight of thy day ?
 Montgomery, *Wanderer of Switzerland*.

The twilight of this wanderer's day is a dim morning twilight, on which no sun will rise. The day-beams of genius are quenched in the mists of fanaticism.

² In medio duo signa, *Conon*. . . et quis fuit alter ?
 [Virgil, *Eclogues*, iii, 40].

Conon was a Farmer's Boy, a minstrel of cows and

Next, like Tom Thumb, he skipped along
 In merry Irish gig :
 And now he whined an amorous song,
 And now he pulled a wig¹.

Whose frizzles, firing at his rage,
 Like Indian crackers flew,
 Each wrapped in party-coloured page
 Of some profound Review².

cow-sheds, and cow-dung and cow-pock ; yet, nevertheless, a considerable favourite with the delicate and fashionable fair-ones of his day: *et quis fuit alter?*—scil. the *bellman*: THE bellman, *κατ' ἐξοχήν*. He was a character very ridiculously remarkable in the annals of rural perfumery, who most ludicrously mistook himself for a poet and philosopher, passed much of his time in star-gazing, wrote some dismal jargon, which he christened *Sonnets on the Petrarchan Model*, kept a journal of the rain and wind, and rang many a peal of nonsense in praise of his friend *Conon*, the Farmer's Boy, who was, indeed *tali dignus amico*.—Juvenal, *Satires* v, 173.

Discedo Alcæus puncto illius: ille meo quis?
 Quis, nisi Callimachus?

[Horace, *Epistles*, II, ii, 99–100]

¹ Note by Professor Nodus-in-Scirpo, of the University of Cambridge. It is well known that a certain little poet challenged a certain *great* critic to the deadly arbitrament of powder and wadding. Of this circumstance the multiform Proteus here seems to make himself symbolical. The *wig* seems to typify the body-corporate of criticism, which, being roughly handled in one of its side-curles, opens fire from all its *frizzles* on the daring assailant, in a volley of *Indian crackers*, the different colours of which are composed of the *party-colours* supposed to be worn by the respective corps of critics militant.

² Of reviews in the present day we have *satis*

In jaunting-car ¹, like tourist brave,
Full speed he seemed to rush ;

superque. We have *The Edinburgh Review*, already eulogized; and *The Monthly Review*, which I believe is tolerably impartial, though not very remarkable either for learning or philosophy; *The Quarterly Review*, a distinguished vehicle of compositions in the Language Politic; and *The British Critic*, which proceeds on the enlightened principle that nothing can possibly be good coming from a heretic, or a republican; and *The Antijacobin Review*, . . . ; and *The British Review*, of which I can say nothing, never having read a single page of it; and *The Eclectic Review*, an exquisite focus of evangelical illumination; and the *New Review* which promises to be an useful *Notitia Literaria*; and *The Critical Review*, which I am very reluctant to mention at all, as I can only dismiss it in the words of Captain Bobadil: 'It is to gentlemen I speak: I talk to no scavenger'.

¹ A wooden car, *perpetuo revolvibile* gyro, may rumble through Ireland, Scotland, France, and the Netherlands, and annoy the ears of the English metropolis with the echo of its wheels; but it must not pretend to be the vehicle of poetic inspiration, unless the *inutile lignum* be mechanically impelled to the proclamation of its own emptiness. To illustrate this proposition by a case in point: A minute inspection of the varieties of human absurdity brings us acquainted with the existence of a certain knight, who has travelled rapidly, profited sparingly, and published enormously. Sublimed into extraordinary daring by the garlands of dwarf-laurel, torn from the bogs of the Shannon and the shores of the Caledonian lakes, he has actually made a profane excursion on the boundaries of Parnassus, and presented the public with a curious collection of weeds, under the facetious title of *Poems*, by Sir John Carr! Amongst these is one *on a paper-mill*. The knight has been so good a friend to the paper-mill, that, had his benefactions stopped with his custom, he would have

And chaunted many a clumsy stave,
Might make the Bellman blush.

merited the eternal gratitude of all that band of mechanics who begin, what other mechanics like himself conclude, the process of making a book. But his bounty does not stop so short. Not satisfied with having raised the price of rags, and the wages of the paper-millers, he has actually favoured the world with a poem on the subject, written, as he says, *en badinage*. We ought to be much obliged to him for the information, as it shows, by contradistinction, that some of his works have been written in sober sadness; though I believe the greater part of those indefatigable devourers of new publications who, by the aid of snuff and coffee, have contrived to keep themselves awake over his lucubrations, have imagined all his works to have been designed for *badinage*, from the burlesque solemnity and grave no-meaning of his statistical, political, and topographical discussions, to the very tragical merriment of his retailed puns and right pleasant original conceits. But here is a poem written professedly *en badinage*. Therefore *badinons un peu* with the worthy *cavalière errante*.

'LINES

Written *en badinage*, after visiting a paper-mill near Tunbridge Wells, in consequence of the lovely Miss W., who excels in drawing, requesting the author to describe the process of making paper, in verse.'

I should imagine, from the young lady's requesting Sir John to employ his gray quill on a paper-mill, that the lovely Miss W. excels in quizzing as much as she does in drawing.

'Reader! I do not wish to brag,
But, to display Eliza's skill,
I'd proudly be the vilest rag
That ever went to paper-mill.'

Or that ever came from it, Sir John might have added.

Like grizzly monk, on spectral harp
Deep dole he did betoken ;

‘Content in pieces to be cut’—

Sir John has been cut up so often that he must be well used to the operation : it is satisfactory to find him so well pleased with it. Nature, indeed, seems to have formed him for the express purpose of being cut in pieces. He is a true literary polypus, and multiplies under the knife of dissection.

‘Content in pieces to be cut,

Though sultry were the summer skies,
Pleased between flannel I’d be put,
And after bathed in jellied size.

‘Though to be squeezed and hanged I hate’—

This line lets us into an extraordinary piece of taste on the part of the knight. He does not like to be hanged. *Non porrigit ora capistro.* [Juvenal, *Satires*, vi, 43].

‘For thee, sweet girl, upon my word’—

Vivide et *évapρῶς*.

‘When the stout press had forced me flat’—

‘The *stout* press’ : *Stout*, indeed, when even Sir John’s quartos have not broken it down.—‘Had *forced* me *flat*’ :—Sir John, we see, is of opinion that great force would be requisite to make him *flat*. For my part, I think he is quite flat enough already, and that he has rather communicated his own flatness to the press, than derived that quality from it.

‘I’d be suspended on a cord,’

This is gallantry indeed : for the sake of the lovely Miss W., Sir John would suffer the suspension of his outward man, notwithstanding his singular antipathy to the process.

‘And then when dried’—

Cut first, sir, and *dried* after, like one of his own cut and dried anecdotes, introduced so very apropos, as, ‘a curious circumstance that happened to ME’.

And strummed one strain, 'twixt flat and sharp,
Till all the strings were broken.

—' and fit for use'—

By dint of cutting up and hanging Sir John is made useful. Presently he will be ornamental.

'Eliza! I would pray to thee'—

We see Sir John does not think of praying till after he has been hanged, contrary to the usual process on similar occasions.

'If with thy pen thou would'st amuse,
That thou would'st deign to write on me.'

Nay, nay, Sir John, not on you, '*Verse must be dull
on subjects so d—d dry.*'

'Gad's bud!'—

A classical exclamation, equivalent to the *medius-fidius* of Petronius, the *Ædopol* of Terence, and the *νή τὸν οὐρανόν* of Aristophanes.

'Gad's bud! how pleasant it would prove
Her pretty chit-chat to convey':

The world is well aware of Sir John's talent for conveying the pretty chit-chat of his acquaintance into his dapper quartos; but how pleasant the operation has proved to any one but himself, I am not prepared to decide.

'P'rhaps—'

An Attic contraction.

'P'rhaps be the record of her love
Told in some coy enchanting way.'

If this should be the case I can furnish the young lady with a suitable exordium from an old Italian poet:

*Scrivend' io già mio forsennato amore
Su duro foglio d' asinina pelle.*

'Or if her pencil she would try
On me, oh may she still imprint
Those forms that fix the admiring eye,
Each graceful line, each glowing tint.'

Like modish bard, intent to please
 The sentimental fair
 He strung conceits and similes,
 Where feeling had no share¹,

I know not what success the lovely Miss W. might have in making Sir John ornamental. Gillray, we all know, *tried his pencil* on him very successfully, and fixed a *glowing tint* (of anger, not of shame) on the cheek of the exasperated Sir John.

'Then shall I reason have to brag,
 For thus, to high importance grown,
 The world will see a *simple* rag
 Become a treasure rarely known.'

So ends this miserable shred of what Sir John calls *badinage*. 'Away! thou rag! thou quantity! thou remnant!' And so much for the *Poems* of Sir John Carr.

ἄλιν δέ οἱ ἀλλὰ ἐκηλός

Ἐρβρέτω ἐκ γάρ οἱ φρένας εἴλετο μητιέρα Ζεύς.

[Homer, *Iliad*, 376-7.]

Let him in peace the depths of Lethe gain,
 Since all-wise Jove hath robbed his scone of brain.

¹ *Non multum abludit imago* [Hor., *Sat.*, II, iii, 320] from Mr W. R. Spenser, a writer of fantastical namby-pambies and epigrammatico-sentimental madrigals, on the clasp of a waist, or the tie of a garter, on the ankle of Lady H—k, or the bosom of Lady J—y, etc., etc., etc. Mr S. trespasses so often on forbidden ground that the reader begins to anticipate strange things, and is almost ready to exclaim, *Quos agor in specus?* [Hor., *Odes*, III, xxv, 2].

The fashionable world has its own luminaries of taste and genius. *Solem suum sua sidera norunt*. [Virgil, *Æn.*, VI, 641]. But they have more of the meteor than the star, and even of the meteor more of its transience than its lustre. The little lustre they possess is indeed meteoric, for it shines within a narrow circle, and only a feeble report of its existence passes the

At last, in cap with border red,
A Minstrel seemed to stand,

limits of its sphere. *Ad nos vix tenuis famæ perlabitur aura.* [Virgil, *Æneid*, vii, 647]. The solitary philosopher reads in some critical ephemeris that such a meteor has been observed: he notices the subject for a moment, and returns to the contemplation of those stars, which have shone and will continue to shine for ages.

There are no results of human art in which the *fluxum atque caducum* is so strikingly exemplified as in those productions which constitute what may be denominated fashionable literature. This is one of the affairs of men in which there is no tide. There is no reflux in fashionable taste. It is an overflowing stream, which rolls on its inexhaustible store of new poems, new romances, new biography, new criticism, new morality,—to that oblivious gulf from which very few are redeemed by the swans of renown. The few so redeemed cease to be fashionable, and to the really literary part of mankind they scarcely begin to be known when, to the soi-disant literati of the fashionable world they are already numbered with the things that were; with Dryden, and Drayton, and Spenser, and other obsolete worthies; of every one of whom the fashionable reader may exclaim: *Notus mihi nomine tantum!* [Hor., *Sat.*, i, ix, 3] and who have been rudely thrust aside to make way for these new-comers, as the choicest productions of Greek and Roman taste were trampled into the dust by the Goths and Vandals, or as the statues of Apollo, Venus, and the Graces were thrown down and demolished by the more barbarous fanatics of the Dark Ages, in order that St Benedict and St Dominic, and St Anthropophagos, might be placed upon their pedestals.

The great desideratum in fashionable literature is novelty. The last publications which have issued from the press in the department of the belles lettres must co-operate with the last princely fête, the last elegant affair of crim. con., the last *semivir* imported from

With heather bell upon his head,
And fiddle in his hand ;

Italy, in filling up that portion of fashionable conversation which is not engrossed by pure no-meaning, by party, or by scandal. These publications are caught up wet from the press, and thrown carelessly on the table, the sofa, or the ottoman, to furnish a ready answer to the certain questions of the lounging visitor : *Is this Mr S.'s new poem ? Have you seen Mr L's romance ? Have you met with Miss M.'s puritanical novel ? Have you fallen asleep, as I did, over the last battle ?* till some newer effusion of fancy dispossess them of their post of honour, and send them to a private station on the shelves of the library, to sleep with those that have been mighty in their day, with the *Tales of Wonder* and *The Botanic Garden*, with the flowery *Wreath of Della Crusca* and the barren *Landscape of Knight*, with the *Travels of Sir John Carr*, the *Biography of Mr Shepherd*, and the *Criticism of Dr Drake*.

This undistinguishing passion for literary novelty seems to involve nothing less than a total extinction of everything like discrimination in taste, and nature in imagination : and it would be rendering no slight service to the cause of sound criticism and philosophical literature, to hold up Banquo's mirror to the readers of the fashionable world, and show them, at one view, the phantoms of those productions which they had successively admired and forgotten, from the days of love-sick marygolds and sentimental daffydowndillies, to these of pathetic ruffians, poetical bandits, and ' maids that love the moon '. If, on the execution of this office, it should sometimes be necessary to perform the part of a resurrection-man in criticism, and compel the canonized form of many a would-be poet and pilferer of old romances to burst the cerements of his literary sepulchre, the operation would not be wholly without its use. The audible *memento* which these spectres would thunder in the ears of the indefatigable scribblers of the day would operate in

And such a thrill and piercing scrape
Of hideous discord gave,
That none but Johnny's ear could scape
Unfractured by the stave.

Old Poulter's mare, in sudden fright,
Forgot all John had taught her ;
And up she reared, a furious height,
And soused him in the water.

terrorem on the side of common sense, and by stifling in its birth many a crude embryo of nonsense, save many a groan to the press, many a headache to the critic, and much perversion of intellect to the rising generation.

Praise, when well deserved, should be freely given : but in cases so desperate as the present, the severity of justice should not be tempered by the least degree of unmerited mercy.—Common sense and taste can scarcely stem the torrent of doggerel and buffoonery which is daily poured forth by the press,

' Even as Fleet-ditch, with disemboгуing streams,
Rolls the large tribute of *dead dogs* to Thames.'

The gardens of Parnassus are overrun with weeds, which have been suffered to fatten in obscurity by the mistaken lenity of contempt. To bruise their heads is useless : they must be torn up by the roots before any wholesome plant can have room to flourish in the soil.—If we desire that Philosophy may re-enter the temple of Apollo, we must not hesitate to throw down the Corycian Cave the rubbish that defiles its courts and chokes its vestibule. I would apply to subjects of taste the severe morality of Sophocles :

Χρὴν δ' εὐθὺς εἶναι τήνδε τοῖς πᾶσι δίκην,
Ὅστις πέρα πράσσειν γε τῶν νόμων θέλει

KTEINEIN · TO ΓΑΡ ΗΑΝΟΤΡΟΝ ΟΥΚ ΑΝ ΗΝ ΠΟΛΥ
[Sophocles, *Electra*, 1505.]

III

OR CHI SEI TU ?

TEN thousand thousand fathoms down
Beneath the sea he popped :
At last a coral cracked his crown,
And Johnny Raw was stopped¹,

Sir Proteus came and picked him up,
With grim and ghastly smile ;
And asked him to walk in and sup,
And fiddled all the while².

So up he got, and felt his head,
And feared his brain was diddled ;
While still the ocean o'er him spead,
And still Sir Proteus fiddled.

And much surprised he was to be
Beneath the ocean's root³;
Which then he found was one great tree,
Where grew odd fish for fruit.

¹ ' Ten thousand thousand fathoms down he dropped ;
Till in an ice-rift, 'mid the eternal snow,
Foul Arvalan is *stopped*.'

Southey, *Curse of Kehama*.

² Sir Proteus, having fixed himself in the shape most peculiarly remote from taste and nature, that of a minstrel of the Scottish border, continues to act up to the full spirit of the character he has assumed by fiddling with indefatigable pertinacity to the fall of the curtain.

³ For a particular description of the roots of the ocean, see Mr Southey's *Thalaba*,

And there were fish both young and old,
 And fish both great and small ;
 And some of them had heads of gold,
 And some no heads at all.

And now they came where Neptune sate,
 With beard like any Jew,
 With all his Tritons round in state,
 And all his Nereids too :

And when poor Johnny's bleeding scone
 The moody king did view¹,
 He stoutly bellowed, all at once :
 ' Pray who the deuce are you ?

' That thus dare stalk, and walk, and talk,
 Beneath my tree, the sea, sir,
 And break your head, on coral bed,
 Without the leave of me, sir ? '

IV

'ΟΜΑΔΟΣ Δ' ΑΛΙΑΣΤΟΣ ΟΡΩΠΕΙ

Poor Johnny looked exceeding blue²,
 As blue as Neptune's self ;
 And cursed the jade, his skull that threw
 Upon the coral shelf ;

¹ ' Up starts the moody Elfin King,' etc., etc., etc.
Lady of the Lake.

² ' Though in blue ocean seen,
 Blue, darkly, deeply, beautifully blue,
 In all its rich variety of tints,
 Suffused with glowing gold.'—Southey, *Madoc*.

And thrice he cursed the jarring strain
That scraping Proteus sung,
Which forced his mare to rear amain,
And got her rider flung.

His clashing thoughts, that flocked so quick,
He strove in vain to clear ;
For still the ruthless fiddlestick
Was shrieking at his ear,

A piercing modulated shriek¹,
So comically sad,
That oft he strove in vain to speak,
He felt so wondrous mad.

But seeing well, by Neptune's phiz,
He deemed the case no joke,
In spite of all the diz and whiz,
Like parish-clerk he spoke²

A wondrous speech, and all in rhyme,
As long as *Chevy Chase*,
Which made Sir Proteus raise his chime,
While Glaucus fled the place.

He sung of men who nature's law
So little did redoubt,
They flourished when the life was raw,
And when the brain was out³ ;

¹ ' A long, shrill, piercing, modulated cry.'
Southey, *Madoc*.

² This would be no ill compliment to the author last cited, a professed admirer and imitator of Sternhold and Hopkins.

³ There is a gentleman in this condition in Mr Southey's *Curse of Kehama* who is, nevertheless, perfectly alive and vigorous, makes two or three attempts to ravish a young lady, and is invariably repelled by a

Whose arms were iron spinning-wheels,
That twirled when winds did puff,
And forced Old Scratch to ply his heels,
By dint of usage rough.
Grim Neptune bade him stop the peals
Of such infernal stuff.

But when once in, no art could win
To silence Johnny Raw :
For Nereid's grin, nor Triton's fin,
He did not care a straw ;
So still did spin his rhyming din,
Without one hum or haw,
Though still the crazy violin
Kept screaming ' Hoot, awa' ! '

Till all the Tritons gave a yell,
And fled, in rout inglorious,
With all the Nereids, from the spell
Of Johnny's stave laborious,
And Neptune scouted in his shell,
And left stout Raw victorious.

very severe fustigation. *The times have been that when the brains was out the man would die ;* but, with so many living contradictions of this proposition, we can scarcely rank the dead-alive Arvalan among the most monstrous fictions of Hindoo mythology ; whatever we may think of the spinning-wheel arms of Kehama, who contrives to split himself into eight pieces, for the convenience of beating eight devils at once : for which profane amusement he is turned to a red-hot coal. *Voilà la belle imagination !*

V

ASPRO CONCENTO, ORRIBILE ARMONIA

BUT Proteus feared not Johnny's tongue,
And vowed to be the master ;
And still the louder Johnny sung,
Bold Proteus scraped the faster ;

And raised a rhyme of feudal time,
A song of moonlight foray,
Of bandits bold, in days of old,
The Scott, the Kerr, the Murray.

Who, by their good King James desired
To keep up rule and order,
Like trusty guardians, robbed, and fired,
And ravaged all the border.

Then sung he of an English peer¹,
A champion bold and brawny,
Who loved good cheer, and killed his dear,
And thrashed presumptuous Sawney.

Then Roderick, starch in battle's brunt,
The changing theme supplied ;
And Maid, that paddled in a punt
Across Loch Katrine's tide :

And horse, and hound, and bugle's sound,
Inspired the lively lay,
With ho ! ieroe ! and tallyho !
And yoicks ! and harkaway !

¹ ' The good Lord Marmion, by my life ! '

Then much he raved of lunar light,
 Like human conscience changing¹,
 And damsel bright, at dead of night,
 With bold Hibernian ranging ;

¹ Sir Proteus appears to borrow this part of his many-changing melody from the exordium of Mr Scott's *Rokeby*, which is in manner and form following :

The moon is in her summer glow ;
 But hoarse and high the breezes blow,
 And, racking o'er her face, the cloud
 Varies the tincture of her shroud.
 On Barnard's towers, and Tees's stream,
 She changes like a guilty dream,
 When Conscience with remorse and fear
 Goads sleeping Fancy's wild career.
 Her light seemed now the blush of shame,
 Seemed now fierce anger's darker flame,
 Shifting that shade to come and go,
 Like apprehension's hurried glow ;
 Then sorrow's livery dims the air,
 And dies in darkness, like despair.
 Such varied hues the warder sees
 Reflected from the woodland Tees.

It would not be easy to find a minstrel strain more opposite, in every respect, to taste and nature, than this. What is the summer *glow* of the moon ? *Glow* is *heat*, or the *appearance of heat*. But there is no heat in the moon's rays, nor do I believe that the face of the planet ever presented such an appearance. The cloud, which *racks* over the face of the moon, and varies the tincture of her shroud, is a very incomprehensible cloud indeed. Ry *rack* I presume Mr Scott to understand the course of the clouds when in motion. This, Mr Tooke has shown, is not the true meaning of the word. *Rack* is merely *that which is reeked* : a vapour, a steam, an exhalation. It is the past participle of the Anglo-Saxon verb *pocan*, *exhalare* : but to talk of a cloud reeking or steaming over the face of the moon would be downright nonsense. But whether

And buccaneer so stern and staunch,
Who, though historians vary,
Did wondrous feats on tough buck's haunch,
And butt of old Canary.

The fiddle, with a gong-like power,
Still louder, louder swelling,
Resounded till it shook the bower,
Grim Neptune's coral dwelling :

And still Sir Proteus held his course,
To prove his muse no craven,
Until he grew completely hoarse,
And croaked like any raven.

rack signify *motion*, or *vapour*, what is the shroud of the moon, of which the cloud varies the tincture? It cannot be the cloud itself, for in that case the cloud would be said to vary its own tincture. It plainly implies something external to the moon and different from the cloud, and what is that something? Most assuredly nothing that ever came within the scope of meteorological observation. The moon, thus *clouded* and *shrouded*, reflects on her disk various mental phenomena, which are seen by the warder. Now, it is most probable that the warders of past days, like the sentinels of the present, were in the habit of looking at nature with the eyes of vulgar mortals, and not of remarking mental phenomena in the disk of the moon. Had the poor little pitiful whining Wilfrid discovered these chimeras, it would at least have been more in character. The dark-red appearance which would characterize the flame of anger and the glow of apprehension, the moon never assumes but when very near the horizon, and in that position her *tincture* does not vary. 'Shifting a shade to come and go' will scarcely pass for good English on this side of the Tweed. The *livery of sorrow*, if it mean anything, must mean a *mourning coat*, and what idea is conveyed to the mind by the figure of a black livery dying in darkness?

They might have thought, who heard the strum
Of such unusual strain,
That Discord's very self was come,
With all her minstrel train,

Headlong by vengeful Phœbus thrown,
Through ocean's breast to sweep,
To where Sir Bathos sits alone,
Majestic on his wire-wove throne,
Below the lowest deep¹,

VI

COLA DOVE E IL FINIMONDO

THOUGH Johnny prized the Jew's-harp twang
Beyond old Homer's harp²,
He little loved the barbarous clang
Of fiddle cracked and sharp :

¹ Τῇλε μάλ', ἤχι ΒΑΘΙΣΤΟΝ ὑπὸ χθονός ἐστι βέρεθρον,
Τόσσον ξερὸν Ἀλδew, ὅσον οὐρανὸς ἐσθ' ὑπὸ γαίης.

² Our hero is not singular. The harp of Israel is exalted above the lyre of Greece by the poetical orthodoxy of the bards of the lakes :

Mæonium qui jam soliti contemnere *carmen*,
Judaicos discunt *numeros* servantque, coluntque,
Tradidit arcano quoscumque volumine Moses !

Juvenal, *Satires*, xiv, 100.

which accounts for the air of conscious superiority and dignified contempt they assume towards those perverted disciples of Homer and Sophocles, who are insensible to the primitive mellifluence of patriarchal modulation. It is not less creditable to the soundness of their theology than to the purity of their taste, that they herein differ *tota cælo* from the profane Frenchman, who concludes his poem with a treaty between the principal personages

And when the names Sir Proteus said
Of Murray, Kerr, and Scott ;
The sound went crashing through his head,
Like Van Tromp's famous shot¹ ;

Which, like some adamantine rock,
By Hector thrown in sport,
Plumped headlong into Sheerness dock,
And battered down a fort.

Like one astound, John stared around,
And watched his time to fly ;
And quickly spied, amid the tide,
A dolphin sailing by—

And jumped upon him in a crack,
And touched him in the fin,
And rose triumphant, on his back,
Through ocean's roaring din :

While Proteus, on his fiddle bent
Still scraped his feudal jig ;
Nor marked, as on his ballad went,
His bird had hopped the twig.

So Johnny rose 'mid ocean's roar,
And landed was full soon,
Upon a wild and lonely shore,
Beneath the waning moon.

of the ancient and modern religions of Europe, by which it is stipulated that the latter shall continue throned in glory on *Mount Sinai*, while the former shall retain the exclusive and undisturbed possession of *Mount Parnassus*.

¹ This shot, I am informed, is still to be seen at Sheerness.

He sate him down, beside a cave
 As black as hell itself,
 And heard the breakers roar and rave,
 A melancholy elf :

But when he wanted to proceed,
 And advertise his mare,
 In vain he struggled to be freed,
 Such magic fixed him there.

Then came a voice of thrilling force :
 ' In vain my power you brave,
 For here must end your earthly course,
 And here Oblivion's cave.

' Far, far within its deep recess,
 Descends the winding road,
 By which forgotten minstrels press
 To Pluto's drear abode.

' Here Cr—k—r fights his battle o'er,
 And doubly kills the slain,
 Where Y—— no more can nod or snore
 In concert to the strain.

' Here, to psalm tunes thy C—l—r—dge sets
 His serio-comic lay :
 Here his grey Pegasus curvets,
 Where none can hear him bray.

' Here dreaming W—rds—th wanders lost,
 Since Jove hath cleft his deck¹ :

¹ ——— NHA ΘΟΗΝ ἀρλῆτι κεραυνῶ
 ΖΕΥ'Ε ἔλσας ἐκέασσε, μέσῳ ἐνὶ οἴνοπι πόντῳ.
 [Homer, *Odyssey*, v, 131-2].

Lo! on these rocks his tub is tost¹,
A shattered, shapeless wreck.

' Here shall Corruption's *laureate wreath*,
By ancient Dulness twined
With flowers that courtly influence breathe,
Thy votive temples bind.

' Amid the thick Lethean fen
The dull dwarf-laurel springs²,
To bind the brows of venal men,
The tuneful slaves of kings.

' Come, then, and join the apostate train
Of thy poetic stamp,
That vent for gain the loyal strain,
'Mid Stygian vapours damp,
While far below, where Lethe creeps,
The ghost of Freedom sits, and weeps
O'er Truth's extinguished lamp.'

¹ See page 142 *sqq.*

' In such a vessel ne'er before
Did human creature leave the shore.
But say what was it?—Thought of fear!
Well may ye *tremble* when ye hear!
A household tub, like one of those
Which women use to wash their clothes!'

Wordsworth, *Poems*, vol. ii, p. 72.

² The *dwarf-laurel* is a little stunted plant, growing in ditches and bogs, and very dissimilar to that Parnassian shrub 'which Dryden and diviner Spenser wore', as in the *Carmen Triumphale* for the year 1814, mellifluously singeth the Protean bard, Robert Southey, *Esquire, Poet-Laureate!!!*

Χαίρε μοι ὦ ΠΡΩΤΕΥ· σὴ δ' οὐκέτι τέρψεται οἶος
Τέχνη· ΜΙΣΘΟΦΟΡΕΙ ΓΑΡ Ο ΠΟΙΚΙΛΑΟΜΟΡΦΟΣ
ΑΠΟΛΛΩΝ!

L'ENVOY

Good reader ! who have lost your time
 In listening to a noisy rhyme !
 If catgut's din, and tramping pad,
 Have not yet made completely mad
 The little brains you ever had,—
 Hear me, in friendly lay expressing
 A better than the 'Bellman's' blessing
 That Nature may to you dispense
 Just so much share of common sense,
 As may distinguish smoke from fire,
 A shrieking fiddle from a lyre,
 And Phœbus, with his steed of air,
 From poor old Poulter and his Mare.

THE END OF PROTEUS

FROM HEADLONG HALL, 1815

SONG

[By Mr Chromatic]

IN his last binn SIR PETER lies,
 Who knew not what it was to frown :
 Death took him mellow, by surprise,
 And in his cellar stopped him down.
 Through all our land we could not boast
 A knight more gay, more prompt than he,
 To rise and fill a bumper toast,
 And pass it round with THREE TIMES THREE.

None better knew the feast to sway,
 Or keep Mirth's boat in better trim ;
 For Nature had but little clay
 Like that of which she moulded him.

The meanest guest that graced his board
 Was there the freest of the free,
 His bumper toast when PETER poured,
 And pased it round with THREE TIMES THREE.

He kept at true good humour's mark
 The social flow of pleasure's tide :
 He never made a brow look dark,
 Nor caused a tear, but when he died.
 No sorrow round his tomb should dwell :
 More pleased his gay old ghost would be,
 For funeral song and passing bell,
 To hear no sound but THREE TIMES THREE.

GLEE

A HEELTAP ! a heeltap ! I never could bear it !
 So fill me a bumper, a bumper of claret !
 Let the bottle pass freely, don't shirk it nor spare it,
 For a heeltap ! a heeltap ! I never could bear it !

No skylight ! no twilight ! while Bacchus rules o'er us
 No thinking ! no shrinking ! all drinking in chorus :
 Let us moisten our clay, since 'tis thirsty and porous :
 No thinking ! no shrinking ! all drinking in chorus !

LOVE AND OPPORTUNITY

OH ! who art thou, so swiftly flying ?
 My name is Love, the child replied :
 Swifter I pass than south-winds sighing,
 Or streams, through summer vales that glide.
 And who art thou, his flight pursuing ?
 'Tis cold Neglect whom now you see :
 The little god you there are viewing,
 Will die, if once he's touched by me.

¹ Oh ! who art thou so fast proceeding,
 Ne'er glancing back thine eyes of flame ?
 Marked but by few, through earth I'm speeding,
 And Opportunity's my name.
 What form is that, which scowls beside thee ?
 Repentance is the form you see ;
 Learn then, the fate may yet betide thee :
 She seizes them who seize not me.

TERZETTO²

GREY Twilight from her shadowy hill,
 Discolours Nature's vernal bloom,
 And sheds on grove, and field, and rill,
 One placid tint of deepening gloom.

The sailor sighs 'mid shoreless seas,
 Touched by the thought of friends afar,
 As fanned by ocean's flowing breeze,
 He gazes on the western star.

The wanderer hears, in pensive dream,
 The accents of the last farewell,
 As, pausing by the mountain stream,
 He listens to the evening bell.

BALLAD

' O MARY, my sister, thy sorrow give o'er,
 I soon shall return, girl, and leave thee no more :
 But with children so fair, and a husband so kind,
 I shall feel less regret when I leave thee behind.

¹ This stanza is imitated from Machiavelli's *Capitolo dell' Occasione*.

² Imitated from a passage in the *Purgatorio* of Dante.

' I have made thee a bench for the door of thy cot,
And more would I give thee, but more I have not :
Sit and think of me there, in the warm summer day,
And give me three kisses, my labour to pay.'

She gave him three kisses, and forth did he fare,
And long did he wander, and no one knew where ;
And long from her cottage, through sunshine and rain,
She watched his return, but he came not again.

Her children grew up, and her husband grew grey ;
She sate on the bench through the long summer day :
One evening, when twilight was deep on the shore,
There came an old soldier, and stood by the door.

In English he spoke, and none knew what he said,
But her oatcake and milk on the table she spread ;
Then he sate to his supper, and blithely he sung,
And she knew the dear sounds of her own native tongue :

' O rich are the feasts in the Englishman's hall,
And the wine sparkles bright in the goblets of Gaul :
But their mingled attractions I well could withstand,
For the milk and the oatcake of Meirion's dear land.'

' And art thou a Welshman, old soldier ? ' she cried.
' Many years have I wandered ' the stranger replied :
' Twixt Danube and Thames many rivers there be,
But the bright waves of Cynfael are fairest to me.

' I felled the grey oak, ere I hastened to roam,
And I fashioned a bench for the door of my home ;
And well my dear sister my labour repaid,
Who gave me three kisses when first it was made.

' In the old English soldier thy brother appears :
 Here is gold in abundance, the saving of years :
 Give me oatcake and milk in return for my store,
 And a seat by thy side on the bench at the door.'

CHORUS

HAIL to the Headlong ! the Headlong Ap-Headlong !
 All hail to the Headlong, the Headlong Ap-Headlong !
 The Headlong Ap-Headlong
 Ap-Breakneck Ap-Headlong
 Ap-Cataract Ap-Pistyll Ap-Rhaiader Ap-Headlong !

The bright bowl we steep in the name of the Headlong :
 Let the youths pledge it deep to the Headlong Ap-Head-
 long,
 And the rosy-lipped lasses
 Touch the brim as it passes,
 And kiss the red tide for the Headlong Ap-Headlong !

The loud harp resounds in the hall of the Headlong :
 The light step rebounds in the hall of the Headlong
 Where shall music invite us,
 Or beauty delight us,
 If not in the hall of the Headlong Ap-Headlong ?

Huzza ! to the health of the Headlong Ap-Headlong !
 Fill the bowl, fill in floods, to the health of the Headlong !
 Till the stream ruby-glowing,
 On all sides o'erflowing,
 Shall fall in cascades to the health of the Headlong !
 The Headlong Ap-Headlong
 Ap-Breakneck Ap-Headlong
 Ap-Cataract Ap-Pistyll Ap-Rhaiader Ap-Headlong !

THE DEATH OF ŒDIPUS

SPEECH OF THE MESSENGER TO THE CHORUS IN THE
ŒDIPUS AT COLONUS OF SOPHOCLES—[ll. 1586-1662].

[Written in 1815]

YE men of Athens, wondrous is the tale
I bear: the fate of Œdipus: no more
In the lone darkness of his days he roams,
Snatched in strange manner from the paths of men.
You witnessed his departure: no kind hand
Guiding his blindness, but with steadfast tread,
Alone and unsupported, through the woods
And winding rocks he led our wond'ring course.
Till by that broken way, which brazen steps
Uphold, beside the hollow ground he stood,
Where Theseus and Pirithous held erewhile
The compact of inviolable love:
There, in the midst, from the Thorician rock
And the Acherdian cave alike remote,
He sate himself upon the marble tomb,
And loosed his melancholy garb, and called
His daughters, from the living spring to bear
His last ablution. They, to the near hill
Of Ceres hastening, brought the fountain-flood,
And wrapped him in the garments that beseem
Funereal rites. Then subterranean Jove
Thundered: the maidens trembled as they heard,
And beat their breasts, and uttered loud laments.
Touched at the bitter sound, he wrapped his arms
Around them: 'Oh, my children!' he exclaimed,
'The hour and place of my appointed rest
Are found: your father from this breathing world
Departs: a weary lot was yours, my children,
Wide o'er the inhospitable earth to lead
A blind, forlorn, old, persecuted man.
These toils are yours no more: yet well I deem

Affection overweighed them, and the love,
The soul-felt love, which he who caused them bore you,
Where shall you find again ? ' Then on their necks
He wept, and they on his, in speechless woe,
And all was silence round. A thrilling voice
Called ' *Ædipus !* ' the blood of all who heard
Congealed with fear, and every hair grew stiff.
' Oh, *Ædipus !* ' it cried, ' oh, *Ædipus !*
Why tarry we ? for thee alone we wait ! '
He recognized the summons of the god,
And calling Theseus to him, said : ' Oh, friend,
Now take my children by the hand, and pledge
Thy faith inviolate, to afford them ever
Protection and support.' The generous king
Fulfilled his wish, and bade high Jove record
The irrevocable vow. Then *Ædipus*
Folded his daughters in his last embrace,
And said : ' Farewell, my children ! from this spot
Depart with fortitude : the will of fate
From all but Theseus veils the coming scene.'
These words we heard : with the receding maids
We turned away awhile : reverting then
Our looks, the spot where *Ædipus* had been
Was vacant, and King Theseus stood alone,
His hand before his eyes, his head bowed down,
As one oppressed with supernatural light,
Or sight of some intolerable thing.
Then falling prostrate, on the goddess Earth
He called, and Jove, and the Olympian gods,
How perished *Ædipus*, to none beside
Is known : for not the thunderbolts of Jove
Consumed him, nor the whirlwinds of the deep
Rushed o'er his head and swept him from the world,
But with some silent messenger of fate
He passed away in peace, or that dark chasm
By which he stood, disclosed beneath his feet
A tranquil passage to the Stygian flood.

POLYXENA TO ULYSSES

FROM THE HECUBA OF EURIPIDES—[ll. 342-78].

[Written in 1815]

You fold your hand, Ulysses, in your robe,
And turn your head aside as if to shun
My abject supplianee. Fear not, Ithacan !
With willing steps I follow thee, where thou
And strong Necessity, thy queen and mine,
Conduct me to my death. Base were my soul
To beg a milder fate. Why should I live ?
My father was a king : my youthful hopes
Were bright : contending monarchs sought my hand :
I moved illustrious 'mid the Idæan nymphs,
More like a goddess than an earthly maid,
Save in the sure necessity of death.
But now I am a slave : that single word
Makes death my sanctuary : never be it said,
A tyrant's gold could purchase Hector's sister,
To be the vilest handmaid of his house,
To drag long days of ignominious toil,
And waste her nights in solitary tears.
Or should I live to call some slave my lord,
Whom fortune reared to be the bride of kings ?
No ! let me rather close my eyes at once
On the pure light of heaven, to me no more
The light of liberty. Hope has no voice
For Priam's fallen race. I yield myself
A willing victim to the Stygian gods.
Nor thou, my mother, or with deed or word
Impede my course, but smile upon thy child,
Who finds in death a refuge from disgrace.
Hard is the task to bear the unwonted yoke,
And taste the cup of unaccustomed tears.
More blest are they, whom sudden fate absolves
From the long labour of inglorious life.

PROLOGUE

TO MR TOBIN'S COMEDY OF *The Guardians*, PER-
FORMED AT THE THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE,
NOVEMBER, 1816

[Published in 1816]

Spoken by MR ———.

BEYOND the hopes and fears of earlier days,
The frowns of censure and the smiles of praise,
Is he, the bard, on whose untimely tomb,
Your favour bade the Thespian laurel bloom ;
Though late the meed that crowned his minstrel strain,
It has not died, and was not given in vain.
If now our hopes one more memorial rear,
To blend with those that live unwithering here ;
If on that tomb where genius sleeps in night,
One flower expands to bloom in lingering light,
Flower of a stem which no returning spring
Shall clothe anew with buds and blossoming ;
Oh ! yet again the votive wreath allow
To grace his name which cannot bind his brow ;
And, while our tale the scenic maze pursues,
Still prove kind *Guardians* to his orphan muse.

EPILOGUE

TO THE COMEDY OF *The Guardians*

[Published in 1816]

Spoken by MR HARLEY in the character of HINT

At home, abroad, in gossip, or in print,
Who has not felt the magic power of Hint ?
Say, lovely maid, what earthly power can move
That gentle bosom like a hint of love ?

Say, thou spruce beau, oppressed with loads of raiment,
What half so shocking as a hint for payment ?
A hint of need, drawn forth with sad confessions,
Stops the full flow of friendship's loud professions :
A hint of Hyde Park Ring from testy humours,
Stops Hint itself, when most agog for rumours.

Where'er I go, beaux, belles of all degrees,
Come buzzing round me like a swarm of bees :
My crafty hook of sly insinuation
I bait with hints, and fish for information.
'What news, dear Hint ? It does us good to see
Your pleasant face : we're dying with ennui.'
'Me ! bless you ! I know nothing.' 'You're so sly :
You've something in your head' : 'Indeed, not I.
'Tis true, at Lady Rook's, just now I heard
A whisper pass. . . . I don't believe a word
A certain lady is not over blameless,
Touching a certain lord that shall be nameless.'
'Who ? who ? pray tell.' 'Excuse me.' 'Nay, you
shall.'

(In different voices)

'You mean my Lady Plume and Lord Fal-lal',
'Lord Smirk and Mrs Sparkle', 'Lady Simple,
And young Lord Froth', 'Lord Whip and Mrs Dimple'.
(In an Irish accent) 'D'ye mean my wife, sir ? Give
me leave to mention

There's no ill meaning in Lord Sly's attention :
Sir, there's my card : command me : I'll attend,
And talk the matter over with a friend.'
'Dear Major !—no such thing : you're right in scorn-
ing

Such idle tales : I wish you a good-morning.'
Away I speed : from lounge to lounge I run,
With five tales loaded where I fished for one ;
And, *entre nous*, take care the town shall know,
The Major's wife is not quite *comme il faut*.

But Hyde Park Ring my cunning shuns in vain,
 If by your frowns I die in Drury Lane.
 If die I must, think not I'll tamely fall :
 Pit, boxes, gallery, thus I challenge all.
 Ye critics near me and ye gods afar !
 Fair maid, spruce beau, plump cit, and jovial tar !
 Come one and all, roused by my valorous greeting,
 To-morrow night to give bold Hint the meeting :
 Bring all your friends—a host—I'll fit them nicely,
 Place—Drury Lane—time, half-past six precisely.

FROM MELINCOURT, 1817

TRANSLATION [ORPHICA, HYMN XI]

KING of the world ! enthusiast free,
 Who dwell'st in caves of liberty
 And on thy wild pipes notes of glee
 Respondent Nature's harmony
 Leading beneath the spreading tree
 The Bacchanalian revelry !

THE TOMB OF LOVE

By the mossy weed-flower'd column,
 Where the setting moonbeams glance
 Streams a radiance cold and solemn
 On the haunts of old romance :
 Know'st thou what those shafts betoken,
 Scatter'd on that tablet lone,
 Where the ivory bow lies broken
 By the monumental stone !

When true knighthood's shield, neglected,
 Moulder'd in the empty hall ;
 When the charms that shield protected
 Slept in death's eternal thrall ;

THE GHOSTS

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When chivalric glory perish'd
Like the pageant of a dream,
Love in vain its memory cherish'd,
Fired in vain the minstrel's theme.

Falsehood to an elfish minion
Did the form of Love impart ;
Cunning plumed its vampire pinion ;
Avarice tipp'd its golden dart.
Love, the hideous phantom flying,
Hither came, no more to rove :
There his broken bow is lying
On that stone—the tomb of Love !

THE GHOSTS

In life three ghostly friars were we,
And now three friarly ghosts we be.
Around our shadowy table placed,
The spectral bowl before us floats :

With wine that none but ghosts can taste
We wash our unsubstantial throats.
Three merry ghosts—three merry ghosts—three merry
ghosts are we :
To the ocean be Port, and we'll think it good sport
To be laid in that Red Sea.

With songs that jovial spectres chaunt,
Our old refectory still we haunt.
The traveller hears our midnight mirth :
' Listen ! ' he cries, ' the haunted choir !
The merriest ghost that walks the earth
Is sure the ghost of a ghostly friar.'
Three merry ghosts—three merry ghosts—three merry
ghosts are we :
To the ocean be Port, and we'll think it good sport
To be laid in that Red Sea.

THE FLOWER OF LOVE

'Tis said the rose is Love's own flower,
 Its blush so bright, its thorns so many ;
 And winter on its bloom has power,
 But has not on its sweetness any.
 For though young Love's ethereal rose
 Will droop on Age's wintry bosom,
 Yet still its faded leaves disclose
 The fragrance of their earliest blossom.

But ah ! the fragrance lingering there
 Is like the sweets that mournful duty
 Bestows with sadly-soothing care,
 To deck the grave of bloom and beauty.
 For when its leaves are shrunk and dry,
 Its blush extinct, to kindle never,
 That fragrance is but Memory's sigh,
 That breathes of pleasures past for ever.

Why did not Love the amaranth choose,
 That bears no thorns, and cannot perish ?
 Alas ! no sweets its flowers diffuse,
 And only sweets Love's life can cherish.
 But be the rose and amaranth twined,
 And Love, their mingled powers assuming,
 Shall round his brows a chaplet bind,
 For ever sweet, for ever blooming.

BALLAD TERZETTO

THE LADY, THE KNIGHT, AND THE FRIAR

The Lady : O CAVALIER ! what dost thou here,
 Thy tuneful vigils keeping ;
 While the northern star looks cold from far,
 And half the world is sleeping ?

The Knight : O lady ! here, for seven long year,
Have I been nightly sighing,
Without the hope of a single tear
To pity me were I dying.

The Lady : Should I take thee to have and to hold,
Who hast nor lands nor money ?
Alas ! 'tis only in flowers of gold
That married bees find honey.

The Knight : O lady fair ! to my constant prayer
Fate proves at last propitious :
And bags of gold in my hand I bear,
And parchment scrolls delicious.

The Lady : My maid the door shall open throw
For we too long have tarried :
The friar keeps watch in the cellar below,
And we will at once be married.

The Friar : My children ! great is fortune's power ;
And plain this truth appears,
That gold thrives more in a single hour
Than love in seven long years.

TERZETTO

1. HARK ! o'er the silent waters stealing,
The dash of oars sounds soft and clear :
Through night's deep veil, all forms concealing,
Nearer it comes, and yet more near.
2. See ! where the long reflection glistens,
In yon lone tower her watch-light burns :
3. To hear our distant oars she listens,
And, listening, strikes the harp by turns.

1. The stars are bright, the skies unclouded ;
No moonbeams shine ; no breezes wake.
Is it my love, in darkness shrouded,
Whose dashing oar disturbs the lake ?
2. O haste, sweet maid, the chords unrolling ;
The holy hermit chides our stay !
- 2, 3. Hark ! from his lonely islet tolling,
His midnight bell shall guide our way.

THE MORNING OF LOVE

O THE springtime of life is the season of blooming,
And the morning of love is the season of joy ;
Ere noontide and summer, with radiance consuming,
Look down on their beauty, to parch and destroy.

O faint are the blossoms life's pathway adorning.
When the first magic glory of hope is withdrawn ;
For the flowers of the spring, and the light of the morn-
ing,
Have no summer budding, and no second dawn.

Through meadows all sunshine, and verdure, and
flowers,
The stream of the valley in purity flies ;
But mix'd with the tides, where some proud city lowers,
O where is the sweetness that dwelt on its rise ?

The rose withers fast on the breast it first graces ;
Its beauty is fled ere the day be half done :—
And life is that stream which its progress defaces,
And love is that flower which can bloom but for one.

INVOCATION

ΤΙΝΕ ἀναξ, καλέω σε μολεῖν κεχαρηότα ΜΥΣΤΑΙΣ·
 καὶ σε, μάκαρ. λίτομαι, τανυσίπτερε, οἴλε' ΟΝΕΙΡΕ·
 καὶ ΝΕΦΕΛΑΣ καλέω, δροσοείμονας, ἡεροπλάγκτους·
 ΝΥΚΤΑ τε πρεσβίστην, πολυήρατον' ΟΡΓΙΟΦΑΝΤΑΙΣ,
 ΝΥΚΤΕΡΙΟΤΣ τε ΘΕΟΤΣ, ὑπὸ κεύθεσιν οἰκί' ἔχοντας,
 ἀντρω ἐν ἡεροέντι, παρὰ ΣΤΥΓΟΣ ἱερὸν ὕδωρ·
 ΠΡΩΤΕΙ σὺν πολυβούλῳ, δν' ΟΛΒΟΔΟΤΗΝ καλέουσιν.

O sovereign Sleep ! in whose papaverous glen
 Dwell the dark Muses of Cimmerian men !
 O Power of Dreams ! whose dusky pinions shed
 Primeval chaos on the slumberer's head !
 Ye misty Clouds ! amid whose folds sublime
 Blind Faith invokes the Ghost of Feudal Time !
 And thou, thick night ! beneath whose mantle rove
 The Phantom Powers of Subterranean Jove !
 Arise, propitious to the mystic strain,
 From Lethe's flood, and Zeal's Tartarian fane ;
 Where Freedom's Shade, 'mid Stygian vapours damp
 Sits, cold and pale, by Truth's extinguished lamp ;
 While Cows and Crowns portentous orgies hold,
 And tuneful Proteus seals his eyes with gold !

THE SUN-DIAL

THE ivy o'er the mouldering wall
 Spreads like a tree, the growth of years :
 The wild wind through the doorless hall
 A melancholy music rears,
 A solitary voice, that sighs,
 O'er man's forgotten pageantries.
 Above the central gate, the clock,
 Through clustering ivy dimly seen,
 Seems, like the ghost of Time, to mock
 The wrecks of power that once has been.

The hands are rusted on its face ;
Even where they ceased, in years gone by,
To keep the flying moments' pace :
Fixing, in Fancy's thoughtful eye,
A point of ages passed away,
A speck of time, that owns no tie
With aught that lives and breathes to-day.

But 'mid the rank and towering grass,
Where breezes wave, in mournful sport,
The weeds that choke the ruined court,
The careless hours, that circling pass,
Still trace upon the dialled brass
The shade of their unvarying way :
And evermore, with every ray
That breaks the clouds and gilds the air,
Time's stealthy steps are imaged there :
Even as the long-revolving years
In self-reflecting circles flow,
From the first bud the hedgerow bears,
To wintry nature's robe of snow.
The changeful forms of mortal things
Decay and pass ; and art and power
Oppose in vain the doom that flings
Oblivion on their closing hour ;
While still, to every woodland vale,
New blooms, new fruits, the seasons bring,
For other eyes and lips to hail,
With looks and sounds of welcoming :
As where some stream light eddying roves
By sunny meads and shadowy groves,
Wave following wave departs for ever,
But still flows on the eternal river.

QUINTETTO

Mr Feathernest, Mr Vamp, Mr Killthedeath, Mr Paperstamp, and Mr Anyside Antijack.

To the tune of *Turning, turning, turning, as the wheel goes round.*

Recitative—Mr Paperstamp: Jack Horner's CHRISTMAS
PIE my learned nurse
Interpreted to mean the *public purse*.
From thence a *plum* he drew. O happy
Horner!
Who would not be ensconced in thy snug corner?

The Five: While round the public board all eagerly
we linger,
For what we can get we will try, try, try:
And we'll all have a finger, a finger, a finger,
We'll all have a finger in the CHRISTMAS PIE.

Mr Feathernest: By my own poetic laws, I'm a dealer
in applause
For those who don't deserve it, but will buy,
buy, buy:
So round the corner I linger, and thus I get
a finger,
A finger, finger, finger in the CHRISTMAS PIE.

The Five: And we'll all have a finger, a finger, a finger,
We'll all have a finger in the CHRISTMAS PIE.

Mr Vamp: My share of pie to win, I will dash
through thick and thin,

And philosophy and liberty shall fly, fly, fly :
And truth and taste shall know, that their
everlasting foe
Has a finger, finger, finger in the CHRISTMAS
PIE.

The Five : And we'll all have a finger, a finger,
a finger,
We'll all have a finger in the CHRISTMAS PIE.

Mr Killthedeath : I'll make my verses rattle with the
din of war and battle,
For war doth increase sa-la-ry, ry, ry :
And I'll shake the public ears with the triumph
of Algiers,
And thus I'll get a finger in the CHRISTMAS
PIE.

The Five : And we'll all have a finger, a finger,
a finger,
We'll all have a finger in the CHRISTMAS PIE.

Mr Paperstamp : And while you thrive by ranting, I'll
try my luck at canting
And scribble verse and prose all so dry, dry,
dry :
And Mystic's patent smoke public intellect
shall choke,
And we'll all have a finger in the CHRISTMAS
PIE.

The Five : We'll all have a finger, a finger, a finger,
We'll all have a finger in the CHRISTMAS PIE.

Mr Anyside Antijack : My tailor is so clever, that my
coat will turn for ever,
And take any colour you can dye, dye, dye :
For my earthly wishes are among the loaves
and fishes,
And to have [my little finger in the CHRISTMAS
PIE.

The Five : And we'll all have a finger, a finger, a
finger,
We'll all have a finger in the CHRISTMAS PIE.

THE MAGIC BARK

O FREEDOM ! power of life and light !
Sole nurse of truth and glory !
Bright dweller on the rocky cliff !
Lone wanderer on the sea !
Where'er the sunbeam slumbers bright
On snow-clad mountains hoary ;
Wherever flies the veering skiff,
O'er waves that breathe of thee !
Be thou the guide of all my thought—
The source of all my being—
The genius of my waking mind—
The spirit of my dreams !
To me thy magic spell be taught,
The captive spirit freeing,
To wander with the ocean-wind
Where'er thy beacon beams.
O sweet it were, in magic bark,
On one loved breast reclining,
To sail around the varied world,
To every blooming shore ;
And oft the gathering storm to mark

Its lurid folds combining ;
And safely ride, with sails unfurled,
Amid the tempest's roar ;
And see the mighty breakers rave
On cliff and sand and shingle,
And hear, with long re-echoing shock,
The caverned steeps reply ;
And while the storm-cloud and the wave
In darkness seemed to mingle,
To skim beside the surf-swept rock,
And glide uninjured by.

And when the summer seas were calm,
And summer skies were smiling,
And evening came, with clouds of gold,
To gild the western wave ;
And gentle airs and dews of balm,
The pensive mind beguiling,
Should call the Ocean Swain to fold
His sea-flocks in the cave,
Unearthly music's tenderest spell,
With gentlest breezes blending,
And waters softly rippling near
The prow's light course along,
Should flow from Triton's winding shell,
Through ocean's depths ascending
From where it charmed the Nereid's ear,
Her coral bowers among.

How sweet, where eastern Nature smiles,
With swift and mazy motion
Before the odour-breathing breeze
Of dewy morn to glide ;
Or 'mid the thousand emerald isles
That gem the southern ocean,
Where fruits and flowers, from loveliest trees,
O'erhang the slumbering tide :

Or up some western stream to sail,
To where its myriad fountains
Roll down their everlasting rills
From many a cloud-capped height,
Till mingling in some nameless vale,
'Mid forest-cinctured mountains,
The river-cataract shakes the hills
With vast and volumed might.
The poison-trees their leaves should shed,
The yellow snake should perish,
The beasts of blood should crouch and cower,
Where'er that vessel past :
All plagues of fens and vapours bred,
That tropic fervours cherish,
Should fly before its healing power,
Like mists before the blast.
Where'er its keel the strand imprint
The young fruit's ripening cluster,
The bird's free song, its touch should greet
The opening flower's perfume ;
The streams along the green earth's breast
Should roll in purer lustre,
And love should heighten every sweet,
And brighten every bloom.

And, Freedom ! thy meridian blaze
Should chase the clouds that lower,
Wherever mental twilight dim
Obscures Truth's vestal flame,
Wherever Fraud and Slavery raise
The throne of bloodstained Power,
Wherever Fear and Ignorance hymn
Some fabled demon's name !
The bard, where torrents thunder down
Beside thy burning altar,
Should kindle, as in days of old,
The mind's ethereal fire ;

Ere yet beneath a tyrant's frown
 The Muse's voice could falter,
 Or Flattery strung with chords of gold
 The minstrel's venal lyre.

SIR HORNBOOK

OR, CHILDE LAUNCELOT'S EXPEDITION—A GRAMMA-
 TICO-ALLEGORICAL BALLAD

[Published in 1818]

[Reprinted in Summerly's *Home Treasury*, 1846]

I

O'ER bush and brier Childe Launcelot sprung¹
 With ardent hopes elate,
 And loudly blew the horn that hung
 Before Sir Hornbook's gate.

The inner portals opened wide,
 And forward strode the chief,
 Arrayed in paper helmet's pride,
 And arms of golden leaf.

'What means', he cried, 'this daring noise,
 That wakes the summer day?
 I hate all idle truant boys:
 Away, Sir Childe, away!'

'No idle truant boy am I',
 Childe Launcelot answered straight;
 'Resolved to climb this hill so high,
 I seek thy castle gate.'

¹ Childe, in our old ballads, often signifies a *knight*.

' Behold the talisman I bear,
And aid my bold design ' :
Sir Hornbook gazed, and written there,
Knew Emulation's sign.

' If Emulation sent thee here ',
Sir Hornbook quick replied,
' My merry men all shall soon appear,
To aid thy cause with shield and spear,
And I will head thy bold career,
And prove thy faithful guide.'

Loud rung the chains ; the drawbridge fell ;
The gates asunder flew ;
The knight thrice beat the portal bell,
And thrice, he called ' Halloo '.

And out, and out, in hasty rout,
By ones, twos, threes, and fours ;
His merry men rushed the walls without,
And stood before the doors.

II

FULL six-and-twenty men were they ¹,
In line of battle spread :
The first that came was mighty A,
The last was little Z.

Six vocal men Sir Hornbook had ²,
Four double men to boot ³,

¹ There are twenty-six letters, a, b, c, d, e, f, g, h, i, j, k, l, m, n, o, p, q, r, s, t, u, v, w, x, y, z.

² Of these are vowels, a, e, i, o, u, y.

³ Four are double letters, j, w, x, z.

And four were liquids soft and sad¹,
And all the rest were mute².

He called his *Corporal* Syllable³,
To range the scattered throng ;
And *Captain* Word⁴ disposed them well
In bands compact and strong.

' Now, mark, Sir Childe ', Sir Hornbook said,
' These well compacted powers
Shall lead thy vent'rous steps to tread
Through all the Muses' bowers.

' If rightly thou thyself address,
To use their proffer'd aid :
Still unallured by idleness,
By labour undismayed ;

' For many troubles intervene,
And perils widely spread,
Around the groves of evergreen,
That crown this mountain's head :
But rich reward he finds, I ween,
Who through them all has sped '.

Childe Launcelot felt his bosom glow
At thought of noble deed ;
Resolved through every path to go,
Where that bold knight should lead.

Sir Hornbook wound his bugle horn,
Full long, and loud, and shrill ;
His merry men all, for conquest born,
With armour glittering to the morn,
Went marching up the hill.

¹ Four are liquids, l, m, n, r,

² And twelve are mutes, b, c, d, f, g, h, k, p, q, s, t, v.

³ A syllable is a distinct sound of one or more letters pronounced in a breath.

⁴ Words are articulate sounds used by common consent, as signs of our ideas.

III

'WHAT men are you beside the way ?'

The bold Sir Hornbook cried :

'My name is *The*, my brother's *A* ',

Sir Article replied¹.

'My brother's home is anywhere²,

At large and undefined ;

But I a preference ever bear³

For one fixed spot, and settle there :

Which speaks my constant mind '.

'What ho ! Childe Launcelot ! seize them there,

And look you have them sure !'

Sir Hornbook cried 'My men shall bear

Your captives off secure '.

The twain were seized : Sir Hornbook blew

His bugle loud and shrill :

His merry-men all, so stout and true,

Went marching up the hill.

IV

AND now a wider space they gained,

A steeper, harder ground,

Where by one ample wall contained,

All earthly *things* they found⁴ :

¹ There are two articles, *the*, definite ; *a* or *an*, indefinite.

² The *indefinite* article is used generally and indeterminate to point out one single thing of a kind : as 'There is *a* dog ; Give me *an* orange'.

³ The *definite* article defines and specifies particular objects : as, 'Those are *the* men ; give me *the* book'.

⁴ A noun is the name of whatsoever *thing* or *being* we see or discourse of.

All *beings*, rich, poor, weak, or wise,
Were there, full strange to see,
And *attributes* and *qualities*
Of high and low degree.

Before the circle stood a knight,
Sir Substantive his name¹,
With Adjective, his lady bright,
Who *seemed* a portly dame ;

Yet only *seemed* ; for whensoe'er
She strove to *stand alone*²,
She proved no more than smoke and air,
Who looked like flesh and bone.

And therefore to her husband's arm
She clung for evermore,
And lent him many a grace and charm
He had not known before ;

Yet these the knight felt well advised,
He might have done without ;
For lightly foreign help he prized,
He was so staunch and stout.

Five sons had they, their dear delight,
Of different forms and faces ;
And *two* of them were numbers bright³,
And *three* they christened cases⁴.

¹ Nouns are of two kinds, substantives and adjectives. A noun substantive declares its own meaning, and requires not another word to be joined with it to show its signification ; as, *man*, *book*, *apple*.

² A noun adjective cannot stand alone, but always requires to be joined with a substantive, of which it shows the nature or quality, as ' A *good* girl, a *naughty* boy '.

³ Nouns have two numbers, singular and plural ;

⁴ and three cases : nominative, possessive, and objective.

Now loudly rung Sir Hornbook's horn ;
Childe Launcelot poised his spear ;
And on they rushed, to conquest borne,
In swift and full career.

Sir Substantive kicked down the wall :
It fell with furious rattle :
And earthly *things* and *beings* all,
Rushed forth to join the battle.

But earthly *things* and *beings* all,
Though mixed in boundless plenty,
Must one by one dissolving fall
To Hornbook's six-and-twenty.

Childe Launcelot won the arduous fray,
And, when they ceased from strife,
Led stout Sir Substantive away,
His children, and his wife.

Sir Hornbook wound his horn again,
Full long, and loud, and shrill :
His merry men all, a warlike train,
Went marching up the hill.

V

Now when Sir Pronoun looked abroad¹,
And spied the coming train,
He left his fort beside the road,
And ran with might and main.

Two cloth-yard shafts from I and U,
Went forth with whizzing sound :

¹ A pronoun is used instead of a noun, and may be considered its *locum tenens*, or deputy : as 'The king is gone to Windsor, *he* will return to-morrow'.

Like lightning sped the arrows true,
Sir Pronoun pressed the ground :
But darts of science ever flew
To conquer, not to wound.

His fear was great : his hurt was small :
Childe Launcelot took his hand :
' Sir Knight ', said he, ' though doomed to fall
Before my conquering band,

' Yet knightly treatment shall you find,
On faith of cavalier :
Then join Sir Substantive behind,
And follow our career '.

Sir Substantive, that man of might,
Felt knightly anger rise ;
For he had marked Sir Pronoun's flight
With no approving eyes.

' Great Substantive, my sovereign liege ! '
Thus sad Sir Pronoun cried,
' When you had fallen in furious siege,
Could I the shock abide ?

' That all resistance would be vain,
Too well, alas ! I knew :
For what could I, when you were ta'en,
Your poor *lieutenant*, do ? '

Then louder rung Sir Hornbook's horn,
In signals loud and shrill :
His merry men all, for conquest born,
Went marching up the hill.

VI

Now steeper grew the rising ground,
And rougher grew the road,
As up the steep ascent they wound
To bold Sir Verb's abode ¹.

Sir Verb was old, and many a year,
All scenes and climates seeing,
Had run a wild and strange career
Through every mode of being.

And every aspect, shape, and change
Of *action*, and of *passion* :
And known to him was all the range
Of feeling, taste, and fashion.

He was an Augur, quite at home
In all things present done ²,
Deeds past, and every act to come
In ages yet to run.

Entrenched in intricacies strong,
Ditch, fort, and palisado,
He marked with scorn the coming throng,
And breathed a bold bravado :

' Ho ! who are you that dare invade
My turrets, moats, and fences ?
Soon will your vaunting courage fade,
When on the walls, in lines arrayed,
You see me marshal undismayed
My host of moods and tenses ' ³.

¹ A verb is a word which signifies to *be*, to *do*, or to *suffer* : as ' I am, I love, I am loved '.

² The two lines in *italics* are taken from Chapman's Homer.

³ Verbs have five moods : the indicative, imperative, potential, subjunctive, and infinitive.

'In vain', Childe Launcelot cried in scorn,
 'On them is your reliance';
 Sir Hornbook wound his bugle horn,
 And twang'd a loud defiance.

They swam the moat, they scaled the wall,
 Sir Verb, with rage and shame,
 Beheld his valiant *general* fall,
 Infinitive by name¹.

Indicative *declared* the foes²
 Should perish by his hand;
 And stout Imperative arose
 The squadron to *command*³.

Potential⁴ and Subjunctive⁵ then
 Came forth with doubt and chance.
 All fell alike, with all their men,
 Before Sir Hornbook's lance.

Action and Passion nought could do
 To save Sir Verb from fate;
 Whose doom poor Participle knew⁶,
 He must *participate*.

¹ The infinitive mood expresses a thing in a general and unlimited manner: as 'To love, to walk, to be ruled'.

² The indicative mood simply indicates or declares a thing, as, 'He loves: he is loved': or asks a question: as 'Does he love? Is he loved?'

³ The imperative mood commands or entreats: as 'Depart: come hither: forgive me'.

⁴ The potential mood implies possibility or obligation: as 'It may rain; they should learn'.

⁵ The subjunctive mood implies contingency: as 'If he were good, he would be happy'.

⁶ The participle is a certain form of the verb, and is so called from participating the nature of a verb and an adjective: as 'he is an *admired* character; she is a *loving* child'.

Then Adverb, who had skulked behind¹,
To shun the mighty jar,
Came forward, and himself resigned
A prisoner of war.

Three children of Imperative,
Full strong, though somewhat small,
Next forward came, themselves to give
To conquering Launcelot's thrall.

Conjunction press'd to join the crowd²;
But Preposition swore³,
Though Interjection sobb'd aloud⁴,
That he would go before.

Again his horn Sir Hornbook blew,
Full long, and loud, and shrill;
His merry men all, so stout and true,
Went marching up the hill.

¹ The adverb is joined to verbs, to adjectives, and to other adverbs, to qualify their signification: as 'that is a *remarkably* swift horse: it is *extremely* well done'.

² A conjunction is a part of speech chiefly used to connect words: as 'King *and* constitution'; or sentences: as 'I went to the theatre, *and* saw the new pantomime'.

³ A preposition is most commonly set before another word to show its relation to some word or sentence preceding: as 'The fisherman went *down* the river *with* his boat'.

Conjunctions and prepositions are for the most part imperative moods of obsolete verbs: thus, *and* signifies *add*: 'John *and* Peter; John *add* Peter: the fisherman *with* his boat; the fisherman, *join* his boat'.

⁴ Interjections are words thrown in between the parts of a sentence, to express passions or emotions: as 'Oh!' 'Alas!'

VII

SIR SYNTAX dwelt in thick fir-grove¹,
All strown with scraps of flowers²,
Which he had pluck'd to please his love,
Among the Muses' bowers.

His love was gentle Prosody³,
More fair than morning beam ;
Who lived beneath a flowering tree,
Beside a falling stream.

And these two claim'd, with high pretence,
The whole Parnassian ground,
Albeit some little difference
Between their taste was found :
Sir Syntax he was all for sense,
And Prosody for sound.

Yet in them both the Muses fair
Exceedingly delighted ;
And thought no earthly thing so rare,
That might with that fond twain compare,
When they were both *united*.

' Ho ! yield, Sir Syntax ! ' Hornbook cried,
' This youth must pass thy grove,
Led on by me, his faithful guide,
In yonder bowers to rove '.

¹ Syntax is that part of grammar, which treats of the agreement and construction of words in a sentence.

² I allude to the poetical fragments with which syntax is illustrated.

³ Prosody is that part of grammar which treats of the true pronunciation of words, and the rules of versification.

Thereat full much Sir Syntax said,
But found resistance vain :
And through his grove Childe Launcelot sped,
With all Sir Hornbook's train.

They reach'd the tree where Prosody
Was singing in the shade :
Great joy Childe Launcelot had to see,
And hear that lovely maid.

Now onwards as they press'd along,
Did nought their course oppose ;
Till full before the martial throng
The Muses' gates arose.

There Etymology they found¹,
Who scorned surrounding fruits ;
And ever dug in deepest ground,
For old and mouldy roots.

Sir Hornbook took Childe Launcelot's hand,
And tears at parting fell :
' Sir Childe ', he said, ' with all my band
I bid you here farewell.

' Then wander through these sacred bowers,
Unfearing and alone :
All shrubs are here, and fruits, and flowers,
To happiest climates known '.

Once more his horn Sir Hornbook blew,
A parting signal shrill :
His merry men all, so stout and true,
Went marching down the hill.

¹ Etymology is that part of grammar, which investigates the *roots*, or *derivation*, of words.

Childe Launcelot pressed the sacred ground,
With hope's exulting glow ;
Some future song perchance may sound
The wondrous things which there he found,
If you the same would know.

RHODODAPHNE

OR, THE THESSALIAN SPELL

A POEM

[Published by Hookhams, 1818]

PREFACE

The ancient celebrity of Thessalian magic is familiar, even from Horace, to every classical reader. The *Metamorphoses* of Apuleius turn entirely upon it, and the following passage in that work might serve as the text of a long commentary on the subject. 'Considering that I was now in the middle of Thessaly, celebrated by the accordant voice of the world as the birthplace of the magic art, I examined all things with intense curiosity. Nor did I believe anything which I saw in that city (Hypata) to be what it appeared ; but I imagined that every object around me had been changed by incantation from its natural shape ; that the stones of the streets, and the waters of the fountains, were indurated and liquefied human bodies ; and that the trees which surrounded the city, and the birds which were singing in their boughs, were equally human beings, in the disguise of leaves and feathers. I expected the statues and images to walk, the walls to speak ; I anticipated prophetic voices from the cattle, and oracles from the morning sky'.

According to Pliny¹, Menander, who was skilled in the subtleties of learning, composed a Thessalian drama, in which he comprised the incantations and magic ceremonies of women drawing down the moon. Pliny considers the belief in magic as the combined effect of the operations of three powerful causes, medicine, superstition, and the mathematical arts. He does not mention music, to which the ancients (as is shown by the fables of Orpheus, Amphion, the Sirens, etc.) ascribed the most miraculous powers; but strictly speaking, it was included in the mathematical arts, as being a science of numerical proportion.

The belief in the supernatural powers of music and pharmacy ascends to the earliest ages of poetry. Its most beautiful forms are the Circe of Homer, and Medea in the days of her youth, as she appears in the third book of Apollonius.

Lucian's treatise on the Syrian Goddess contains much wild and wonderful imagery; and his Philopseudes, though it does not mention Thessalian magic in particular, is a compendium of almost all the ideas entertained by the ancients of supernatural power, distinct from, and subordinate to, that of the gods; though the gods were supposed to be drawn from their cars by magic, and compelled, however reluctantly, to yield it a temporary obedience. These subjects appear to have been favourite topics with the ancients in their social hours, as we may judge from the Philopseudes, and from the tales related by Niceros and Trimalchio at the feast given by the latter in the Satyricon of Petronius. Trimalchio concludes his marvellous narrative by saying (in the words which form the motto of this poem): 'You must of necessity believe that there are women of supernatural science, framers of nocturnal incantations, who can turn the world upside down'.

It will appear from these references, and more might have been made if it had not appeared superfluous, that the power ascribed by the ancients to Thessalian

¹ [*Natural History*, xxx., 2].

magic is by no means exaggerated in the following poem, though its forms are in some measure diversified.

The opening scene of the poem is in the Temple of Love at Thespia, a town of Bœotia, near the foot of Mount Helicon. That Love was the principal deity of Thespia we learn from Pausanias; and Plutarch, in the beginning of his Erotic dialogue, informs us, that a festival in honour of this deity was celebrated by the Thespians with great splendour every fifth year. They also celebrated a quinquennial festival in honour of the Muses, who had a sacred grove and temple in Helicon. Both these festivals are noticed by Pausanias, who mentions likewise the three statues of Love (though without any distinguishing attributes), and those of Venus and Phryne by Praxiteles. The Winged Love of Praxiteles, in Pentelican marble, which he gave to his mistress Phryne, who bestowed it on her native Thespia, was held in immense admiration by the ancients. Cicero¹ speaks of it as the great and only attraction of Thespia.

The time is an intermediate period between the age of the Greek tragedians, who are alluded to in the second canto, and that of Pausanias, in whose time the Thespian altar had been violated by Nero, and Praxiteles's statue of Love removed to Rome, for which outrageous impiety, says Pausanias, he was pursued by the just and manifest vengeance of the gods, who, it would seem, had already terrified Claudius into restoring it, when Caligula had previously taken it away.

The second song in the fifth canto is founded on the Homeric hymn, *Bacchus, or the Pirates*. Some other imitations of classical passages, but for the most part interwoven with unborrowed ideas, will occur to the classical reader.

The few notes subjoined are such as seemed absolutely necessary to explain or justify the text. Those of the latter description might, perhaps, have been more numerous, if much deference had seemed due to

¹ [Cicero, *In Verrem*, ii. 4. 2].

that species of judgment, which, having neither light nor tact of its own, can only see and feel through the medium of authority.

Σοφὸς ὁ πολλὰ εἰδὼς φυᾶ·
μαθόντες δὲ λάβροι
παγγλωσσία, κόρακες ὥς, ἀκραντα γαρύετον
Διὸς πρὸς ὄρνιχα θείον.

Pindar, *Olymp.*, ii. 155.

Rogo vos, oportet, credatis, sunt mulieres plus sciæ,
sunt nocturnæ, et quod sursum est deorsum faciunt—
Petronius [*Satyricon*, 63].

THE bards and sages of departed Greece
Yet live, for mind survives material doom ;
Still, as of yore, beneath the myrtle bloom
They strike their golden lyres, in sylvan peace.
Wisdom and Liberty may never cease,
Once having been, to be : but from the tomb
Their mighty radiance streams along the gloom
Of ages evermore without decrease.
Among those gifted bards and sages old,
Shunning the living world, I dwell, and hear,
Reverent, the creeds they held, the tales they told :
And from the songs that charmed their latest ear,
A yet ungathered wreath, with fingers bold,
I weave, of bleeding love and magic mysteries drear.

CANTO I

THE rose and myrtle blend in beauty
Round Thespian Love's hypæthric fane ;
And there alone, with festal duty
Of joyous song and choral train,
From many a mountain, stream, and vale,
And many a city fair and free,
The sons of Greece commingling hail
Love's primogenial deity.

Central amid the myrtle grove
 That venerable temple stands :
 Three statues, raised by gifted hands,
 Distinct with sculptured emblems fair,
 His threefold influence imaged bear,
 Creative, Heavenly, Earthly Love¹.
 The first, of stone and sculpture rude,
 From immemorial time has stood ;
 Not even in vague tradition known
 The hand that raised that ancient stone.
 Of brass the next, with holiest thought,
 The skill of Sicyon's artist wrought²,

¹ Primogenial, or Creative Love, in the Orphic mythology, is the first-born of Night and Chaos, the most ancient of the gods, and the parent of all things. According to Aristophanes, Night produced an egg in the bosom of Erebus, and the golden-winged Love burst in due season from the shell. The Egyptians, as Plutarch informs us in his Erotic dialogue, recognized three distinct powers of Love : the Uranian, or Heavenly ; the Pandemian, Vulgar or Earthly ; and the Sun. That the identity of the Sun and Primogenial Love was recognized also by the Greeks, appears from the community of their epithets in mythological poetry, as in this Orphic line : Πρωτόγονος Φαέδων περιμήκεος ἥερος νιός. Lactanius observes that Love was called Πρωτόγονος, which signifies both first-produced and first-producing, because nothing was born before him, but all things have proceeded from him. Primogenial Love is represented in antiques mounted on the back of a lion, and, being of Egyptian origin, is traced by the modern astronomical interpreters of mythology to the Leo of the Zodiac. Uranian Love, in the mythological philosophy of Plato, is the deity or genius of pure mental passion for the good and the beautiful ; and Pandemian Love, of ordinary sexual attachment.

² Lysippus.

The third, a marble form divine,
That seems to move, and breathe, and smile,
Fair Phryne to this holy shrine
Conveyed, when her propitious wile
Had forced her lover to impart
The choicest treasure of his art¹,
Her, too, in sculptured beauty's pride,
His skill has placed by Venus' side ;
For well the enraptured gaze descries
Which best might claim the Hesperian prize.

) Fairest youths and maids assembling
Dance the myrtle bowers among :
Harps to softest numbers trembling
Pour the impassioned strain along,
Where the poet's gifted song
Holds the intensely listening throng.
Matrons grave and sages gray
Lead the youthful train to pay
Homage on the opening day
Of Love's returning festival :

¹ Phryne was the mistress of Praxiteles. She requested him to give her his most beautiful work, which he promised to do, but refused to tell which of his works was in his own estimation the best. One day, when he was with Phryne, her servant running in announced to him that his house was on fire. Praxiteles started up in great agitation, declaring that all the fruit of his labour would be lost, if his Love should be injured by the flames. His mistress dispelled his alarm, by telling him that the report of the fire was merely a stratagem, by which she had obtained the information she desired. Phryne thus became possessed of the masterpiece of Praxiteles, and bestowed it on her native Thespia. Strabo names, instead of Phryne, Glycera, who was also a Thespian ; but in addition to the testimony of Pausanias and Athenæus, Casaubon cites a Greek epigram on Phryne, which mentions her dedication of the Thespian Love.

Every fruit and every flower
Sacred to his gentler power,
Twined in garlands bright and sweet,
They place before his sculptured feet,
And on his name they call :
From thousand lips, with glad acclaim,
Is breathed at once that sacred name ;
And music, kindling at the sound,
Wafts holier, tenderer strains around :
The rose a richer sweet exhales ;
The myrtle waves in softer gales ;
Through every breast one influence flies ;
All hate, all evil passion dies ;
The heart of man, in that blest spell,
Becomes at once a sacred cell,
Where Love, and only Love, can dwell¹.

From Ladon's shores Anthemion came,
Arcadian Ladon, loveliest tide
Of all the streams of Grecian name
Through rocks and sylvan hills that glide.
The flower of all Arcadia's youth
Was he : such form and face, in truth,
As thoughts of gentlest maidens seek
In their day-dreams : soft, glossy hair
Shadowed his forehead, snowy-fair,
With many a hyacinthine cluster :
Lips, that in silence seemed to speak,
Were his, and eyes of mild blue lustre :
And even the paleness of his cheek,
The passing trace of tender care,

¹ Sacrifices were offered at this festival for the appeasing of all public and private dissensions. Autobulus, in the beginning of Plutarch's Erotic dialogue, says, that his father and mother, when first married, went to the Thespian festival, to sacrifice to Love, on account of a quarrel between their parents.

Still showed how beautiful it were
If its own natural bloom were there.

His native vale, whose mountains high
The barriers of this world had been,
His cottage home, and each dear scene
His haunt from earliest infancy,
He left, to Love's fair fane to bring
His simple wild-flower offering.
She with whose life his life was twined,
His own Calliroë, long had pined
With some strange ill, and none could find
What secret cause did thus consume
That peerless maiden's roseate bloom :
The Asclepian sage's skill was vain ;
And vainly have their vows been paid
To Pan, beneath the odorous shade
Of his tall pine ; and other aid
Must needs be sought to save the maid :
And hence Anthemion came, to try
In Thespia's old solemnity,
If such a lover's prayers may gain
From Love in his primeval fane.

He mingled in the votive train,
That moved around the altar's base.
Every statue's beauteous face
Was turned towards that central altar.
Why did Anthemion's footsteps falter ?
Why paused he, like a tale-struck child,
Whom darkness fills with fancies wild ?
A vision strange his sense had bound :
It seemed the brazen statue frowned—
The marble statue smiled.
A moment, and the semblance fled :
And when again he lifts his head,
Each sculptured face alone presents
Its fixed and placid lineaments.

He bore a simple wild-flower wreath :

Narcissus, and the sweet-briar rose ;
Vervain, and flexile thyme, that breathe
Rich fragrance ; modest heath, that glows
With purple bells ; the amaranth bright,
That no decay nor fading knows,
Like true love's holiest, rarest light ;
And every purest flower, that blows
In that sweet time, which Love most blesses,
When spring on summer's confines presses.

Beside the altar's foot he stands,
And murmurs low his suppliant vow,
And now uplifts with duteous hands
The votive wild-flower wreath, and now—
At once, as when in vernal night
Comes pale frost or eastern blight,
Sweeping with destructive wing
Banks untimely blossoming,
Droops the wreath, the wild-flowers die ;
One by one on earth they lie,
Blighted strangely, suddenly.

His brain swims round ; portentous fear
Across his wildered fancy flies :
Shall death thus seize his maiden dear ?
Does Love reject his sacrifice ?
He caught the arm of a damsel near,
And soft sweet accents smote his ear :
—'What ails thee, stranger ? Leaves are sear,
And flowers are dead, and fields are drear,
And streams are wild, and skies are bleak,
And white with snow each mountain's peak.
When winter rules the year ;
And children grieve, as if for aye
Leaves, flowers, and birds were past away :
But buds and blooms again are seen,
And fields are gay, and hills are green,
And streams are bright, and sweet birds sing ;
And where is the infant's sorrowing ? '—

Dimly he heard the words she said,
Nor well their latent meaning drew ;
But languidly he raised his head,
And on the damsel fixed his view.
Was it a form of mortal mould
That did his dazzled sense impress ?
Even painful from its loveliness !
Her bright hair in the moonbeams glowing,
A rose-bud wreath above confined,
From whence, as from a fountain, flowing,
Long ringlets round her temples twined,
And fell in many a graceful fold,
Streaming in curls of feathery lightness
Around her neck's marmoreal whiteness.
Love, in the smile that round her lips,
Twin roses of persuasion, played,
—Nectaries of balmier sweets than sips
The Hymettian bee—his ambush laid ;
And his own shafts of liquid fire
Came on the soul with sweet surprise,
Through the soft dews of young desire
That trembled in her large dark eyes ;
But in those eyes there seemed to move
A flame, almost too bright for love,
That shone, with intermitting flashes,
Beneath their long deep-shadowy lashes.
—‘ What ails thee, youth ? ’—her lips repeat,
In tones more musically sweet
Than breath of shepherd’s twilight reed,
From far to woodland echo borne,
That floats like dew o’er stream and mead,
And whispers peace to souls that mourn.
—‘ What ails thee, youth ? ’—‘ A fearful sign
For one whose dear sake led me hither :
Love repels me from his shrine,
And seems to say : That maid divine
Like those ill-omened flowers shall wither ’.—

—' Flowers may die on many a stem ;
Fruits may fall from many a tree ;
Not the more for loss of them
Shall this fair world a desert be :
Thou in every grove will see
Fruits and flowers enough for thee.
Stranger ! I with thee will share
The votive fruits and flowers I bear,
Rich in fragrance, fresh in bloom ;
These may find a happier doom :
If they change not, fade not now,
Deem that Love accepts thy vow'.—

The youth, mistrustless, from the maid
Received, and on the altar laid
The votive wreath ; it did not fade ;
And she on his her offering threw.
Did fancy cloud Anthemion's view ?
Or did those sister garlands fair
Indeed entwine and blend again,
Wreathed into one, even as they were,
Ere she, their brilliant sweets to share,
Unwove their flowery chain ?
She fixed on him her radiant eyes,
And ' Love's propitious power '—she said—
' Accepts thy second sacrifice.
The sun descends tow'rds ocean's bed.
Day by day the sun doth set,
And day by day the sun doth rise,
And grass, with evening dew-drops wet,
The morning radiance dries :
And what if beauty slept, where peers
That mossy grass, and lover's tears
Were mingled with that evening dew ?
The morning sun would dry them too.
Many a loving heart is near,
That shall its plighted love forsake :
Many lips are breathing here

Vows a few short days will break :
Many, lone amidst mankind,
Claim from love's unpitied power
The kindred heart they ne'er shall find :
Many, at this festal hour,
Joyless in the joyous scene,
Pass, with idle glance unmoved,
Even those whom they could best have
loved,
Had means of mutual knowledge been :
Some meet for once and part for aye,
Like thee and me, and scarce a day
Shall each by each remembered be :
But take the flower I give to thee,
And till it fades remember me'.

Anthemion answered not : his brain
Was troubled with conflicting thought :
A dim and dizzy sense of pain
That maid's surpassing beauty brought ;
And strangely on his fancy wrought
Her mystic moralizings, fraught
With half-prophetic sense, and breathed
In tones so sweetly wild.
Unconsciously the flower he took,
And with absorbed admiring look
Gazed, as with fascinated eye
The lone bard gazes on the sky,
Who, in the bright clouds rolled and wreathed
Around the sun's descending car,
Sees shadowy rocks sublimely piled,
And phantom standards wide unfurled,
And towers of an ærial world
Embattled for unearthly war.
So stood Anthemion, till among
The mazes of the festal throng
The damsel from his sight had past ;
Yet well he marked that once she cast

A backward look, perchance to see
If he watched her still so fixedly.

CANTO II

DOES Love so weave his subtle spell,
So closely bind his golden chain,
That only one fair form may dwell
In dear remembrance, and in vain
May other beauty seek to gain
A place that idol form beside
In feelings all pre-occupied ?
Or does one radiant image, shrined
Within the inmost soul's recess,
Exalt, expand, and make the mind
A temple, to receive and bless
All forms of kindred loveliness ?

Howbeit, as from those myrtle bowers,
And that bright altar crowned with flowers,
Anthemion turned, as thought's wild stream
Its interrupted course resumed,
Still, like the phantom of a dream,
Before his dazzled memory bloomed
The image of that maiden strange :
Yet not a passing thought of change
He knew, nor once his fancy strayed
From his long-loved Arcadian maid.
Vaguely his mind the scene retraced,
Image on image wildly driven.
As in his bosom's fold he placed
The flower that radiant nymph had given.
With idle steps, at random bent,
Through Thespia's crowded ways he went ;
And on his troubled ear the strains
Of choral music idly smote ;
And with vacant eye he saw the trains

Of youthful dancers round him float,
As the musing bard from his sylvan seat
Looks on the dance of the noontide heat,
Or the play of the watery flowers, that quiver
In the eddies of a lowland river.

Around, beside him, to and fro,
The assembled thousands hurrying go.
These the palæstic sports invite,
Where courage, strength, and skill contend ;
The gentler Muses those delight,
Where throngs of silent listeners bend
While rival bards, with lips of fire,
Attune to love the impassioned lyre ;
Or where the mimic scene displays
Some solemn tale of elder days,
Despairing Phædra's vengeful doom,
Alcestis' love too dearly tried,
Or Hæmon dying on the tomb
That closes o'er his living bride¹.

But choral dance, and bardic strain,
Palæstic sport, and scenic tale,
Around Anthemion spread in vain
Their mixed attractions : sad and pale
He moved along, in musing sadness,
Amid all sights and sounds of gladness.

A sudden voice his musings broke.
He looked ; an aged man was near,
Of rugged brow, and eye severe.
— ' What evil '—thus the stranger spoke—
' Has this our city done to thee,
Ill-omened boy, that thou shouldst be
A blot on our solemnity ?
Or what Alastor bade thee wear
That laurel-rose, to Love profane,

¹ The allusions are to the *Hippolytus* and *Alcestis* of Euripides, and to the *Antigone* of Sophocles.

Whose leaves in semblance falsely fair
Of Love's maternal flower, contain
For purest fragrance deadliest bane ?¹

¹ Τὰ δὲ ῥόδα ἐκεῖνα οὐκ ἦν ῥόδα ἀληθινά· τὰ δ' ἦν τῆς ἀγρίας δάφνης φνύμενα ῥοδοδάφνην αὐτὴν καλοῦσιν ἄνθρωποι· κακὸν ἀριστον ὄνῳ τοῦτο παντὶ, καὶ ἵππῳ· φασὶ γὰρ τὸν φαρόντα ἀποθνήσκειν αὐτίκα. Lucianus in Asino. —

These roses were not true roses: they were flowers of the wild laurel, which men call rhododaphne, or rose-laurel. It is a bad dinner for either horse or ass, the eating of it being attended by immediate death.' Apuleius has amplified this passage: 'I observed from afar the deep shades of a leafy grove, through whose diversified and abundant verdure shone the snowy colour of refulgent roses. As my perceptions and feelings were not asinine like my shape¹, I judged it to be a sacred grove of Venus and the Graces, where the celestial splendour of their genial flower glittered through the dark-green shades. I invoked the propitious power of joyful Event, and sprang forward with such velocity, as if I were not indeed an ass, but the horse of an Olympic charioteer. But this splendid effort of energy could not enable me to outrun the cruelty of my fortune. For on approaching the spot, I saw, not those tender and delicate roses, the offspring of auspicious bushes, whose fragrant leaves make nectar of the morning dew; nor yet the deep wood I had seemed to see from afar; but only a thick line of trees skirting the edge of a river. These trees, clothed with an abundant and laurel-like foliage, from which they stretch forth the cups of their pale and inodorous flowers, are called, among the unlearned rustics, by the far from rustic appellation of laurel-roses: the eating of which is mortal to all quadrupeds. Thus entangled by evil fate, and despairing of safety, I was on the point of swallowing the poison of those fictitious roses,' etc.

¹ This is spoken in the character of Lucius, who has been changed into an ass by a Thessalian ointment, and can be restored to his true shape only by the eating of roses.

Art thou a scorner ? dost thou throw
 Defiance at his power ? Beware !
 Full soon thy impious youth may know
 What pangs his shafts of anger bear ;
 For not the sun's descending dart,
 Nor yet the lightning-brand of Jove,
 Fall like the shaft that strikes the heart
 Thrown by the mightier hand of Love'.—
 —' Oh stranger ! not with impious thought
 My steps this holy rite have sought.
 With pious heart and offerings due
 I mingled in the votive train ;
 Nor did I deem this flower profane ;
 Nor she, I ween, its evil knew,
 That radiant girl, who bade me cherish
 Her memory till its bloom should perish'.—
 —' Who, and what, and whence was she ?'—
 —' A stranger till this hour to me'.—
 —' Oh youth, beware ! that laurel-rose
Around Larissa's evil walls
In tufts of rank luxuriance grows,
'Mid dreary valleys, by the falls
Of haunted streams ; and magic knows
No herb or plant of deadlier might,
When impious footsteps wake by night
The echoes of those dismal dells,
What time the murky midnight dew
Trembles on many a leaf and blossom,
That draws from earth's polluted bosom
Mysterious virtue, to imbue
The chalice of unnatural spells.
Oft, those dreary rocks among,
The murmurs of unholy song,
Breathed by lips as fair as hers

Pliny says, that this plant, though poison to quadrupeds,
 is an antidote to men against the venom of serpents.

By whose false hands that flower was given,
The solid earth's firm breast have riven,
And burst the silent sepulchres,
And called strange shapes of ghastly fear,
To hold, beneath the sickening moon,
Portentous parle, at night's deep noon,
With beauty skilled in mysteries drear.
Oh, youth ! Larissa's maids are fair :
But the dæmons of the earth and air
Their spells obey, their councils share,
And wide o'er earth and ocean bear
Their mandates to the storms that tear
The rock-enrooted oak, and sweep
With whirlwind wings the labouring deep.
Their words of power can make the streams
Roll reflux on their mountain-springs,
Can torture sleep with direful dreams,
And on the shapes of earthly things,
Man, beast, bird, fish, with influence strange,
Breathe foul and fearful interchange,
And fix in marble bonds the form
Erewhile with natural being warm,
And give to senseless stones and stocks
Motion, and breath, and shape that mocks,
As far as nicest eye can scan,
The action and the life of man.
Beware ! yet once again beware !
Ere round thy inexperienced mind,
With voice and semblance falsely fair,
A chain Thessalian magic bind,
Which never more, oh youth ! believe,
Shall either earth or heaven unweave.'—

While yet he spoke, the morning scene,
In more portentous hues arrayed,
Dwelt on Anthemion's mind : a shade
Of deeper mystery veiled the mien
And words of that refulgent maid.

The frown, that, ere he breathed his vow,
Dwelt on the brazen statue's brow ;
His votive flowers, so strangely blighted ;
The wreath her beauteous hands untwined
To share with him, that, self-combined,
Its sister tendrils reunited,
Strange sympathy ! as in his mind
These forms of troubled memory blended
With dreams of evil undefined,
Of magic and Thessalian guile,
Now by the warning voice portended
Of that mysterious man, awhile,
Even when the stranger's speech had ended,
He stood as if he listened still.
At length he said : ' Oh, reverend stranger !
Thy solemn words are words of fear.
Not for myself I shrink from danger ;
But there is one to me more dear
Than all within this earthly sphere,
And many are the omens ill
That threaten her : to Jove's high will
We bow ; but if in human skill
Be ought of aid or expiation
That may this peril turn away,
For old Experience holds his station
On that grave brow, oh stranger ! say.'
— ' Oh youth ! experience sad indeed
Is mine ; and should I tell my tale,
Therein thou might'st too clearly read
How little may all aid avail
To him, whose hapless steps around
Thessalian spells their chains have bound :
And yet such counsel as I may
I give to thee. Ere close of day
Seek thou the planes, whose broad shades fall
On the stream that laves yon mountain's
base :

There on thy Natal Genius call¹
For aid, and with averted face
Give to the stream that flower, nor look
Upon the running wave again ;
For, if thou should'st, the sacred plane
Has heard thy suppliant vows in vain ;
Nor then thy Natal Genius can,
Nor Phœbus, nor Arcadian Pan,
Dissolve thy tenfold chain.'—

The stranger said, and turned away.
Anthemion sought the plane-grove's shade.
'Twas near the closing hour of day.
The slanting sunbeam's golden ray,
That through the massy foliage made
Scarce here and there a passage, played
Upon the silver-eddy stream,
Even on the rocky channel throwing
Through the clear flood its golden gleam.
The bright waves danced beneath the beam
To the music of their own sweet flowing.
The flowering sallows on the bank,
Beneath the o'ershadowing plane-trees wreathing
In sweet association, drank
The grateful moisture, round them breathing
Soft fragrance through the lonely wood.
There, where the mingling foliage wove
Its closest bower, two altars stood,

¹ The plane was sacred to the Genius, as the oak to Jupiter, the olive to Minerva, the palm to the Muses, the myrtle and rose to Venus, the laurel to Apollo, the ash to Mars, the beech to Hercules, the pine to Pan, the fir and ivy to Bacchus, the cypress to Sylvanus, the cedar to the Eumenides, the yew and poppy to Ceres, etc. 'I swear to you', says Socrates in the *Phædrus* of Plato, 'by any one of the gods, if you will by this plane'.

This to the Genius of the Grove,
That to the Naiad of the Flood. ||
So light a breath was on the trees,
That rather like a spirit's sigh
Than motion of an earthly breeze,
Among the summits broad and high
Of these tall planes its whispers stirred ;
And save that gentlest symphony
Of air and stream, no sound was heard,
But of the solitary bird,
That aye, at summer's evening hour,
When music save her own is none,
Attunes, from her invisible bower,
Her hymn to the descending sun.

Anthemion paused upon the shore :
All thought of magic's impious lore,
All dread of evil powers, combined
Against his peace, attempted ill
With that sweet scene ; and on his mind
Fair, graceful, gentle, radiant still,
The form of that strange damsel came ;
And something like a sense of shame
He felt, as if his coward thought
Foul wrong to guileless beauty wrought.
At length—' Oh radiant girl ! ', he said,
' If in the cause that bids me tread
These banks, be mixed injurious dread
Of thy fair thoughts, the fears of love
Must with thy injured kindness plead
My pardon for the wrongful deed.
Ye Nymphs and Sylvan Gods, that rove ||
The precincts of this sacred wood !
Thou, Achelōus' gentle daughter,
Bright Naiad of this beauteous water !
And thou, my Natal Genius good !
Lo ! with pure hands the crystal flood
Collecting, on these altars blest,

Libation holiest, brightest, best,
I pour. If round my footsteps dwell
Unholy sign or evil spell,
Receive me in your guardian sway ;
And thou, oh gentle Naiad ! bear
With this false flower those spells away,
If such be lingering there.'—

Then from the stream he turned his view,
And o'er his back the flower he threw.
Hark ! from the wave a sudden cry,
Of one in last extremity,
A voice as of a drowning maid !
The echoes of the sylvan shade
Gave response long and drear.
He starts : he does not turn. Again !
It is Calliroë's cry ! In vain
Could that dear maiden's cry of pain
Strike on Anthemion's ear ?
At once, forgetting all beside,
He turned to plunge into the tide,
But all again was still :
The sun upon the surface bright
Poured his last line of crimson light,
Half-sunk behind the hill :
But through the solemn plane-trees past
The pinions of a mightier blast,
And in its many-sounding sweep,
Among the foliage broad and deep,
Aërial voices seemed to sigh,
As if the spirits of the grove
Mourned, in prophetic sympathy
With some disastrous love.

CANTO III

By living streams, in sylvan shades,
Where winds and waves symphonious make

Sweet melody, the youths and maids
No more with coral music wake
Lone Echo from her tangled brake,
On Pan, or Sylvan Genius, calling,
Naiad or Nymph, in suppliant song :
No more by living fountain, falling
The poplar's circling bower among,
Where pious hands have carved of yore
Rude bason for its lucid store
And reared the grassy altar nigh,
The traveller, when the sun rides high,
For cool refreshment lingering there,
Pours to the Sister Nymphs his prayer.
Yet still the green vales smile : the springs
Gush forth in light : the forest weaves
Its own wild bowers ; the breeze's wings
Make music in their rustling leaves ;
But 'tis no spirit's breath that sighs
Among their tangled canopies :
In ocean's caves no Nereid dwells :
No Oread walks the mountain-dells :
The streams no sedge-crowned Genii roll
From bounteous urn : great Pan is dead :
The life, the intellectual soul
Of vale, and grove, and stream, has fled
For ever with the creed sublime
That nursed the Muse of earlier time.

The broad moon rose o'er Thespia's walls,
And on the light wind's swells and falls
Came to Anthemion's ear the sounds
Of dance, and song, and festal pleasure,
As slowly tow'rd the city's bounds
He turned, his backward steps to measure.
But with such sounds his heart confessed
No sympathy : his mind was pressed
With thoughts too heavy to endure

The contrast of a scene so gay ;
 And from the walls he turned away,
 To where, in distant moonlight pure,
 Mount Helicon's conspicuous height
 Rose in the dark-blue vault of night.
 Along the solitary road
 Alone he went ; for who but he
 On that fair night would absent be
 From Thespia's joyous revelry ?
 The sounds that on the soft air flowed
 By slow degrees in distance died :
 And now he climbed the rock's steep side,
 Where frowned o'er sterile regions wide
 Neptunian Ascra's ruined tower¹ :
 Memorial of gigantic power :
 But thoughts more dear and more refined
 Awakening, in the pensive mind,
 Of him, the Muses' gentlest son,
 The shepherd-bard of Helicon,
 Whose song, to peace and wisdom dear,
 The Aonian Dryads loved to hear.
 By Aganippe's fountain-wave
 Anthemion passed : the moonbeams fell
 Pale on the darkness of the cave,
 Within whose mossy rock-hewn cell
 The sculptured form of Linus stood,
 Primeval bard. The Nymphs for him
 Through every spring, and mountain flood,

¹ Ascra derived its name from a nymph, of whom Neptune was enamoured. She bore him a son named Œoclus, who built Ascra in conjunction with the giants Ophus and Ephialtes, who were also sons of Neptune, by Iphimedia, the wife of Alcæus. Pausanias mentions, that nothing but a solitary tower of Ascra was remaining in his time. Strabo describes it as having a lofty and rugged site. It was the birth-place of Hesiod, who gives a dismal picture of it.

Green vale, and twilight woodland dim,
Long wept : all living nature wept
For Linus ; when, in minstrel strife,
Apollo's wrath from love and life
The child of music swept.

The Muses' grove is nigh. He treads
Its sacred precincts. O'er him spreads
The palm's ærial canopy,
That, nurtured by perennial springs,
Around its summit broad and high
Its light and branchy foliage flings,
Arching in graceful symmetry.
Among the tall stems jagg'd and bare
Luxuriant laurel interweaves
An undershade of myriad leaves,
Here black in rayless masses, there
In partial moonlight glittering fair ;
And whereso'er the barren rock
Peers through the grassy soil, its roots
The sweet andrachne strikes, to mock¹
Sterility, and profusely shoots
Its light boughs, rich with ripening fruits.
The moonbeams, through the chequering shade,
Upon the silent temple played,
The Muses' fane. The nightingale,
Those consecrated bowers among,
Poured on the air a warbled tale,
So sweet, that scarcely from her nest,
Where Orpheus' hallowed relics rest,
She breathes a sweeter song².

¹ 'The andrachne', says Pausanias, 'grows abundantly in Helicon, and bears fruit of incomparable sweetness'.—Pliny says, 'It is the same plant which is called in Latin illecebra : it grows on rocks, and is gathered for food.' [Pliny, *Natural History*, xxv, 103].

² It was said by the Thracians, that those nightingales

A scene, whose power the maniac sense
Of passion's wildest mood might own !
Anthemion felt its influence :
His fancy drank the soothing tone
Of all that tranquil loveliness :

And health and bloom returned to bless
 His dear Calliroë, and the groves
 And rocks where pastoral Ladon roves
 Bore record of their blissful loves.

List ! there is music on the wind !
 Sweet music ! seldom mortal ear
 On sounds so tender, so refined,
 Has dwelt. Perchance some Muse is near,
 Euterpe, or Polymnia bright,
 Or Erato, whose gentle lyre
 Responds to love and young desire !
 It is the central hour of night :
 The time is holy, lone, severe,
 And mortals may not linger here !

Still on the air those wild notes fling
 Their airy spells of voice and string,
 In sweet accordance, sweeter made
 By response soft from caverned shade.
 He turns to where a lovely glade
 Sleeps in the open moonlight's smile,
 A natural fane, whose ample bound
 The palm's columnar stems surround,
 A wild and stately peristyle ;
 Save where their interrupted ring
 Bends on the consecrated cave,
 From whose dark arch, with tuneful wave,
 Libethrus issues, sacred spring.
 Beside its gentle murmuring,

which had their nests about the tomb of Orpheus, sang
 more sweetly and powerfully than any others.—
 Pausanias, l, ix.

A maiden, on a mossy stone,
Full in the moonlight, sits alone :
Her eyes, with humid radiance bright,
As if a tear had dimmed their light,
Are fixed upon the moon ; her hair
Flows long and loose in the light soft air ;
A golden lyre her white hands bear ;
Its chords, beneath her fingers fleet,
To such wild symphonies awake,
Her sweet lips breathe a song so sweet,
That the echoes of the cave repeat
Its closes with as soft a sigh,
As if they almost feared to break
The magic of its harmony.

Oh ! there was passion in the sound,
Intensest passion, strange and deep ;
Wild breathings of a soul, around
Whose every pulse one hope had bound,
One burning hope, which might not sleep.
But hark ! that wild and solemn swell !
And was there in those tones a spell,
Which none may disobey ? For lo !
Anthemion from the sylvan shade
Moves with reluctant steps and slow,
And in the lonely moonlight glade
He stands before the radiant maid.

She ceased her song, and with a smile
She welcomed him, but nothing said :
And silently he stood the while,
And tow'rds the ground he drooped his head,
As if he shrunk beneath the light
Of those dark eyes so dazzling bright.
At length she spoke : ' The flower was fair
I bade thee till its fading wear :
And didst thou scorn the boon,
Or died the flower so soon ? '—
—' It did not fade,

Oh radiant maid !
But Thespia's rites its use forbade,
To Love's vindictive power profane :
If soothly spoke the reverend seer,
Whose voice rebuked, with words severe,
Its beauty's secret bane'. —

— 'The world, oh youth ! deems many wise,
Who dream at noon with waking eyes,
While spectral fancy round them flings
Phantoms of unexisting things ;
Whose truth is lies, whose paths are error,
Whose gods are fiends, whose heaven is terror ;
And such a slave has been with thee,
And thou, in thy simplicity,
Hast deemed his idle sayings truth.
The flower I gave thee, thankless youth !
The harmless flower thy hand rejected,
Was fair : my native river sees
Its verdure and its bloom reflected
Wave in the eddies and the breeze.
My mother felt its beauty's claim,
And gave, in sportive fondness wild,
Its name to me, her only child'. —

— 'Then RHODODAPHNE is thy name ?' —
Anthemion said : the maiden bent
Her head in token of assent.

— 'Say once again, if sooth I deem,
Penëus is thy native stream ?' —

— 'Down Pindus' steep Penëus falls,
And swift and clear through hill and dale
It flows, and by Larissa's walls,
And through wild Tempe, loveliest vale ;
And on its banks the cypress gloom
Waves round my father's lonely tomb.
My mother's only child am I :
'Mid Tempe's sylvan rocks we dwell ;
And from my earliest infancy,

The darling of our cottage-dell
For its bright leaves and clusters fair,
My namesake flower has bound my hair.
With costly gift and flattering song,
Youths, rich and valiant, sought my love.
They moved me not. I shunned the throng
Of suitors, for the mountain-grove
Where Sylvan Gods and Oreads rove.
The Muses, whom I worship here,
Had breathed their influence on my being,
Keeping my youthful spirit clear
From all corrupting thoughts, and freeing
My footsteps from the crowd, to tread
Beside the torrent's echoing bed,
'Mid wind-tost pines, on steeps aerial,
Where elemental Genii throw
Effluence of natures more ethereal
Than vulgar minds can feel or know.
Oft on those steeps, at earliest dawn,
The world in mist beneath me lay,
Whose vapoury curtains, half withdrawn,
Revealed the flow of Therma's bay,
Red with the nascent light of day ;
Till full from Athos' distant height
The sun poured down his golden beams
Scattering the mists like morning dreams,
And rocks and lakes and isles and streams
Burst, like creation, into light.
In noontide bowers the bubbling springs,
In evening vales the winds that sigh
To eddying rivers murmuring by,
Have heard to these symphonious strings
The rocks and caverned glens reply.
Spirits that love the moonlight hour
Have met me on the shadowy hill :
Dream'st thou of Magic ? of the power
That makes the blood of life run chill,

And shakes the world with dæmon skill ?
Beauty is Magic ; grace and song ;
Fair form, light motion, airy sound :
Frail webs ! and yet a chain more strong
They weave the strongest hearts around,
Than e'er Alcides' arm unbound :
And such a chain I weave round thee,
Though but with mortal witchery'.—

His eyes and ears had drank the charm.
The damsel rose, and on his arm
She laid her hand. Through all his frame
The soft touch thrilled like liquid flame ;
But on his mind Calliroë came
All pale and sad, her sweet eyes dim
With tears which for herself and him
Fell : by that modest image mild
Recalled, inspired, Anthemion strove
Against the charm that now beguiled
His sense, and cried, in accents wild,
—' Oh maid ! I have another love !'—

But still she held his arm, and spoke
Again in accents thrilling sweet :
—' In Tempe's vale a lonely oak
Has felt the storms of ages beat :
Blasted by the lightning-stroke,
A hollow, leafless, branchless trunk
It stands ; but in its giant cell
A mighty sylvan power doth dwell,
An old and holy oracle.
Kneeling by that ancient tree,
I sought the voice of destiny,
And in my ear these accents sunk :
" Waste not in loneliness thy bloom :
With flowers the Thespian altar dress :
The youth whom Love's mysterious doom
Assigns to thee, thy sight shall bless
With no ambiguous loveliness ;

And thou, amid the joyous scene,
Shalt know him, by his mournful mien,
And by the paleness of his cheek,
And by the sadness of his eye,
And by his withered flowers, and by
The language thy own heart shall speak".
And I did know thee, youth ! and thou
Art mine, and I thy bride must be.
Another love ! the gods allow
No other love to thee or me !'

She gathered up her glittering hair,
And round his neck its tresses threw,
And twined her arms of beauty rare
Around him, and the light curls drew
In closer bands : ethereal dew
Of love and young desire was swimming
In her bright eyes, albeit not dimming
Their starry radiance, rather brightning
Their beams with passion's liquid lightning.
She clasped him to her throbbing breast,
And on his lips her lips she prest,
And cried the while

With joyous smile :

— ' These lips are mine ; the spell have won them,
Which round and round thy soul I twine ;
And be the kiss I print upon them
Poison to all lips but mine ! '—

Dizzy awhile Anthemion stood,
With thirst-parched lips and fevered blood,
In those enchanting ringlets twined :
The fane, the cave, the moonlight wood,
The world, and all the world enshrined,
Seemed melting from his troubled mind :
But those last words the thought recalled
Of his Calliroë, and appalled
His mind with many a nameless fear
For her, so good, so mild, so dear.

With sudden start of gentle force
From Rhododaphne's arms he sprung,
And swifter than the torrent's course
From rock to rock in tumult flung,
Adown the steeps of Helicon,
By spring, and cave, and tower, he fled,
But turned from Thespia's walls, and on
Along the rocky way, that led
Tow'rds the Corinthian Isthmus, sped,
Impatient to behold again
His cottage-home by Ladon's side,
And her, for whose dear sake his brain
Was giddy with foreboding pain,
Fairest of Ladon's virgin train,
His own long-destined bride.

CANTO IV

MAGIC and mystery, spells Circæan,
The Siren voice, that calmed the sea,
And steeped the soul in dews Lethæan ;
The enchanted chalice, sparkling free
With wine, amid whose ruby glow
Love couched, with madness linked and woe ;
Mantle and zone, whose woof beneath
Lurked wily grace, in subtle wreath
With blandishment and young desire
And soft persuasion intertwined,
Whose touch, with sympathetic fire,
Could melt at once the sternest mind ;
Have passed away : for vestal Truth
Young Fancy's foe, and Reason chill,
Have chased the dreams that charmed the youth
Of nature and the world, which still,
Amid that vestal light severe,
Our colder spirits leap to hear
Like echoes from a fairy hill.

Yet deem not so. The Power of Spells
Still lingers on the earth, but dwells
In deeper folds of close disguise,
That baffle Reason's searching eyes :
Nor shall that mystic Power resign
To Truth's cold sway his webs of guile,
Till woman's eyes have ceased to shine,
And woman's lips have ceased to smile,
And woman's voice has ceased to be
The earthly soul of melody.

A night and day had passed away :
A second night. A second day
Had risen. The noon on vale and hill
Was glowing, and the pensive herds
In rocky pool and sylvan rill
The shadowy coolness sought. The birds
Among their leafy bowers were still,
Save where the red-breast on the pine,
In thickest ivy's sheltering nest,
Attuned a lonely song divine,
To soothe old Pan's meridian rest¹.
The stream's eternal eddies played
In light and music ; on its edge
The soft light air scarce moved the sedge :
The bees a pleasant murmuring made
On thymy bank and flowery hedge :
From field to field the grasshopper
Kept up his joyous descant shrill ;
When once again the wanderer,
With arduous travel faint and pale,
Beheld his own Arcadian vale.

From Oryx, down the sylvan way,
With hurried pace the youth proceeds.

¹ It was the custom of Pan to repose from the chase
t noon.—Theocritus, *Id.*, I.

Sweet Ladon's waves beside him stray
In dear companionship : the reeds
Seem, whispering on the margin clear,
The doom of Syrinx to rehearse,
Ladonian Syrinx, name most dear
To music and Mænalian verse.

It is the Aphrodisian grove.
Anthemion's home is near. He sees
The light smoke rising from the trees
That shade the dwelling of his love.
Sad bodings, shadowy fears of ill,
Pressed heavier on him, in wild strife
With many-wandering hope, that still
Leaves on the darkest clouds of life
Some vestige of her radiant way :
But soon those torturing struggles end ;
For where the poplar silver-gray
And dark associate cedar blend
Their hospitable shade, before
One human dwelling's well-known door,
Old Pheidon sits, and by his side
His only child, his age's bride,
Herself, Anthemion's destined bride.

She hears his coming tread. She flies
To meet him. Health is on her cheeks,
And pleasure sparkles in her eyes,
And their soft light a welcome speaks
More eloquent than words. Oh, joy !
The maid he left so fast consuming,
Whom death, impatient to destroy,
Had marked his prey, now rosy-blooming,
And beaming like the morning star
With loveliness and love, has flown
To welcome him : his cares fly far,
Like clouds when storms are overblown ;
For where such perfect transports reign
Even memory has no place for pain.

The poet's task were passing sweet,
If, when he tells how lovers meet,
One half the flow of joy, that flings
Its magic on that blissful hour,
Could touch, with sympathetic power,
His lyre's accordant strings.
It may not be. The lyre is mute,
When venturous minstrelsy would suit
Its numbers to so dear a theme :
But many a gentle maid, I deem,
Whose heart has known and felt the like,
Can hear, in fancy's kinder dream,
The chords I dare not strike.

They spread a banquet in the shade
Of those old trees. The friendly board
Calliroë's beauteous hands arrayed,
With self-requiting toil, and poured
In fair-carved bowl the sparkling wine.
In order due Anthemion made
Libation, to Olympian Jove,
Arcadian Pan, and Thespian Love,
And Bacchus, giver of the vine.
The generous draught dispelled the sense
Of weariness. His limbs were light :
His heart was free : Love banished thence
All forms but one most dear, most bright :
And ever with insatiate sight
He gazed upon the maid, and listened,
Absorbed in ever new delight
To that dear voice, whose balmy sighing
To his full joy blest response gave,
Like music doubly-sweet replying
From twilight echo's sylvan cave ;
And her mild eyes with soft rays glistened,
Imparting and reflecting pleasure ;
For this is Love's terrestrial treasure,
That in participation lives,

And evermore, the more it gives,
Itself abounds in fuller measure.

Old Pheidon felt his heart expand
With joy that from their joy had birth,
And said : ' Anthemion ! Love's own hand
Is here, and mighty on the earth
Is he, the primogenial power,
Whose sacred grove and antique fane
Thy prompted footsteps, not in vain.
Have sought ; for, on the day and hour
Of his incipient rite, most strange
And sudden was Calliroë's change.
The sickness under which she bowed,
Swiftly, as though it ne'er had been,
Passed, like the shadow of a cloud
From April's hills of green.

And bliss once more is yours ; and mine
In seeing yours, and more than this ;
For ever, in our children's bliss,
The sun of our past youth doth shine
Upon our age anew. Divine
No less than our own Pan must be
To us Love's bounteous deity ;
And round our old and hallowed pine
The myrtle and the rose must twine,
Memorial of the Thespian shrine'.—

'Twas strange indeed, Anthemion thought,
That, in the hour when omens dread
Most tortured him, such change was wrought ;
But love and hope their lustre shed
On all his visions now, and led
His memory from the mystic train
Of fears which that strange damsel wove
Around him in the Thespian fane
And in the Heliconian grove.

Eve came, and twilight's balmy hour :
Alone, beneath the cedar bower,

The lovers sate, in converse dear
Retracing many a backward year,
Their infant sports in field and grove,
Their mutual tasks, their dawning love,
Their mingled tears of past distress,
Now all absorbed in happiness ;
And oft would Fancy intervene
To throw, on many a pictured scene
Of life's untrodden path, such gleams
Of golden light, such blissful dreams,
As in young Love's enraptured eye
Hope almost made reality.

So in that dear accustomed shade,
With Ladon flowing at their feet,
Together sate the youth and maid,
In that uncertain shadowy light
When day and darkness mingling meet.
Her bright eyes ne'er had seemed so bright,
Her sweet voice ne'er had seemed so sweet,
As then they seemed. Upon his neck
Her head was resting, and her eyes
Were raised to his, for no disguise
Her feelings knew ; untaught to check,
As in these days more worldly wise,
The heart's best purest sympathies.

Fond youth ! her lips are near to thine :
The ringlets of her temples twine
Against thy cheek : oh ! more or less
Than mortal wert thou not to press
Those ruby lips ! Or does it dwell
Upon thy mind, that fervid spell
Which Rhododaphne breathed upon
Thy lips erewhile in Helicon ?
Ah ! pause, rash boy ! bethink thee yet :
And canst thou then the charm forget ?
Or dost thou scorn its import vain
As vision of a fevered brain ?

Oh ! he has kissed Calliroë's lips !
And with the touch the maid grew pale,
And sudden shade of strange eclipse
Drew o'er her eyes its dusky veil.
As droops the meadow-pink its head,
By the rude scythe in summer's prime
Cleft from its parent stem, and spread
On earth to wither ere its time,
Even so the flower of Ladon faded,
Swifter than, when the sun had shaded
In the young storm his setting ray,
The western radiance dies away.

He pressed her heart : no pulse was there.
Before her lips his hands he placed :
No breath was in them. Wild despair
Came on him, as, with sudden waste,
When snows dissolve in vernal rain,
The mountain-torrent on the plain
Descends ; and with that fearful swell
Of passionate grief, the midnight spell
Of the Thessalian maid recurred,
Distinct in every fatal word :

— ' These lips are mine ; the spells have won
them,

Which round and round thy soul I twine ;
And be the kiss I print upon them
Poison to all lips but mine ! '—

— ' Oh, thou art dead, my love ! ' , he cried—
' Art dead, and I have murdered thee ! '—

He started up in agony.
The beauteous maiden from his side
Sunk down on earth. Like one who slept
She lay, still, cold, and pale of hue ;
And her long hair all loosely swept
The thin grass, wet with evening dew.

He could not weep ; but anguish burned
Within him like consuming flame.

He shrieked : the distant rocks returned
The voice of woe. Old Pheidon came
In terror forth : he saw ; and wild
With misery fell upon his child,
And cried aloud, and rent his hair.
Stung by the voice of his despair,
And by the intolerable thought
That he, how innocent soe'er,
Had all this grief and ruin wrought,
And urged perchance by secret might
Of magic spells, that drew their chain
More closely round his phrenzied brain,
Beneath the swiftly-closing night
Anthemion sprang away, and fled
O'er plain and steep, with frantic tread,
As Passion's aimless impulse led.

CANTO V

THOUGH Pity's self has made thy breast
Its earthly shrine, oh gentle maid !
Shed not thy tears, where Love's last rest
Is sweet beneath the cypress shade ;
Whence never voice of tyrant power,
Nor trumpet-blast from rending skies,
Nor winds that howl, nor storms that lower,
Shall bid the sleeping sufferer rise.
But mourn for them, who live to keep
Sad strife with fortune's tempests rude ;
For them, who live to toil and weep
In loveless, joyless solitude ;
Whose days consume in hope, that flies
Like clouds of gold that fading float,
Still watched with fondlier lingering eyes
As still more dim and more remote.
Oh ! wisely, truly, sadly sung

The bard by old Cephisus' side¹,
 While not with sadder, sweeter tongue,
 His own loved nightingale replied :
 ' Man's happiest lot is NOT TO BE ;
 And when we tread life's thorny steep,
 Most blest are they, who, earliest free,
 Descend to death's eternal sleep'.—

Long, wide, and far, the youth has strayed,
 Forlorn, and pale, and wild with woe,
 And found no rest. His loved, lost maid,
 A beauteous, sadly-smiling shade,
 Is ever in his thoughts, and slow
 Roll on the hopeless, aimless hours.
 Sunshine, and grass, and woods, and flowers,
 Rivers, and vales, and glittering homes
 Of busy men, where'er he roams,
 Torment his sense with contrast keen,
 Of that which is, and might have been.

The mist that on the mountains high
 Its transient wreath light-hovering flings,
 The clouds and changes of the sky,
 The forms of unsubstantial things,
 The voice of the tempestuous gale,
 The rain-swoln torrent's turbid moan,
 And every sound that seems to wail
 For beauty past and hope o'erthrown,
 Attempter with his wild despair ;
 But scarce his restless eye can bear
 The hills, and rocks, and summer streams,
 The things that still are what they were
 When life and love were more than dreams.

¹ Sophocles, [Ed. Col. 1225]. Μὴ φῦναι τὸν ἅπαντα νικᾶ λόγον. Τὸ δ', ἐπεὶ φανῇ, Βῆναι κείμεν ὅθεν περ ἦκει, Πολὺ δεύτερον, ὡς τάχιστα. This was a very favourite sentiment among the Greeks. The same thought occurs in *Ecclesiastes*, iv, 2, 3.

It chanced, along the rugged shore,
Where giant Pelion's piny steep
O'erlooks the wide Ægean deep,
He shunned the steps of humankind,
Soothed by the multitudinous roar
Of ocean, and the ceaseless shock
Of spray, high-scattering from the rock
In the wail of the many-wandering wind,
A crew, on lawless venture bound,
Such men as roam the seas around,
Hearts to fear and pity strangers,
Seeking gold through crimes and dangers,
Sailing near, the wanderer spied.
Sudden, through the foaming tide,
They drove to land, and on the shore
Springing, they seized the youth, and bore
To their black ship, and spread again
Their sails, and ploughed the billowy main.

Dark Ossa on their watery way
Looks from his robe of mist ; and, gray
With many a deep and shadowy fold,
The sacred mount, Olympus old,
Appears : but where with Therma's sea
Penëus mingles tranquilly,
They anchor with the closing light
Of day, and through the moonless night
Propitious to their lawless toil,
In silent bands they prowl for spoil.

Ere morning dawns, they crowd on board,
And to their vessel's secret hoard
With many a costly robe they pass,
And vase of silver, gold, and brass.
A young maid too their hands have torn
From her maternal home, to mourn
Afar, to some rude master sold,
The crimes and woes that spring from gold.
—' There sit ! '—cried one in rugged tone,—

' Beside that boy. A well-matched pair
Ye seem, and will, I doubt not, bear,
In our good port, a value rare.
There sit, but not to wail and moan :
The lyre, which in those fingers fair
We leave, whose sound through night's thick
shade

To unwished ears thy haunt bewrayed,
Strike : for the lyre, by beauty played,
To glad the hearts of men was made'.—

The damsel by Anthemion's side
Sate down upon the deck. The tide
Blushed with the deepening light of morn.
A pitying look the youth forlorn
Turned on the maiden. Can it be ?
Or does his sense play false ? Too well
He knows that radiant form. 'Tis she,
The magic maid of Thessaly,
'Tis Rhododaphne ! By the spell,
That ever round him dwelt, opprest,
He bowed his head upon his breast,
And o'er his eyes his hand he drew,
That fatal beauty's sight to shun.
Now from the orient heaven the sun
Had clothed the eastward waves with fire :
Right from the west the fair breeze blew :
The full sails swelled, and sparkling through
The sounding sea, the vessel flew :
With wine and copious cheer, the crew
Caroused : the damsel o'er the lyre
Her rapid fingers lightly flung,
And thus, with feigned obedience, sung.
—' The Nereid's home is calm and bright,
The ocean-depths below,
Where liquid streams of emerald light
Through caves of coral flow.
She has a lyre of silver strings

Framed on a pearly shell,
And sweetly to that lyre she sings
The shipwrecked seaman's knell.

'The ocean-snake in sleep she binds ;
The dolphins round her play :
His purple conch the Triton winds
Responsive to the lay :
Proteus and Phorcys, sea-gods old,
Watch by her choral cell,
To hear, on watery echoes rolled,
The shipwrecked seaman's knell'.

—'Cease !' cried the chief, in accents rude—
'From songs like these mishap may rise.
Thus far have we our course pursued
With smiling seas and cloudless skies.
From wreck and tempest, omens ill,
Forbear ; and sing, for well I deem
Those pretty lips possess the skill,
Some ancient tale of happier theme ;
Some legend of imperial Jove
In uncouth shapes disguised by love ;
Or Hercules, and his hard toils ;
Or Mercury, friend of craft and spoils ;
Or Jove-born Bacchus, whom we prize
O'er all the Olympian deities'.—

He said, and drained the bowl. The crew
With long coarse laugh applauded. Fast
With sparkling keel the vessel flew,
For there was magic in the breeze
That urged her through the sounding seas.
By Chanastræum's point they past,
And Ampelos. Gray Athos, vast
With woods far-stretching to the sea,
Was full before them, while the maid
Again her lyre's wild strings essayed,
In notes of bolder melody :

'Bacchus by the lonely ocean

Stood in youthful semblance fair :
Summer winds, with gentle motion,
Waved his black and curling hair.
Streaming from his manly shoulders
Robes of gold and purple dye
Told of spoil to fierce beholders
In their black ship sailing by.
On the vessel's deck they placed him
Strongly bound in triple bands ;
But the iron rings that braced him
Melted, wax-like from his hands.
Then the pilot spake in terror :
 " 'Tis a god in mortal form !
Seek the land ; repair your error
Ere his wrath invoke the storm ".
 " Silence ! " cried the frowning master,
" Mind the helm, the breeze is fair :
Coward ! cease to bode disaster :
Leave to men the captive's care ".
While he speaks, and fiercely tightens
In the full free breeze the sail,
From the deck wine bubbling lightens,
Winy fragrance fills the gale.
Gurgling in ambrosial lustre
Flows the purple-eddying wine :
O'er the yard-arms trail and cluster
Tendrils of the mantling vine :
Grapes, beneath the broad leaves springing,
Blushing as in vintage-hours,
Droop, while round the tall mast clinging
Ivy twines its buds and flowers,
Fast with graceful berries blackening :—
Garlands hang on every oar :
Then in fear the cordage slackening,
One and all, they cry, " To shore ! "
Bacchus changed his shape, and glaring
With a lion's eye-balls wide,

Roared : the pirate-crew, despairing,
 Plunged amid the foaming tide.
 Through the azure depths they flitted
 Dolphins by transforming fate :
 But the god the pilot pitied,
 Saved, and made him rich and great'.

The crew laid by their cups and frowned.
 A stern rebuke their leader gave.
 With arrowy speed the ship went round
 Nymphæum. To the ocean-wave
 The mountain-forest sloped, and cast
 O'er the white surf its massy shade.
 They heard, so near the shore they past,
 The hollow sound the sea-breeze made,
 As those primeval trees it swayed.

' Curse on thy songs ! ' the leader cried,
 ' False tales of evil augury ! '
 ' Well hast thou said ', the maid replied,
 ' They augur ill to thine and thee '.

She rose, and loosed her radiant hair,
 And raised her golden lyre in air.
 The lyre, beneath the breeze's wings,
 As if a spirit swept the strings,
 Breathed airy music, sweet and strange,
 In many a wild phantastic change.
 Most like the daughter of the Sun¹
 She stood : her eyes all radiant shone

¹ The children of the Sun were known by the splendour of their eyes and hair. Πᾶσα γὰρ ἡελίου γενεὴ ἀρίδης ἰδέσθαι, Ἦεν' ἐπεὶ βλεφάρων ἀποτηλόθι μαρμαρυγῇσιν ὄλον ἐκ χρυσέων ἀντώπιον ἔσαν αἴγλην.—Apollonius, IV, 727. And in the Orphic Argonautics Circe is thus described:—ἐκ δ' ἄρα πάντες θάμβεον εἰσορόωντες· ἀπὸ κρατὸς γὰρ ἔθειραι Πυρραῖς ἀκτίνεσσιν ἀλίγκιοι ἠώρηντο· Στίλβει δὲ καλὰ πρόσωπα, φλογὸς δ' ἀπέλαμπεν αὐτμή.

With beams unutterably bright ;
And her long tresses loose and light,
As on the playful breeze they rolled,
Flamed with rays of burning gold,
His wondering eyes Anthemion raised
Upon the maid : the seamen gazed
In fear and strange suspense, amazed.

From the forest-depths profound
Breathes a low and sullen sound :
'Tis the woodland spirit's sigh,
Ever heard when storms are nigh.
On the shore the surf that breaks
With the rising breezes makes
More tumultuous harmony.
Louder yet the breezes sing :
Round and round, in dizzy ring,
Sea-birds scream on restless wing :
Pine and cedar creak and swing
To the sea-blast's murmuring.
Far and wide on sand and shingle
Eddying breakers boil and mingle :
Beetling cliffs and caverned rock
Roll around the echoing shock,
Where the spray, like snow-dust whirled,
High in vapoury wreaths is hurled.
Clouds on clouds, in volumes driven,
Curtain round the vault of heaven.
'To shore ! to shore !' the seamen cry.
The damsel waved her lyre on high,
And, to the powers that rule the sea,
It whispered notes of witchery.
Swifter than the lightning-flame
The sudden breath of the whirlwind came.
Round at once in its mighty sweep
The vessel whirled on the whirling deep.
Right from shore the driving gale
Bends the mast and swells the sail :

Loud the foaming ocean raves :
Through the mighty waste of waves
Speeds the vessel swift and free,
Like a meteor of the sea.

Day is ended. Darkness shrouds
The shoreless seas and lowering clouds.
Northward now the tempest blows :
Fast and far the vessel goes :
Crouched on deck the seamen lie ;
One and all, with charmed eye,
On the magic maid they gaze :
Nor the youth with less amaze
Looks upon her radiant form
Shining by the golden beams
Of her refulgent hair that streams
Like waving star-light on the storm ;
And hears the vocal blast that rings
Among her lyre's enchanted strings.

Onward, onward flies the bark,
Through the billows wild and dark.
From her brow the spray she hurls ;
O'er her stern the big wave curls ;
Fast before the impetuous wind
She flies : the wave bursts far behind.

Onward, onward flies the bark,
Through the raging billows—Hark !
'Tis the stormy surge's roar
On the Ægean's northern shore.
Toward the rocks, through surf and surge,
The destined ship the wild winds urge.
High on one gigantic wave
She swings in air. From rock and cave
A long loud wail of fate and fear
Rings in the hopeless seaman's ear.
Forward, with the breaker's dash,
She plunges on the rock. The crash
Of the dividing bark, the roar

Of waters bursting on the deck,
Are in Anthemion's ear : no more
He hears or sees : but round his neck
Are closely twined the silken rings
Of Rhododaphne's glittering hair,
And round him her bright arms she flings,
And cinctured thus in loveliest bands
The charmed waves in safety bear
The youth and the enchantress fair,
And leave them on the golden sands.

CANTO VI

HAST thou, in some safe retreat,
Waked and watched, to hear the roar
Of breakers on the wind-swept shore ?
Go forth at morn. The waves, that beat
Still rough and white when blasts are o'er,
May wash, all ghastly, to thy feet
Some victim of the midnight storm.
From that drenched garb and pallid form
Shrink not : but fix thy gaze and see
Thy own congenial destiny.
For him, perhaps, an anxious wife
On some far coast o'erlooks the wave :
A child, unknowing of the strife
Of elements, to whom he gave
His last fond kiss, is at her breast :
The skies are clear, the seas at rest
Before her, and the hour is nigh
Of his return : but black the sky
To him, and fierce the hostile main,
Have been. He will not come again.
But yesterday, and life, and health,
And hope, and love, and power, and wealth,
Were his : to-day, in one brief hour,
Of all his wealth, of all his power,

He saved not, on his shattered deck,
A plank, to waft him from the wreck.
Now turn away, and dry thy tears,
And build long schemes for distant years!
Wreck is not only on the sea.
The warrior dies in victory :
The ruin of his natal roof
O'erwhelms the sleeping man : the hoof
Of his prized steed has struck with fate
The horseman in his own home gate :
The feast and mantling bowl destroy
The sensual in the hour of joy.
The bride from her paternal porch
Comes forth among her maids : the torch,
That led at morn the nuptial choir,
Kindles at night her funeral pyre.
Now turn away, indulge thy dreams,
And build for distant years thy schemes !

On Thracia's coast the morn was gray.
Anthemion, with the opening day,
From deep entrancement on the sands
Stood up. The magic maid was there
Beside him on the shore. Her hands
Still held the golden lyre : her hair
In all its long luxuriance hung
Unringleted, and glittering bright
With briny drops of diamond light :
Her thin wet garments lightly clung
Around her form's rare symmetry.
Like Venus risen from the sea
She seemed : so beautiful : and who
With mortal sight such form could view,
And deem that evil lurked beneath ?
Who could approach those starry eyes,
Those dewy coral lips, that breathe
Ambrosial fragrance, and that smile

In which all Love's Elysium lies,
Who this could see, and dream of guile,
And brood on wrong and wrath the while
If there be one, who ne'er has felt
Resolve, and doubt, and anger melt,
Like vernal night-frosts, in one beam
Of Beauty's sun, 'twere vain to deem,
Between the muse and him could be
A link of human sympathy.

Fain would the youth his lips uncloze
In keen reproach for all his woes
And his Calliroë's doom. In vain :
For closer now the magic chain
Of the inextricable spell
Involved him, and his accents fell
Perplexed, confused, inaudible.
And so awhile he stood. At length,
In painful tones, that gathered strength
With feeling's faster flow, he said :
—' What would'st thou with me, fatal maid,
That ever thus, by land and sea,
Thy dangerous beauty follows me ? '—

She speaks in gentle accents low,
While dim through tears her bright eyes move :
—' Thou askest what thou well dost know
I love thee, and I seek thy love'.—

—' My love ! It sleeps in dust for ever
Within my lost Calliroë's tomb :
The smiles of living beauty never
May my soul's darkness re-illumine.
We grew together, like twin flowers,
Whose opening buds the same dews cherish ;
And one is reft, ere noon-tide hours,
Violently ; one remains, to perish
By slow decay ; as I remain
Even now, to move and breathe in vain.
The late, false love, that worldings learn,

When hearts are hard, and thoughts are stern,
And feelings dull, and Custom's rule
Omnipotent, that love may cool,
And waste, and change : but this—which flings
Round the young soul its tendril rings,
Strengthening their growth and grasp with years,
Till habits, pleasures, hopes, smiles, tears,
All modes of thinking, feeling, seeing,
Of two congenial spirits, blend
In one inseparable being—
Deem'st thou this love can change or end ?
There is no eddy on the stream,
No bough that light winds bend and toss,
No chequering of the sunny beam
Upon the woodland moss,
No star in evening's sky, no flower
Whose beauty odorous breezes stir,
No sweet bird singing in the bower,
Nay, not the rustling of a leaf,
That does not nurse and feed my grief
By wakening thoughts of her.
All lovely things a place possessed
Of love in my Calliroë's breast :
And from her purer, gentler spirit,
Did mine the love and joy inherit,
Which that blest maid around her threw.
With all I saw, and felt, and knew,
The image of Calliroë grew,
Till all the beauty of the earth
Seemed as to her it owed its birth,
And did but many forms express
Of her reflected loveliness.
The sunshine and the air seemed less
The sources of my life : and how
Was she torn from me ? Earth is now
A waste, where many echoes tell
Only of her I loved—how well

•

Words have no power to speak : and thou—
 Gather the rose-leaves from the plain
 Where faded and defiled they lie,
 And close them in their bud again,
 And bid them to the morning sky
 Spread lovely as at first they were :
 Or from the oak the ivy tear,
 And wreathe it round another tree
 In vital growth : then turn to me,
 And bid my spirit cling on thee,
 As on my lost Calliroë !¹

—‘ The Genii of the earth, and sea,
 And air, and fire, my mandates hear.
 Even the dread Power, thy Ladon’s fear,
 Arcadian Dæmagorgon, knows¹

¹ The dreaded name of Dæmogorgon¹ is familiar to every reader, in Milton’s enumeration of the Powers of Chaos.¹ Mythological writers in general afford but little information concerning this terrible Divinity. He is incidentally mentioned in several places by Natalis Comes, who says, in treating of Pan, that Pronapides, in his Protocosmus, makes Pan and the three sister Fates the offspring of Dæmogorgon. Boccaccio, in a Latin treatise on the Genealogy of the Gods, gives some account of him on the authority of Theodotion and Pronapides. He was the Genius of the Earth, and the Sovereign Power of the Terrestrial Dæmons. He dwelt originally with Eternity and Chaos, till, becoming weary of inaction, he organized the chaotic elements, and surrounded the earth with the heavens. In addition to Pan and the Fates, his children were Uranus, Titæa, Pytho, Eris, and Erebus. This awful Power was so sacred among the Arcadians, that it was held impious to pronounce his name. The impious, however, who made less scruple about pronouncing it, are said to have found it of great virtue in magical incantations. He has been supposed

[*Paradise Lost*, II, 964.]

My voice : the ivy or the rose,
Though torn and trampled on the plain,
May rise, unite, and bloom again,
If on his aid I call : thy heart
Alone resists and mocks my art'.—

—' Why lov'st thou me, Thessalian maid ?
Why hast thou, cruel beauty, torn
Asunder two young hearts, that played
In kindred unison so blest,
As they had filled one single breast
From life's first opening morn ?
Why lov'st thou me ? The kings of earth
Might kneel to charms and power like thine :
But I, a youth of shepherd birth—
As well the stately mountain-pine
Might coil around the eglantine,
As thou thy radiant being twine
Round one so low, so lost as mine'.—

—' Sceptres and crowns, vain signs that move
The souls of slaves, to me are toys.
I need but love : I seek but love :
And long, amid the heartless noise
Of cities, and the woodland peace
Of vales, through all the scenes of Greece
I sought the fondest and the fairest
Of Grecian youths, my love to be :
And such a heart and form thou bearest,
And my soul sprang at once to thee,
Like an arrow to its destiny.
Yet shall my lips no spell repeat,

o be a philosophical emblem of the principle of vegetable life. The silence of mythologists concerning him can only be attributed to their veneration for his dreaded name', a proof of genuine piety which must be pleasing to our contemporary Pagans, for some such there are.

To bid thy heart responsive beat
To mine : thy love's spontaneous smile,
Nor forced by power, nor won by guile,
I claim : but yet a little while,
And we no more may meet.
For I must find a dreary home,
And thou, where'er thou wilt, shalt roam :
But should one tender thought awake
Of Rhododaphne, seek the cell,
Where she dissolved in tears doth dwell
Of blighted hope, and she will take
The wanderer to her breast, and make
Such flowers of bliss around him blow,
As kings would yield their thrones to know'.—

—' It must not be. The air is laden
With sweetness from thy presence born :
Music and light are round thee, maiden,
As round the Virgin Power of Morn :
I feel, I shrink beneath thy beauty :
But love, truth, woe, remembrance, duty,
All point against thee, though arrayed
In charms whose powers no heart could shun
That ne'er had loved another maid
Or any but that loveliest one,
Who now, within my bosom's void,
A sad pale shade, by thee destroyed,
Forbids all other love to bind
My soul : thine least of womankind'.—

Faltering and faint his accents broke,
As those concluding words he spoke.
No more she said, but sadly smiled,
And took his hand ; and like a child
He followed her. All waste and wild,
A pathless moor before them lies.
Beyond, long chains of mountains rise :
Their summits with eternal snow
Are crowned : vast forests wave below,

And stretch, with ample slope and sweep,
Down to the moorlands and the deep.
Human dwelling see they none,
Save one cottage, only one,
Mossy, mildewed, frail, and poor,
Even as human home can be,
Where the forest skirts the moor,
By the inhospitable sea.
There, in tones of melody,
Sweet and clear as Dian's voice
When the rocks and woods rejoice
In her steps the chase impelling,
Rhododaphne, pausing, calls.
Echo answers from the walls :
Mournful response, vaguely telling
Of a long-deserted dwelling.
Twice her lips the call repeat,
Tuneful summons, thrilling sweet.
Still the same sad accents follow,
Cheerless echo, faint and hollow.
Nearer now, with curious gaze,
The youth that lonely cot surveys.
Long grass chokes the path before it.
Twining ivy mantles o'er it,
On the low roof blend together
Beds of moss and stains of weather,
Flowering weeds that train and cluster,
Scaly lichen, stone-crop's lustre,
All confused in radiance mellow,
Red, gray, green, and golden yellow.
Idle splendour ! gleaming only
Over ruins rude and lonely,
When the cold hearth-stone is shattered.
When the ember dust is scattered,
When the grass that chokes the portal
Bends not to the tread of mortal.

The maiden dropped Anthemion's hand,

And forward, with a sudden bound,
She sprung. He saw the door expand,
And close, and all was silence round,
And loneliness, and forth again
She came not. But within this hour,
A burthen to him, and a chain,
Had been her beauty and her power :
But now, thus suddenly forsaken,
In those drear solitudes, though yet
His early love remained unshaken,
He felt within his breast awaken
A sense of something like regret.

But he pursued her not : his love,
His murdered love, such steps forbade.
He turned his doubtful feet, to rove
Amid that forest's maze of shade.
Beneath the matted boughs, that made
A noonday twilight, he espied
No trace of man ; and far and wide
Through fern and tangled briar he strayed,
Till toil and thirst, and hunger weighed
His nature down, and cold and drear
Night came, and no relief was near.
But now at once his steps emerge
Upon the forest's moorland verge,
Beside the white and sounding surge.
For in one long self-circling track,
His mazy path had led him back,
To where that cottage, old and lone,
Had stood : but now to him unknown
Was all the scene. 'Mid gardens, fair
With trees and flowers of fragrance rare,
A rich and ample pile was there,
Glittering with myriad lights, that shone
Far streaming through the dusky air.

With hunger, toil, and weariness,
Outworn, he cannot choose but pass

Tow'rds that fair pile. With gentle stress
He strikes the gate of polished brass.
Loud and long the portal rings,
As back with swift recoil it swings,
Disclosing wide a vaulted hall,
With many columns bright and tall
Encircled. Throned in order round,
Statues of dæmons and of kings
Between the marble columns frowned
With seeming life : each throne beside,
Two humbler statues stood, and raised
Each one a silver lamp, that wide
With many mingling radiance blazed.

High-reared on one surpassing throne,
A brazen image sate alone,
A dwarfish shape of wrinkled brow,
With sceptred hand and crowned head.
No sooner did Anthemion's tread
The echoes of the hall awake,
Then up that image rose, and spake,
As from a trumpet : ' What wouldst than ? '

Anthemion, in amaze and dread,
Replied : ' With toil and hunger worn,
I seek but food and rest till morn '.

The image spake again, and said :
' Enter : fear not : thou art free
To my best hospitality '.

Spontaneously, an inner door
Unclosed. Anthemion from the hall
Passed to a room of state, that wore
Aspect of destined festival.
Of fragrant cedar was the floor,
And round the light-pilastered wall
Curtains of crimson and of gold
Hung down in many a gorgeous fold.
Bright lamps, through that apartment gay
Adorned like Cytheræa's bowers

With vases filled with odorous flowers,
Diffused an artificial day.
A banquet's sumptuous order there,
In long array of viands there,
Fruits, and ambrosial wine, was spread.
A golden boy, in semblance fair
Of actual life, came forth, and led
Anthemion to a couch, beside
That festal table, canopied
With cloth by subtlest Tyrian dyed,
And ministered the feast: the while,
Invisible harps symphonious wreathed
Wild webs of soul-dissolving sound,
And voices, alternating round,
Songs, as of choral maidens, breathed.

Now to the brim the boy filled up
With sparkling wine a crystal cup.
Anthemion took the cup, and quaffed,
With reckless thirst, the enchanted draught.
That instant came a voice divine,
A maiden voice: 'Now art thou mine!'

The golden boy is gone. The song
And the symphonious harps no more
Their syren-minstrelsy prolong.
One crimson curtain waves before
His sight, and opens. From its screen,
The nymph of more than earthly mien,
The magic maid of Thessaly,
Came forth, her tresses loosely streaming,
Her eyes with dewy radiance beaming,
Her form all grace and symmetry,
In silken vesture light and free
As if the woof were air, she came,
And took his hand and called his name.

—'Now art thou mine!' again she cried;
'My love's indissoluble chain
Has found thee in that goblet's tide.

And thou shalt wear my flower again !'
She said, and in Anthemion's breast
She placed the laurel-rose : her arms
She twined around him, and imprest
Her lips on his, and fixed on him
Fond looks of passionate love : her charms
With tenfold radiance on his sense
Shone through the studied negligence
Of her light vesture. His eyes swim
With dizziness. The lamps grow dim,
And tremble, and expire. No more.
Darkness is there, and Mystery :
And silence keeps the golden key
Of Beauty's bridal door.

CANTO VII

FIRST, fairest, best, of powers supernal,
Love waved in heaven his wings of gold,
And from the depths of Night eternal,
Black Erebus, and Chaos old,
Bade light, and life, and beauty rise
Harmonious from the dark disguise
Of elemental discord wild,
Which he had charmed and reconciled.
Love first in social bonds combined
The scattered tribes of humankind,
And bade the wild race cease to roam,
And learn the endearing name of home.
From Love the sister arts began,
That charm, adorn, and soften man.
To Love, the feast, the dance belong,
The temple-rite, the choral song ;
All feelings that refine and bless,
All kindness, sweetness, gentleness.
Him men adore, and gods admire,
Of delicacy, grace, desire,

Yet all that love and art could do
The enchantress did. The pirate-crew
Her power had snatched from death, and pent
Awhile in ocean's bordering caves,
To be her ministers and slaves :
And there, by murmured spells, she sent
On all their shapes fantastic change.
In many an uncouth form and strange,
Grim dwarf, or bony Æthiop tall,
They plied, throughout the enchanted hall,
Their servile ministries, or sate
Gigantic mastiffs in the gate,
Or stalked around the garden-dells
In lion-guise, gaunt sentinels.

And many blooming youths and maids,
A joyous Bacchanalian train,
(That 'mid the rocks and piny shades
Of mountains, through whose wild domain
Ægrian Hebrus, swift and cold,
Impels his waves o'er sands of gold,
Their orgies led) by secret force
Of her far-scattered spells compelled,
With song, and dance, and shout, their course
Tow'rds that enchanted dwelling held.

Oft, 'mid those palace-gardens fair
The beauteous nymph (her radiant hair
With mingled oak and vine-leaves crowned)
Would grasp the thyrsus ivy-bound,
And fold, her festal vest around,
The Bacchic nebris, leading thus
The swift and dizzy thiasus :
And as she moves, in all her charms,
With springing feet and flowing arms,
'Tis strange in one fair shape to see
How many forms of grace can be.
The youths and maids, her beauteous train,
Follow fast in sportive ring,

Some the torch and mystic cane,
Some the vine-bough brandishing ;
Some in giddy circlets fleeting,
The Corybantic timbrel beating :
Maids, with silver flasks advancing,
Pour the wine's red-sparkling tide,
Which youths, with heads recumbent dancing,
Catch in goblets as they glide :
All upon the odorous air
Lightly toss their leafy hair,
Ever singing, as they move,
—' Io Bacchus ! son of Jove ! '—

And oft, the Bacchic fervour ending,
Among these garden-bowers they stray,
Dispersed, where fragrant branches blending
Exclude the sun's meridian ray,
Or on some thymy bank repose,
By which a tingling rivulet flows,
Where birds, on each o'ershadowing spray,
Make music through the live-long day.
The while, in one sequestered cave,
Where roses round the entrance wave,
And jasmine sweet and clustering vine
With flowers and grapes the arch o'ertwine,
Anthemion and the nymph recline,
While in the sunny space, before
The cave, a fountain's lucid store
Its crystal column shoots on high,
And bursts, like showery diamonds flashing,
So falls, and with melodious dashing
Shakes the small pool. A youth stands by,
A tuneful rhapsodist, and sings,
Accordant to his changeful strings,
High strains of ancient poesy.
And oft her golden lyre she takes,
And such transcendent strains awakes,
Such floods of melody as steep

Anthemion's sense in bondage deep
Of passionate admiration : still
Combining with intenser skill
The charm that holds him now, whose bands
May ne'er be loosed by mortal hands.

And oft they rouse with clamorous chase
The forest, urging wide and far
Through glades and dells the sylvan war.
Satyrs and fauns would start around,
And through their ferny dingles bound,
To see that nymph, all life and grace
And radiance, like the huntress-queen,
With sandaled feet and vest of green,
In her soft fingers grasp the spear,
Hang on the track of flying deer,
Shout to the dogs as fast they sweep
Tumultuous down the woodland steep,
And hurl along the tainted air,
The javelin from her streaming hair.

The bath, the dance, the feast's array.
And sweetest rest, conclude the day.
And 'twere most witching to disclose,
Were there such power in mortal numbers,
How she would charm him to repose,
And gaze upon his troubled slumbers,
With looks of fonder love, than ever
Pale Cynthia on Endymion cast,
While her forsaken chariot passed
O'er Caria's many-winding river. 11
The love she bore him was a flame
So strong, so total, so intense,
That no desire beside might claim
Dominion in her thought or sense.
The world had nothing to bestow
On her : for wealth and powers were hers :
The dæmons of the earth (that know
The beds of gems and fountain-springs

Of undiscovered gold, and where,
In subterranean sepulchres,
The memory of whose place doth bear
No vestige, long-forgotten kings
Sit guant on monumental thrones,
With massy pearls and costly stones
Hanging on their half-mouldered bones)
Were slaves to her. The fears and cares
Of feebler mortals—Want, and Woe
His daughter, and their mutual child
Remorseless Crime—keen Wrath, that tears
The breast of Hate unreconciled—
Ambition's spectral goad—Revenge,
That finds consummation food
To nurse anew her hydra brood,—
Shame, Misery's sister—dread of change,
The bane of wealth and worldly might,—
She knew not : Love alone, like ocean,
Filled up with one unshared emotion
Her soul's capacity : but right
And wrong she recked not of, nor owned
A law beyond her soul's desire ;
And from the hour that first enthroned
Anthemion in her heart, the fire,
That burned within her, like the force
Of floods swept with it in its course
All feelings that might barriers prove
To her illimitable love.

Thus wreathed with ever-varying flowers,
Went by the purple-pinioned hours ;
Till once, returning from the wood
And woodland chase, at evening-fall,
Anthemion and the enchantress stood
Within the many-columned hall,
Alone. They looked around them. Where
Are all those youths and maidens fair,
Who followed them but now ? On high

She waves her lyre. Its murmurs die
Tremulous. They come not whom she calls.
Why starts she? Wherefore does she throw
Around the youth her arms of snow,
With passion so intense, and weep?
What mean those murmurs, sad and low,
That like sepulchral echoes creep
Along the marble walls?
Her breath is short and quick! and, dim
With tears, her eyes are fixed on him:
Her lips are quivering and apart:
He feels the fluttering of her heart:
Her face is pale. He cannot shun
Her fear's contagion. Tenderly
He kissed her lips in sympathy,
And said: 'What ails thee, lovely one?'—
Low, trembling, faint, her accents fall:
—'Look round: what seest thou in the hall?'—
Anthemion looked, and made return:
—'The statues, and the lamps that burn:
No more'.—'Yet look again, where late
The solitary image sate,
The monarch-dwarf. Dost thou not see
An image there which should not be?'—
Even as she bade he looked again:
From his high throne the dwarf was gone.
Lo! there, as in the Thespian fane,
Uranian Love! His bow was bent:
The arrow to its head was drawn:
His frowning brow was fixed intent
On Rhododaphne. Scarce did rest
Upon that form Anthemion's view,
When, sounding shrill, the arrow flew,
And lodged in Rhododaphne's breast.
It was not Love's own shaft, the giver
Of life and joy and tender flame;
But, borrowed from Apollo's quiver,

The death-directed arrow came.

Long, slow, distinct in each stern word,
A sweet deep-thrilling voice was heard :
—' With impious spells hast thou profaned
My altars ; and all-ruling Jove,
Though late, yet certain, has unchained
The vengeance of Uranian Love¹ ! '—

The marble palace burst asunder,
Riven by subterranean thunder,
Sudden clouds around them rolled,
Lucid vapour, fold on fold.
Then Rhododaphne closer prest
Anthemion to her bleeding breast,
As, in his arms upheld, her head
All languid on his neck reclined ;
And in the curls that overspread
His cheek, her temple ringlets twined :
Her dim eyes drew, with fading sight,
From his their last reflected light,
And on his lips, as nature failed,
Her lips their last sweet sighs exhaled.

—' Farewell ! '—she said ; ' another bride
The partner of thy days must be :
But do not hate my memory ;
And build a tomb by Ladon's tide,
To her, who, false in all beside,
Was but too true in loving thee ! '—

The quivering earth beneath them stirred.
In dizzy trance upon her bosom
He fell, as falls a wounded bird
Upon a broken rose's blossom.

¹ The late but certain vengeance of the gods, occurs in many forms as a sentence among the classical writers ; and is the subject of an interesting dialogue, among the moral works of Plutarch, which concludes

What sounds are in Anthemion's ear ?
It is the lark that carols clear,
And gentle waters murmuring near.
He lifts his head : the new-born day
Is round him, and the sun-beams play
On silver eddies. Can it be ?
The stream he loved in infancy ?
The hills ? the Aphrodisian grove ?
The fields that knew Calliroë's love ?
And those two sister-trees, are they
The cedar and the poplar gray,
That shade old Pheidon's door ? Alas !
Sad vision now ! Does Phantasy
Play with his troubled sense, made dull
By many griefs ? He does not dream :
It is his own Arcadian stream,
The fields, the hills : and on the grass,
The dewy grass of Ladon's vale,
Lies Rhododaphne, cold and pale,
But even in death most beautiful ;
And there, in mournful silence by her,
Lies on the ground her golden lyre.

He knelt beside her on the ground :
On her pale face and radiant hair
He fixed his eyes, in sorrow drowned.
That one so gifted and so fair,
All light and music, thus should be
Quenched like a night-star suddenly,
Might move a stranger's tears ; but he
Had known her love ; such love as yet
Never could heart that knew forget !
He thought not of his wrongs. Alone
Her love and loveliness possess
His memory, and her fond cares, shown

ith the fable of Thespesius, a very remarkable
rototype of the *Inferno* of Dante.

In seeking, nature's empire through,
Devices ever rare and new,
To make him calm and blest.
Two maids had loved him ; one, the light
Of his young soul, the morning star
Of life and love ; the other, bright
As are the noon-tide skies, when far
The vertic sun's fierce radiance burns :
The world had been too brief to prove
The measure of each single love :
Yet, from this hour, forlorn, bereft,
Compassionless, where'er he turns,
Of all that love on earth is left
No trace but their cinereal urns.

But Pheidon's door unfolds ; and who
Comes forth in beauty ? Oh ! 'tis she,
Herself, his own Calliroë !
And in that burst of blest surprise,
Like Lethe's self upon his brain
Oblivion of all grief and pain
Descends, and tow'rd's her path he flies.
The maiden knew
Her love, and flew
To meet him, and her dear arms threw
Around his neck, and wept for bliss,
And on his lips impressed a kiss
He had not dared to give. The spell
Was broken now, that gave before
Not death, but magic slumber. More
The closing measure needs not tell.
Love, wonder, transport wild and high,
Question that waited not reply,
And answer unrequired, and smiles
Through such sweet tears as bliss beguiles,
Fixed, mutual looks of long delight,
Soft chiding for o'erhasty flight,
And promise never more to roam,

Were theirs. Old Pheidon from his home
 Came forth, to share their joy, and bless
 Their love, and all was happiness.

But when the maid Anthemion led
 To where her beauteous rival slept
 The long last sleep, on earth disspread,
 And told her tale, Calliroë wept
 Sweet tears for Rhododaphne's doom ;
 For in her heart a voice was heard :
 — ' 'Twas for Anthemion's love she erred ! '—
 They built by Ladon's banks a tomb ;
 And, when the funeral pyre had burned,
 With seemly rites they there inurned
 The ashes of the enchantress fair ;
 And sad, sweet verse they traced, to show
 That youth, love, beauty, slept below ;
 And bade the votive marble bear
 The name of RHODODAPHNE. There
 The laurel-rose luxuriant sprung,
 And in its boughs her lyre they hung,
 And often, when, at evening hours,
 They decked the tomb with mournful flowers,
 The lyre upon the twilight breeze
 Would pour mysterious symphonies.

FROM NIGHTMARE ABBEY, 1818

THE GREY FRIAR

WHY are thy looks so blank, grey friar ?
 Why are thy looks so blue ?
 Thou seem'st more pale and lank, grey friar,
 Than thou wast used to do :—
 Say, what has made thee rue ?
 Thy form was plump, and a light did shine
 In thy round and ruby face,

Which showed an outward visible sign
Of an inward spiritual grace :—
Say, what has changed thy case ?

Yet will I tell thee true, grey friar,
I very well can see,
That, if thy looks are blue, grey friar,
'Tis all for love of me,—
'Tis all for love of me.

But breathe not thy vows to me, grey friar,
Oh, breathe them not, I pray ;
For ill beseem in a reverend friar,
The love of a mortal may ;
And I needs must say thee nay.

But could'st thou think my heart to move
With that pale and silent scowl ?
Know, he who would win a maiden's love,
Whether clad in cap or cowl,
Must be more of a lark than an owl.

SONG BY MR CYPRESS

THERE is a fever of the spirit,
The brand of Cain's unresting doom,
Which in the lone dark souls that bear it
Glow like the lamp in Tullia's tomb.
Unlike the lamp, its subtle fire
Burns, blasts, consumes its cell, the heart.
Till, one by one, hope, joy, desire,
Like dreams of shadowy smoke depart.

When hope, love, life itself, are only
Dust—spectral memories—dead and cold—
The unfed fire burns bright and lonely,
Like that undying lamp of old ;

And by that drear illumination,
Till time its clay-built home has rent,
Thought broods on feeling's desolation—
The soul is its own monument.

SEAMEN THREE

SEAMEN three ! What men be ye ?
Gotham's three wise men we be.
Whither in your bowl so free ?
To rake the moon from out the sea.
The bowl goes trim. The moon doth shine.
And our ballast is old wine ;
And your ballast is old wine.

Who art thou, so fast adrift ?
I am he they call Old Care,
Here on board we will thee lift.
No : I may not enter there.
Wherefore so ? 'Tis Jove's decree,
In a bowl Care may not be ;
In a bowl Care may not be.

Fear ye not the waves that roll ?
No : in charmed bowl we swim.
What the charm that floats the bowl ?
Water may not pass the brim.
The bowl goes trim. The moon doth shine.
And our ballast is old wine ;
And your ballast is old wine.

THE ROUND TABLE

OR, KING'S ARTHUR'S FEAST

INTRODUCTION

King Arthur is said to have disappeared after the battle of Camlan, and to have never been seen again; which gave rise to a tradition, that he had been carried away by Merlin, a famous prophet and magician of his time, and would return to his kingdom at some future period.—The Welsh continued to expect him for many hundred years; and it is by no means certain that they have entirely given him up. He is here represented as inhabiting a solitary island, under the influence of the prophet Merlin; by whose magic power he is shown all the kings and queens who have sat on his throne since his death, and giving to them a grand feast, at his old established round table, attended by their principal secretaries, dukes, lords, admirals, generals, poets, and a long train of courtiers. The kings are of course mentioned in the order of succession. The allegory is illustrated as concisely as possible in the notes. So many histories of England being published for the use of young persons, we have only attached the names of the kings, and to such instances as might not be considered sufficiently explanatory.

KING ARTHUR sat down by the lonely sea-coast,
As thin as a lath, and as pale as a ghost :
He looked on the east, and the west, and the south,
With a tear in his eye, and a pipe in his mouth ;
And he said to old Merlin, who near him did stand,
Drawing circles, triangles, and squares on the sand,
' Sure nothing more dismal and tedious can be,
Than to sit always smoking and watching the sea :
Say when shall the fates re-establish my reign,
And spread my round-table in Britain again ? '

Old Merlin replied : ' By my art it appears,
Not in less than three hundred and seventy years ;
But in the meantime I am very well able
To spread in this island your ancient round table ;
And to grace it with guests of unparalleled splendour,
I'll summon old Pluto forthwith to surrender
All the kings who have sat on your throne, from the day
When from Camlan's destruction I snatched you away '.

King Arthur's long face, by these accents restored,
Grew as round as his table, as bright as his sword ;
While the wand of old Merlin waved over the ocean,
Soon covered its billows with brilliant commotion ;
For ships of all ages and sizes appearing,
Towards the same shore were all rapidly steering,
Came cleaving the billows with sail and with oar,
Yacht, pinnace, sloop, frigate, and seventy-four.

King Arthur scarce spied them afar from the land,
Ere their keels were fixed deep in the yellow sea-sand ;
And from under their canopies, golden and gay,
Came kings, queens, and courtiers, in gallant array,
Much musing and marvelling who it might be,
That was smoking his pipe by the side of the sea ;
But Merlin stepped forth with a greeting right warm,
And then introduced them in order and form.
The Saxons¹ came first, the preëminence claiming,
With scarce one among them but Alfred worth
naming.

Full slyly they looked upon Canute² the bold,
And remembered the drubbing he gave them of old :

¹ The Saxons invaded England, and dispossessed the Britons. The most famous of the Saxon kings was Alfred.

² The Danes, under Canute, conquered the Saxons. The sons of Canute died without children, and the government returned to the Saxon kings.

Sad Harold¹ came last; and the crown which he wore
Had been broken, and trampled in dust and in gore.

Now the sun in the west had gone down to repose,
When before them at once a pavilion arose;
Where Arthur's round table was royally spread,
And illumined with lamps, purple, yellow, and red.
The smell of roast beef put them all in a foment,
So they scrambled for seats, and were ranged in a
moment.

The Conqueror² stood up, as they thought to say
grace;
But he scowled round the board with a resolute face;
And the company stared, when he swore by the fates,
That a list he would have of their names and estates³;
And lest too much liquor their brains should inspire
To set the pavilion and table on fire,
He hoped they'd acknowledge he counselled right well,
To put out the lights when he tinkled his bell⁴.

His speech was cut short by a general dismay;
For William the Second⁵ had fainted away,
At the smell of some New Forest Venison⁶ before him;
But a tweak of the nose, Arthur said, would restore him.

But another disturbance compelled him to mark
The pitiful state of poor Henry Beauclerk⁷;

¹ The last of the Saxon kings was Harold II who was killed in the battle of Hastings, when William, Duke of Normandy, gained a decisive victory.

² William I the Conqueror. ³ Domesday Book.

⁴ The curfew.

⁵ William II Rufus.

⁶ Accidentally killed by an arrow while hunting in the New Forest.

⁷ Henry I Beauclerk.

Who had fallen on the lampreys with ardour so stout¹,
That he dropped from his chair in the midst of the rout.
Old Arthur, surprised at a king so voracious,
Thought a saltwater ducking might prove efficacious.

Now Stephen², for whom some bold barons had
carved³,
Said, while some could get surfeited, he was half-
starved :

For his arms were so pinioned, unfortunate elf !⁴
He could hit on no method of helping himself.

But a tumult more furious called Arthur to check it,
'Twixt Henry the Second⁵ and Thomas-a-Becket⁶.
'Turn out', exclaimed Arthur, 'that prelate so free,
And from the first rock see him thrown in the sea' !
So they hustled out Becket without judge or jury,
Who quickly returned in a terrible fury.
The lords were enraged, and the ladies affrighted ;
But his head was soon cracked in the fray he excited ;
When in rushed some monks in a great perturbation,
And gave good King Henry a sound flagellation ;
Which so coolly he took, that the president swore,
He ne'er saw such a bigoted milksop before.

But Arthur's good humour was quickly restored,
When to lion-heart Richard⁷ a bumper he poured ;

¹ Died eating lampreys. ² Stephen, of Bloix.

³ Held in subjection by the barons.

⁴ And so restricted in his authority, that he had little more than the name of a king.

⁵ Henry II. Fitz-Empress.

⁶ Quarrelled with his minister, Thomas-a-Becket, Archbishop of Canterbury, who was compelled to fly the country ; but afterwards returning, was murdered by some followers of the king ; for which Henry was forced to do penance, and was whipped by the monks at Becket's tomb.

⁷ Richard Cœur de Lion.

Whose pilgrim's array told the tale of his toils,
 Half-veiling his arms and his Saracen spoils¹ ;
 As he sliced up the venison of merry Sherwood,
 He told a long story of bold Robin Hood²,
 Which gave good King Arthur such hearty delight,
 That he vow'd he'd make Robin a round-table knight;
 While Merlin to fetch Robin Hood was preparing,
 John Lackland³ was blustering, and vapouring, and
 swearing,
 And seemed quite determined the roast to be ruling⁴ ;
 But some stout fellows near him prepared him a cooling ;
 Who seized him, and held him, nor gave him release,
 Till he signed them a bond for preserving the peace⁵.

While Henry the Third⁶, dull, contemned, and for-
 saken,
 Sat stupidly silent, regaling on Bacon⁷,
 The First of the Edwards⁸ charmed Arthur with tales
 Of fighting in Palestine, Scotland, and Wales⁹ ;
 But Merlin asserted his angry regards,
 Recollecting how Edward had treated the Bards¹⁰.
 The Second¹¹, whose days in affliction had run¹²,
 Sat pensive and sad 'twixt his father and son.

¹ Returned in a pilgrim's disguise through Europe from his wars in the Holy Land.

² In his time lived Robin Hood, the celebrated robber of Sherwood Forest.

³ King John, surnamed Lackland.

⁴ Ambitious of absolute power.

⁵ Forced by his barons to sign Magna Charta.

⁶ Henry III of Winchester.

⁷ A weak and foolish king, in whose reign lived Friar Bacon.

⁸ Edward I, Longshanks. ⁹ Gained many victories.

¹⁰ Massacred the Welsh Bards.

¹¹ Edward II of Caernarvon.

¹² Murdered by his wife's knowledge in Berkeley Castle.

But on the Third Edward¹ resplendently glance
The blazons of knighthood, and trophies of France²;
Beside him his son in black armour appears,
That yet bears the marks of the field of Poitiers³.

From the festival's pomp, and the table's array,
Pale Richard of Bourdeaux⁴ turned sadly away;
The thought of that time his remembrance appals,
When Famine scowled on him in Pomfret's dark walls⁵.

Beside him sat Bolingbroke⁶, gloomy and stern,
Nor dared his dark eyes on his victim to turn⁷,
The wrinkles of care o'er his features were spread,
And thorns lined the crown that encircled his head⁸,
But Harry of Monmouth⁹ some guests had brought in,
Who drank so much liquor, and made such a din¹⁰,
(While Arthur full loudly his mirth did disclose
At Falstaff's fat belly and Bardolph's red nose)
That he turned them all out with monarchical pride,
And laid the plumed cap of his revels aside,
And put on the helmet, and breastplate, and shield,
That did such great service on Agincourt's field¹¹.

¹ Edward III.

² Conquered France in conjunction with his son, the Black Prince.

³ The Battle of Poitiers.

⁴ Richard II of Bourdeaux.

⁵ Killed in Pomfret Castle. ⁶ Henry IV, Bolingbroke.

⁷ Obtained the crown by rebelling against Richard II.

⁸ Was miserable all his reign.

⁹ Henry V of Monmouth.

¹⁰ Led a very dissolute life while Prince of Wales, and kept a set of drunken companions, to whom Shakespeare has given the names of Falstaff, Bardolph, etc.

¹¹ Discarded them when he came to be king. And gained great victories in France, particularly the battle of Agincourt.

And now rang the tent with unusual alarms,
For the white and red roses were calling to arms¹;
Confusion and tumult established their reign,
And Arthur stood up, and called silence in vain.

Poor Harry the Sixth², hustled, beaten, and prest,
Had his nosegay of lilies³ soon torn from his breast;
And, though Margaret, to shield him, had clasped him
around⁴,
From her arms he was shaken, and hurled to the
ground⁵;
While Edward of York⁶ flourished over his head
The rose's pale blossoms, and trampled the red;
Though Warwick strove vainly the ill to repair,
And set fallen Henry again on his chair.

The children⁷ of Edward stood up in the fray.
But, touched by cruel Richard⁸, they vanished away.
Who, knowing none loved him, resolved all should fear
him,
And therefore knocked every one down who was near
him,

¹ The civil wars of York and Lancaster, of which respective parties the white and red roses were the emblems.

² Henry VI of Windsor.

³ Lost the kingdom of France.

⁴ Supported by his queen Margaret.

⁵ Overcome by the York party, and made a prisoner in the Tower.

⁶ Edward IV, raised to the throne by the aid of the Earl of Warwick; who afterwards quarrelled with Edward, and endeavoured to restore Henry, but without success.

⁷ Edward V and his brother, the Duke of York, died while children, supposed to have been murdered in the Tower by order of their uncle Richard.

⁸ Richard III, a cruel and sanguinary tyrant.

Till him in his turn Harry Richmond¹ assailed,
And at once, on his downfall, good order prevailed ;
And Richmond uplifted, to prove the strife ended,
A wreath where the white and red roses were blended².

With his Jane, and his Annes, and his Catherines
beside,
Sat Henry the Eighth³, in true Ottoman pride,
And quaffed off with Wolsey the goblet's red tide ;
But over the head of each lady so fair
An axe was impending, that hung by a hair.

Bold Arthur, whose fancy this king had not won,
Look'd with hope and delight on young Edward⁴ his
son ;
But had scarcely commended his learning and grace,
Ere he found his attention called off⁵ to the place
Where the infamous Mary⁶ polluted the feast,
Who sat drinking blood from the skull of a priest⁷.

¹ Conquered in the battle of Bosworth by Henry of Richmond, afterwards Henry VII.

² Being himself of the house of Lancaster, married Elizabeth, sister of Edward V, who was of the house of York : thus uniting the two houses, and ending the civil wars.

³ Henry VIII. Had six wives—one Jane, two Annes, and three Catherines, in the following order : 1. Catherine of Arragon, whom he divorced. 2. Ann Boleyn, whom he beheaded. 3. Jane Seymour, who died in giving birth to Edward VI. 4. Ann of Cleves, whom he sent back to her parents. 5. Catherine Howard, whom he beheaded. 6. Catherine Parr, who outlived him.

⁴ Edward VI, a very promising young prince.

⁵ Died in his sixteenth year.

⁶ Mary. Cruel Queen Mary. Daughter of Henry VIII.

⁷ Burned three hundred persons for not being of her opinion in religion.

But he struggled his horror and rage to repress,
 And sought consolation from worthy Queen Bess¹,
 Who had brought Drake and Raleigh her state to
 sustain²,
 With American spoils and the trophies of Spain ;
 While Shakespeare and Spenser³, with song and with
 fable,
 Enchanted King Arthur and all round his table.

Now the First of the James's⁴ complained of the
 heat,
 And seemed ill at ease on his rickety seat ;
 It proved, when examined (which made them all stare),
 A gunpowder barrel instead of a chair⁵.

The First of the Charles's⁶ was clearing the dishes,
 Taking more than his share of the loaves and the fishes⁷,
 Not minding at all what the company said,
 When up started Cromwell, and sliced off his head⁸.

¹ Elizabeth. A wise and fortunate queen.

² Her admirals, among whom were Sir Francis Drake and Sir Walter Raleigh, sailed round the world, settled colonies in North America, defeated the Spanish Armada, etc.

³ In her reign lived many eminent authors, particularly Shakespeare and Spenser.

⁴ James the First.

⁵ The Gunpowder Plot, 5th November, 1605.

⁶ Charles I.

⁷ Overstrained his prerogative ; encroached on the liberties of the people, and on the privileges of parliament. The consequence was a civil war and the loss of his head.

⁸ The commonwealth succeeded, at the head of which was Oliver Cromwell. He was succeeded by his son Richard, who was displaced by the restoration of Charles II.

Charles the Second¹, enraged at the villanous deed,
 Tried to turn out Old Cromwell, but could not succeed,
 But he mastered young Dick, and then cooled his own
 wrath
 In syllabub, trifle, and filagree broth².

James the Second³, with looks full of anger and
 gloom,
 Pronounced nothing good but the cookery of Rome⁴;
 So begged of King Arthur, his dear royal crony,
 To make all the company eat macaroni⁵;
 But Arthur bade Mary an orange present⁶,
 At which James grew queasy, and fled from the tent.
 So she placed on his seat honest William⁷, her spouse,
 And with laurel and olive encircled his brows⁸;

Wreath of glory and peace, by young Freedom en-
 twined,
 And gave him a key to the lock⁹ of the mind.

Now as Arthur continued the party to scan,
 He did not well know what to make of Queen Anne¹⁰;
 But Marlborough¹¹, he saw, did her credit uplift,

¹ Charles II.

² A frivolous and dissolute king.

³ James II.

⁴ A bigoted Roman Catholic.

⁵ Used violent measures to establish that religion in England.

⁶ Was obliged to fly the country; and the crown devolved to his daughter Mary, and her husband, William, Prince of Orange.

⁷ William III.

⁸ His reign was distinguished by foreign victories and domestic prosperity.

⁹ By being the origin of the present form of the English constitution, in the glorious revolution of 1688; and by the life and writings of the philosopher Locke.

¹⁰ Anne.

¹¹ Her general, the Duke of Marlborough, gained several great victories in France.

And he heartily laughed at the jokes of Dean Swift¹.
Then shook hands with two Georges², who near him
 were seated,
Who closed in his left, and the circle completed ;
He liked them both well, but he frankly averred,
He expected to prove better pleased with the Third.

FROM MAID MARIAN, 1822

THE BRAMBLE

THE bramble, the bramble, the bonny forest bramble,
 Doth' make a jest
 Of silken vest,
That will through greenwood scramble :
The bramble, the bramble, the bonny forest bramble.

The courtly pad doth amble,
When his gay lord would ramble :
 But both may catch
 An awkward scratch
If they ride among the bramble :
The bramble, the bramble, the bonny forest bramble.

MICHAEL'S FROCK

BUT wherefore doth the sheep wear wool ?
 That he in season sheared may be,
And the shepherd be warm though his flock be cool :
 So I'll have a new cloak about me.

¹ Many eminent literary characters flourished in her time, particularly Swift and Pope.

² The House of Hanover : George I, George II, George III.

THE ABBOT'S NOSE

THE rose on the nose doth all virtues disclose :
For the outward grace shows
That the inward overflows,
When it glows in the rose of a red, red nose.

KINGSLEA MERE

THE damsel stood to watch the fight
By the banks of Kingslea Mere,
And they brought to her feet her own true knight
Sore-wounded on a bier.

She knelt by him his wounds to bind,
She washed them with many a tear ;
And shouts rose fast upon the wind,
Which told that the foe was near.

' Oh ! let not ', he said, ' while yet I live,
The cruel foe me take :
But with thy sweet lips a last kiss give,
And cast me in the lake '.

Around his neck she wound her arms,
And she kissed his lips so pale :
And evermore the war's alarms
Came louder up the vale.

She drew him to the lake's steep side,
Where the red heath fringed the shore ;
She plunged with him beneath the tide,
And they were seen no more.

Their true blood mingled in Kingslea Mere,
That to mingle on earth was fain :
And the trout that swims in that crystal clear
Is tinged with the crimson stain.

A GREENWOOD TREE

For the slender beech and the sapling oak,
 That grow by the shadowy rill,
 You may cut down both at a single stroke,
 You may cut down which you will.

But this you must know, that as long as they
 grow
 Whatever change may be,
 You never can teach either oak or beech
 To be aught but a greenwood tree.

MATILDA AND THE FRIAR

Matilda : The love that follows fain
 Will never its faith betray :
 But the faith that is held in a chain
 Will never be found again,
 If a single link give way.

The Friar : For hark ! hark ! hark !
 The dog doth bark,
 That watches the wild deer's lair.
 The hunter awakes at the peep of the dawn,
 But the lair it is empty, the deer it is gone,
 And the hunter knows not where.

Both together : Then follow, oh follow ! the hounds
 do cry :
 The red sun flames in the eastern sky :
 The stag bounds over the hollow.
 He that lingers in spirit, or loiters in hall,
 Shall see us no more till the evening fall,
 And no voice but the echo shall answer his call :
 Then follow, oh follow, follow :
 Follow, oh follow, follow !

he Friar : Though I be now a grey, grey friar,
Yet I was once a hale young knight :
The cry of my dogs was the only choir
In which my spirit did take delight.

Little I recked of matin bell,
But drowned its toll with my clanging horn
And the only beads I loved to tell
Were the beads of dew on the spangled thorn.

Latilda : Little I reck of matin bell,
But drown its toll with my clanging horn :
And the only beads I love to tell
Are the beads of dew on the spangled thorn.

he Friar : An archer keen I was withal,
As ever did lean on greenwood tree ;
And could make the fleetest roebuck fall,
A good three hundred yards from me.
Though changeful time, with hand severe,
Has made me now these joys forego,
Yet my heart bounds whene'er I hear
Yoicks ! hark away ! and tally ho !

THE PROUD SHERIFFE

A STAFF, a staff, of a young oak graff,
That is both stoure and stiff,
Is all a good friar can needs desire
To shrive a proud sheriffe.
And thou, fine fellôwe, who has tasted so
Of the forester's greenwood game,
Will be in no haste thy time to waste
In seeking more taste of the same :
Or this can I read thee, and riddle thee well,
Thou hadst better by far be the devil in hell,
Than the sheriff of Nottinghame.

TO BATTLE

DRINK and sing, and eat and laugh,
And so go forth to battle :
For the top of a skull and the end of a staff
Do make a ghostly rattle.

THE HERMIT'S CELL

FOR I must seek some hermit cell,
Where I alone my beads may tell,
And on the wight who that way fares
Levy a toll for my ghostly pray'rs,
Levy a toll, levy a toll,
Levy a toll for my ghostly pray'rs.

BOLD ROBIN HOOD

OH, bold Robin Hood is a forester good,
As ever drew bow in the merry greenwood :
At his bugle's shrill singing the echoes are ringing,
The wild deer are springing for many a rood :
Its summons we follow, through brake, over hollow,
The thrice-blown shrill summons of bold Robin Hood.

And what eye hath e'er seen such a sweet Maiden
Queen,
As Marian, the pride of the forester's green ?
A sweet garden flower, she blooms in the bower,
Where alone to this hour the wild rose has been :
We hail her in duty the queen of all beauty :
We will live, we will die, by our sweet Maiden Queen.

And here's a grey friar, good as heart can desire,
To absolve all our sins as the case may require :

Who with courage so stout, lays his oak-plant about,
And puts to the rout all the foes of his choir :
For we are his choristers, we merry foresters,
Chorusing thus with our militant friar.

And Scarlet doth bring his good yew-bough and string,
Prime minister is he of Robin our king :
No mark is too narrow for Little John's arrow,
That hits a cock-sparrow a mile on the wing :
Robin and Mariòn, Scarlet, and Little John,
Long with their glory old Sherwood shall ring.

Each a good liver, for well-feathered quiver
Doth furnish brawn, venison, and fowl of the river :
But the best game we dish up, it is a fat bishop :
When his angels we fish up, he proves a free giver :
For a prelate so lowly has angels more holy,
And should this world's false angels to sinners deliver.

Robin and Mariòn, Scarlet and Little John,
Drink to them one by one, drink as ye sing :
Robin and Mariòn, Scarlet and Little John,
Echo to echo through Sherwood shall fling :
Robin and Mariòn, Scarlet and Little John,
Long with their glory old Sherwood shall ring.

ROBIN HOOD AND THE TWO GREY FRIARS

BOLD Robin has robed him in ghostly attire,
And forth he is gone like a holy friar,
Singing, hey down, ho down, down, derry down :
And of two grey friars he soon was aware,
Regaling themselves with dainty fare,
All on the fallen leaves so brown.

' Good morrow, good brothers ', said bold Robin Hood,
' And what make you in the good greenwood,
Singing hey down, ho down, down, derry down !

Now give me, I pray you, wine and food :
For none can I find in the good greenwood,
All on the fallen leaves so brown.'

' Good brother ', they said, ' we would give you full fain,
But we have no more than enough for twain,
Singing, hey down, ho down, down, derry down.'
' Then give me some money ', said bold Robin Hood,
' For none can I find in the good greenwood,
All on the fallen leaves so brown.'

' No money have we, good brother ', said they :
' Then ', said he, ' we three for money will pray :
Singing, hey down, ho down, down, derry down :
And whatever shall come at the end of our prayer,
We three holy friars will piously share,
All on the leaves so brown '.

' We will not pray with thee, good Brother, God wot :
For truly, good brother, thou pleasest us not,
Singing, hey down, ho down, down, derry down :'
Then up they both started from Robin to run,
But down on their knees Robin pulled them each one,
All on the fallen leaves so brown.

The grey friars prayed with a doleful face,
But bold Robin prayed with a right merry grace,
Singing, hey down, ho down, down, derry down :
And when they had prayed, their portmanteau he took,
And from it a hundred good angels he shook,
All on the fallen leaves so brown.

' The saints ', said bold Robin, ' have hearkened our
prayer,
And here's a good angel apiece for your share :
If more you would have, you must win ere you wear :
Singing, hey down, ho down, down, derry down :'

hen he blew his good horn with a musical cheer,
nd fifty green bowmen came trooping full near,
nd away the grey frairs they bounded like deer,
All on the fallen leaves so brown.

THE JOLLY ROVER

OVER, over, over, jolly, jolly rover,
Would you then come over? Over, over, over?
Jolly, jolly rover, here's one lives in clover:
Who finds the clover? The jolly, jolly rover
He finds the clover, let him then come over,
The jolly, jolly rover, over, over, over.

OVER, OVER

A DAMSEL came in midnight rain,
And called across the ferry:
The weary wight she called in vain,
Whose senses sleep did bury.
At evening, from her father's door
She turned to meet her lover:
At midnight, on the lonely shore,
She shouted, 'Over, over!'

She had not met him by the tree
Of their accustomed meeting,
And sad and sick at heart was she,
Her heart all wildly beating.
In chill suspense the hours went by,
The wild storm burst above her:
She turned her to the river nigh,
And shouted, 'Over, over!'

A dim, discoloured, doubtful light
The moon's dark veil permitted,
And thick before her troubled sight
Fantastic shadows flitted.

Her lover's form appeared to glide,
And beckon o'er the water :
Alas ! his blood that morn had dyed
Her brother's sword with slaughter.

Upon a little rock she stood,
To make her invocation :
She marked not that the rain-swoll'n flood
Was islanding her station.
The tempest mocked her feeble cry :
No saint his aid would give her :
The flood swelled high and yet more high,
And swept her down the river.

Yet oft beneath the pale moonlight,
When hollow winds are blowing,
The shadow of that maiden bright
Glides by the dark stream's flowing.
And when the storms of midnight rave,
While clouds the broad moon cover,
The wild gusts waft across the wave
The cry of ' Over, over ! '

THE FRIAR OF RUBYGILL

It was a friar of orders free,
A friar of Rubygill :
At the greenwood-tree a vow made he,
But he kept it very ill :
A vow made he of chastity,
But he kept it very ill.
He kept it, perchance, in the conscious shade
Of the bounds of the forest wherein it was made :
But he roamed where he listed, as free as the wind,
And he left his good vow in the forest behind :
For its woods out of sight were his vow out of mind,
With the friar of Rubygill.

a lonely hut himself he shut,
the friar of Rubygill ;
Where the ghostly elf absolved himself,
to follow his own good-will :
and he had no lack of canary sack,
to keep his conscience still.
and a damsel well knew, when at lonely midnight
it gleamed on the waters, his signal-lamp-light :
Over ! over ! ' she warbled with nightingale throat,
and the friar sprung forth at the magical note,
and she crossed the dark stream in his trim ferry-boat,
With the friar of Rubygill.

WHEN THE WIND BLOWS

WHEN the wind blows, when the wind blows
From where under buck the dry log glows,
What guide can you follow,
O'er brake and o'er hollow,
So true as a ghostly, ghostly nose ?

FAREWELL TO THE FOREST

YE woods, that oft at sultry noon
Have o'er me spread your massy shade :
Ye gushing streams, whose murmured tune
Has in my ear sweet music made,
While, where the dancing pebbles show
Deep in the restless fountain-pool
The gelid water's upward flow,
My second flask was laid to cool :

Ye pleasant sights of leaf and flower :
Ye pleasant sounds of bird and bee :
Ye sports of deer in sylvan bower :
Ye feasts beneath the greenwood tree :

Ye baskings in the vernal sun :
 Ye slumbers in the summer dell :
 Ye trophies that this arm has won :
 And must ye hear your friar's farewell ?

PAPER MONEY LYRICS

[Written in 1825. A few of the *Lyrics* were published in the *Guide* newspaper in 1837, and the whole published privately in that year].

Falstaff : Master Shallow, I owe you a thousand pound.

Shallow : Yea, marry, Sir John, which I beseech you to let me have home with me.—Shakespeare [*Henry IV, Part II*, act v, sc. v, ll. 77–80].

Perez : Who's that is cheated ? Speak again, thou vision.

Cacafogo : I'll let thee plainly know I'm cheated damnably.—Beaumont and Fletcher [*Rule a Wife and Have a Wife*, act v, sc. ii, ll. 22, 31].

PREFACE

THESE *Lyrics* were written in the winter of 1825–26, during the prevalence of an influenza to which the beautiful fabric of paper-credit is periodically subject ; which is called commercial panic by citizens, financial crisis by politicians, and day of reckoning by the profane ; and which affected all promisers to pay in town and country with one of its most violent epidemic visitations in December, 1825. The *Lyrics* shadow out, in their order, the symptoms of the epidemic in its several stages ; the infallible nostrums, remedial and preventative, proposed by every variety of that arch class of quacks, who call themselves political economists ; the orders, counter-orders, and disorders, at the

head of affairs, with respect to joint-stock banks, and the extinction of one-pound notes, inclusive of Scotland, and exclusive of Scotland ; till the final patching up of the uncured malady by a series of false palliatives, which only nourished for another eruption the seeds of the original disease. The *tabes tacitis concepta medullis* has again blazed forth in new varieties of its primitive types—broken promises and bursting bubbles. Persons and things are changed, but the substance is the same ; and these little ballads are as applicable now as they were twelve years ago. They will be applicable to every time and place, in which public credulity shall have given temporary support to the safe and economical currency, which consists of a series of paper promises, made with the deliberate purpose, that the promise shall always be a payment, and the payment shall always be a promise.

20 July, 1837.

PAN IN TOWN¹

(*Metrum Ithyphallicum cum anacrusi*)

Falstaff : If any man will caper with me for a thousand marks, let him lend me the money, and have at him.

PAN AND CHORUS OF CITIZENS

Pan : The Country banks are breaking :
 The London banks are shaking :
 Suspicion is awaking :
 E'en quakers now are quaking :
 Experience seems to settle,
 That paper is not metal,

¹ Pan, it may be necessary to tell the citizens, is the author of 'Panic Terrors'. The Cockney poet, who entitled a poem *The Universal Pan*, which began with 'Not in the town am I' ; a most original demonstration of his universality ; has had a good opportunity,

And promises of payment
 Are neither food nor raiment ;
 Then, since that, one and all, you
 Are fellows of no value
 For genius, learning, spirit,
 Or any kind of merit
 That mortals call substantial,
 Excepting the financial,
 (Which means the art of robbing
 By huckstering and jobbing,
 And sharing gulls and gudgeons
 Among muckworms and curmudgeons)
 Being each a flimsy funny
 On the stream of paper money,
 All riding by sheet anchors,
 Of balances at bankers ;
 Look out ! for squalls are coming,
 That if you stand hum-drumming,
 Will burst with vengeance speedy,
 And leave you like the needy
 Who have felt your clutches greedy,
 All beggarly and seedy
 And not worth a maravedi.

Chorus : Our balances, our balances,
 Our balances, our balances :
 Our balances we crave for :
 Our balances we rave for :
 Our balances we rush for :
 Our balances we crush for :
 Our balances we call for :
 Our balances we bawl for :

since he wrote that poem, of seeing that Pan can be in town sometimes. Perhaps, according to his Mythology, the Pan in town was the Sylvan Pan ; a fashionable arrival for the season.

Our balances we run for :
Our balances we dun for :
Our balances we pour for :
Our balances we roar for :
Our balances we shout for :
Our balances we rout for :
Our balances, our balances,
We bellow all about for.

*Obadiah Nine-Eyes*¹ : The mighty men of Gad, yea,
Are all upon the pad, yea,
Bellowing with lungs all brazen,
Even like the bulls of Basan ;
With carnal noise and shout, yea,
They compass me about, yea ;
I am full of tribulation
For the sinful generation ;
I shrink from the abiding
Of the wrath of their back-sliding ;
Lest my feet should be up-tripp-ed,
And my outward man be stripp-ed
And my pockets be out-cleaned-ed
Of the fruits which I have glean-ed.

Chorus : Our balances, our balances,
Our balances, our balances,
Pay—pay—pay—pay—
Without delay—
Our balances, our balances.

MacFungus : A weel sirs, what's the matter ?
An' hegh sirs, what's the clatter ?
Ye dinna ken,
Ye seely men.

¹ The Nine-eyes, or Lamprey, is distinguished for its
ower of suction.

PAPER MONEY LYRICS

Y'ur fortunes ne'er were batter.
 There's too much population,
 An' too much cultivation,
 An' too much circulation,
 That's a' that ails the nation.
 Ye're only out o' halth, sirs,
 Wi' a plathora o' walth, sirs,
 Instead of glourin' hither,
 Ye'd batter, I conjuncture,
 Just hoot awa' thegither,
 To hear our braw chiel lacture :
 His ecoonomic science
 Wad silence a' your clanking,
 An' teach you some reliance,
 On the principles o' banking.

Chorus : Our balances, our balances,
 Our balances, our balances.

Sir Roger Rednose (banker) : Be quiet, lads, and
 steady,
 Suspend this idle racket,
 Your balances are ready,
 Each wrapped in separate packet,
 All ticketed and docketed,
 And ready to be pocketed.

First Citizen : As of cash you've such a heap, sir,
 My balance you may keep, sir ;
 Have troubled you I shouldn't,
 Except in the belief
 That you couldn't pay or wouldn't. [*Exit*]

Sir Roger Rednose : Now there's a pretty thief.
 (*A scroll appears over a door*)
 'Tick, Nick, Tick, Trick, and Company,
 Are deeply grieved to say,
 They are under the necessity
 Of suspending for the day.'

Second Citizen : This evil I portended.

Third Citizen : Now all my hopes are ended.

Fourth Citizen : I'm quite aground.

Fifth Citizen : I'm all astound.

Sixth Citizen : Would they were all suspended.

Chorus : Our balances, our balances,
 Our balances, our balances,
 Pay, pay, pay, pay,
 Without delay,
 Lest ere to-morrow morning
 To pot you go ;
 Tick, Nick, and Co.
 Have given us all a warning.

Sir Flimsy Kite : Sirs, we must stop ;
 We shut up shop,
 Though assets here are plenty.
 When up we're wound,
 For every pound
 We'll pay you shillings twenty.

Seventh Citizen : What assets, sir, I pray you ?

Sir Flimsy Kite : Sir, quite enough to pay you.

Eighth Citizen : May it please you to say what, sir?

Sir Flimsy Kite : Good bills a monstrous lot, sir ;
 And Spanish Bonds a store, sir ;
 And Mining Shares still more, sir ;
 Columbian Scrip, and Chilian ;
 And Poyais half a million :
 And what will make you sleek, sir,
 Fine picking from the Greek, sir.

Ninth Citizen : I think it will appear, sir,
The greatest Greek is here, sir.

Sentimental Cockney : Oh how can Plutus deal so
By his devout adorer ?

Nervous Cockney : This hubbub makes me feel so.

Fancy Cockney : Now this I call a floorer.

Newspaper Man : The respectable old firm,
(We have much concern in saying),
Kite, Grubbins, and Muckworm,
Have been forced to leave off paying.

Bystander : The loser and the winner,
The dupe and the impostor,
May now go both to dinner
With Humphrey, Duke of Glo'ster.

Lawyer : That we the fruits may pocket,
Let's go and strike a docket.

Chorus (da capo) : Our balances, our balances,
Our balances, our balances.

Sir Roger Rednose : Some are gone to-day
More will go to-morrow :
But I will stay and pay,
And neither beg nor borrow,
Tick and Kite,
That looked so bright,
Like champagne froth have flown, sirs ;
But I can tell
They both *worked well*
While *well was let alone, sirs.*

THE THREE LITTLE MEN

'Base is the slave that pays'—Pistol¹.

THERE were three Little Men,
And they made a Little Pen,
And they said 'Little Pen, you must flow, flow, flow,
And write our names away
Under promises to pay,
Which how we are to keep we do not know'.

Then said the Little Pen :
'My pretty Little Men,
If you wish your pretty promises to pass, pass, pass,
You must make a little flash,
And parade a little cash,
And you're sure of every neighbour that's an ass, ass,
ass'.

Then said the Little Three :
'If wiseacres there be,
They are not the sort of folks for me, me, me.
Let us have but all the fools
And the wise ones and their rules,
May just go to the devil and be d—, d—, d—.'

Then the Little Men so gay,
Wrote their promises to pay,
And lived for many moons royally, ly, ly,
Till there came a stormy day,
And they vanished all away,
Leaving many shoals of gudgeons high and dry, dry, dry.

They who sought the Little Men,
Only found the Little Pen,

¹ [Shakespeare, *Henry V*, act II, Sc i, l. 100].

Which they instantly proceeded to condemn, demn,
demn ;

‘ But ’, said the Little Pen,

‘ Use me like the Little Men,

And I’ll make you as good money as I made for them ’.

The seekers with long faces,

Returned upon their traces,

They carried in the van the Little Pen, Pen, Pen ;

And they hung it on the wall

Of their reverend Town-hall,

As an eloquent memorial of the Little Men.

PROCEMIUM OF AN EPIC

❖

WHICH WILL SHORTLY APPEAR IN QUARTO, UNDER THE
TITLE OF

‘ FLY-BY-NIGHT ’

By R. S., Esq.¹, Poet Laureate.

His promises were, as he once was, mighty ;

And his performance, as he is now, nothing.

[Shakespeare, *Henry VIII*, act iv, sc. ii, ll. 41-3
(Queen Katharine)].

How troublesome is day !

It calls us from our sleep away ;

It bids us from our pleasant dreams awake,

And sends us forth to keep or break

Our promises to pay.

How troublesome is day !

Now listen to my lay ;

Much have I said,

Which few have heard or read,

And much have I to say,

¹ Robert Southey.

Which hear ye while ye may.

Come listen to my lay,

Come, for ye know me, as a man

Who always praises, as he can,

All promises to pay.

So they and I on terms agree,

And they but keep their faith with me,

Whate'er their deeds to others be,

They may to the minutest particle

Command my fingers for an ode or article.

Come listen while I strike the Epic string,

And, as a changeful song I sing,

Before my eyes

Bid changeful Proteus rise,

Turning his coat and skin in countless forms and dyes.

Come listen to my lay,

While I the wild and wondrous tale array,

How Fly-by-Night went down,

And set a bank up in a country town ;

How like a king his head he reared ;

And how the Coast of Cash he cleared ;

And how one night he disappeared,

When many a scoffer jibed and jeered ;

And many an old man rent his beard ;

And many a young man cursed and railed ;

And many a woman wept and wailed ;

And many a mighty heart was quailed ;

And many a wretch was caged and gaoled :

Because great Fly-by-Night had failed.

And many a miserable sinner

Went without his Sunday dinner,

Because he had not metal bright,

And waved in vain before the butcher's sight,

The promises of Fly-by-Night.

And little Jackey Horner

Sate sulking in the corner,

And in default of Christmas pie
Whereon his little thumb to try,
He put his finger in his eye,
And blubbered long and lustily.

Come listen to my lay,
And ye shall say,
That never tale of errant knight,
Or captive damsel bright,
Demon, or elf, or goblin sprite,
Fierce crusade, or feudal fight,
Or cloistral phantom all in white,
Or castle on accessless height,
Upreared by necromantic might,
Was half so full of rare delight,
As this whereof I now prolong,
The memory in immortal song—
The wild and wondrous tale of Fly-by-Night.

A MOOD OF MY OWN MIND

OCCURRING DURING A GALE OF WIND AT MIDNIGHT,
WHILE I WAS WRITING A PAPER ON THE CURRENCY,
BY THE LIGHT OF TWO MOULD CANDLES

By W. W., Esq.¹, Distributor of Stamps.

Quid distent æra lupinis?—Horace [*Epistles*, i, vii, 23].
MUCH grieved am I in spirit by the news of this day's
post,
Which tells me of the devil to pay with the paper money
host:
'Tis feared that out of all their mass of promises to pay,
The devil alone will get his due: he'll take them at his
day.

¹ William Wordsworth.

I have a pleasant little nook secured from colds and
damps,
From whence to paper money men I serve out many
stamps ;
From thence a fair per-centage gilds my dwelling in the
glen ;
And therefore do I sympathize with the paper money
men.

I muse, I muse, for much this news my spirit doth
perplex,
But whilst I muse I can't refuse a pint of double X,
Which Mrs W. brings to me, which she herself did brew,
Oh ! doubly sweet is double X from Mistress double U.

The storm is on the mountain side, the wind is all
around ;
It sweeps across the lake and vale, it makes a mighty
sound ;
A rushing sound, that makes me think of what I've
heard at sea,
' The devil in a gale of wind is as busy as a bee '.

I fear the devil is busy now with the paper money men :
I listen to the tempest's roar through mountain pass
and glen ;
I hear amid the eddying blast a sound among the hills,
Which to my fancy seems the sound of bursting paper
mills.

A money-grinding paper mill blows up with such a
sound,
As shakes the green geese from their nests for many
miles around ;
Oh woe to him who seeks the mill pronouncing sternly
' Pay ! '
A spell like ' open sesame ' which evil sprites obey.

The word of power up-blows the mill, the miller disappears :

The shattered fragments fall in showers about the intruder's ears ;

And leave no trace to mark the place of what appeared so great,

But shreds of rags, and ends of quills, and bits of copper-plate.

I love the paper money, and the paper money men ;
My hundred, if they go to pot, I fear would sink to ten ;

The country squires would cry ' Retrench ! ' and then
I might no doubt,

Be sent about my business ; yea, even right about.

I hold the paper money men say truly, when they say
They ought to pay their promises, with promises to pay ;

And he is an unrighteous judge, who says they shall or may,

Be made to keep their promises in any other way.

The paper money goes about, by one, and two, and five,
A circulation like the blood, that keeps the land alive :
It pays the rent of country squires, and makes them
think they thrive,

When else they might be lighting fires to smoke the
loyal hive.

The paper money goes about : it works extremely well :
I find it buys me everything that people have to sell :

Bread, beef, and breeches, coals and wine, and all good
things in store,

The paper money buys for me : and what could gold
do more ?

The promise works extremely well, so that it be but broken :

'Tis not a promise to be kept, but a solemn type and token,

A type of value gone abroad on travel long ago ;

And how it's to come back again, God knows, I do not know.

If ignorant impatience makes the people run for gold,
Whatever's left that paper bought must be put up and sold ;

If so, perhaps they'll put up me as a purchase of the Crown ;

I fear I shan't fetch sixpence, but I'm sure to be knock'd down.

The promise is not to be kept, *that* point is very clear ;
'Twas proved so by a Scotch adept who dined with me last year,

I wish, instead of viands rare, which were but thrown away,

I had dined him on a bill of fare, to be eaten at Doomsday.

God save the paper money and the paper money men !
God save them all from those who call to have their gold again ;

God send they may be always safe against a reckoning day ;

And then God send me plenty of their promises to pay !

LOVE AND' THE FLIMSIES

By T. M.¹, Esq.

Ο δ' Ἔρως, χιτῶνα δῆσας
 Ὑπὲρ αὐχένος ΠΑΠΤΡΩι—Anacreon.

LITTLE Cupid one day on a sunbeam was floating,
 Above a green vale where a paper mill played ;
 And he hovered in ether, delightedly noting
 The whirl and the splash that the water-wheel made.

The air was filled with the scent of the roses,
 Round the miller's veranda that clustered and twined ;
 And he thought if the sky were all made up of noses,
 This spot of the earth would be most to his mind.

And forth came the miller, a Quaker in verity,
 Rigid of limb and complacent of face,
 And behind him a Scotchman was singing ' Prosperity ',
 And picking his pocket with infinite grace.

And ' Walth and prosperity ', ' Walth and prosperity ',
 His bonny Scotch burthen arose on the air,
 To a song all in praise of that primitive charity,
 Which begins with sweet home and which terminates
 there.

But sudden a tumult arose from a distance,
 And in rushed a rabble with steel and with stone
 And ere the scared miller could call for assistance,
 The mill to a million of atoms was blown.

Scarce mounted the fragments in ether to hurtle,
 When the Quaker was vanished, no eye had seen
 where ;

¹ Thomas Moore.

And the Scotchman thrown flat on his back, like a turtle,
 Was sprawling and bawling, with heels in the air.
 Little Cupid continued to hover and flutter,
 Pursuing the fragments that floated on high,
 As light as the fly that is christened from butter,
 Till he gathered his hands full and flew to the sky.
 ' Oh, mother ', he cried, as he showed them to Venus,
 ' What are these little talismans cyphered—One—
 One ?
 If you think them worth having, we'll share them between us,
 Though their smell is like, none of the newest, poor John '.
 ' My darling ', says Venus, ' away from you throw them,
 They're a sort of fool's gold among mortals 'tis true ;
 But we want them not here, though I think you might know them,
 Since on earth they so often have bought and sold you.

THE WISE MEN OF GOTHAM

By S. T. C., Esq.¹, Professor of Mysticism

Σκιάς δναι—Pindar [*Pyth.*, viii, 95].

In a bowl to sea went wise men three,
 On a brilliant night of June :
 They carried a net, and their hearts were set
 On fishing up the moon.
 The sea was calm, the air was balm,
 Not a breath stirred low or high,
 And the moon, I trow, lay as bright below,
 And as round as in the sky.

¹ Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

The wise men with the current went,
Nor paddle nor oar had they,
And still as the grave they went on the wave,
That they might not disturb their prey.

Far, far at sea, were the wise men three,
When their fishing-net they threw ;
And at the throw, the moon below
In a thousand fragments flew.

The sea was bright with a dancing light
Of a million gleams,
Which the broken moon shot forth as soon
As the net disturbed her beams.

They drew in their net : it was empty and wet,
And they had lost their pain,
Soon ceased the play of each dancing ray,
And the image was round again.

Three times they threw, three times they drew,
And all the while were mute ;
And evermore their wonder grew,
Till they could not but dispute.

Their silence they broke, and each one spoke
Full long, and loud, and clear ;
A man at sea their voices three
Full three leagues off might hear.

The three wise men got home again
To their children and their wives :
But, touching their trip, and their net's vain dip,
They disputed all their lives.

The wise men three could never agree,
Why they missed the promised boon ;

They agreed alone that their net they had thrown,
And they had not caught the moon.

I have thought myself pale o'er this ancient tale,
And its sense I could not ken ;
But now I see that the wise men three
Were paper money men.

' Rub-a-dub-dub, three men in a tub '
Is a mystic burthen old,
Which I've pondered about till my fire went out,
And I could not sleep for cold.

I now divine each mystic sign,
Which robbed me oft of sleep,
Three men in a bowl, who went to troll,
For the moon in the midnight deep.

Three men were they who science drank
From Scottish fountains free ;
The cash they sank in the Gotham bank,
Was the moon beneath the sea.

The breaking of the imaged moon,
At the fishing-net's first splash,
Was the breaking of the bank as soon
As the wise men claimed their cash.

The dispute which lasted all their lives,
Was the economic strife,
Which the son's son's son of every one
Will maintain through all his life.

The son's son's sons will baffled be,
As were their sires of old ;
But they only agree, like the wise men three,
That they could not get their gold.

And they'll build systems dark and deep,
And systems broad and high ;
But two of three will never agree
About the reason why.

And he who at this day will seek
The Economic Club,
Will find at least three sages there,
As ready as any that ever were,
To go to sea in a tub.

CHORUS OF BUBBLE BUYERS

When these practisers come to the last decoction,
blow, blow, puff, puff, and all flies *in fumo*. Poor
wretches ! I rather pity their folly and indiscretion,
than their loss of time and money : for these may be
restored by industry : but to be a fool born is a disease
incurable.—Ben Jonson, *Volpone*.

Oh ! where are the hopes we have met in the morning,
As we hustled and bustled around Capel Court ?
When we laughed at the croakers that bade us take
warning,
Who once were our scorn, and now make us their
sport.

Oh ! where are the regions where well-paid inspectors
Found metals omnigenous streaked and embossed ?
So kindly bought for us by honest directors,
Who charged us but three times as much as they cost.

Oh ! where are the riches that bubbled like fountains,
In places we neither could utter nor spell,
A thousand miles inland, 'mid untrodden mountains,
Where silver and gold grew like heath and blue-bell ?

Oh ! where are the lakes overflowing with treasure !
The gold-dust that rolled in each torrent and stream ?
The mines that held water by cubic-mile measure,
So easily pumped up by portable steam ?

That water our prospects a damp could not throw on ;
We had only a million-horse power to prepare,
Make a thousand-mile road for the engine to go on,
And send coals from Newcastle to boil it when there.

Oh ! where are the bridges to span the Atlantic ?
Oh ! where is the gas to illumine the poles ?
They came to our visions ; that makes us half-frantic :
They came to our pockets ; that touches our souls.

Oh ! there is the seat of most exquisite feeling :
The first pair of nerves to the pocket doth dive :
A wound in our hearts would be no time in healing,
But a wound in our pockets how can we survive ?

Now curst be the projects, and curst the projectors,
And curst be the bubbles before us that rolled,
Which, bursting, have left us like desolate spectres,
Bewailing our bodies of paper and gold.

For what is a man but his coat and his breeches,
His plate and his linen, his land and his house ?
Oh ! we had been men had we won our mock riches,
But now we are ghosts, each as poor as a mouse.

But shades as we are, we, with shadowy bubbles,
When the midnight bell tolls, will through Chapel
Court glide,
And the dream of the Jew shall be turmoils and troubles,
When he sees each pale ghost on its bubble astride.

And the lecturing Scots that upheld the delusion,
By prating of paper, and wealth, and free trade,
Shall see us by night, to their awe and confusion,
Grim phantoms of wrath that shall never be laid.

A BORDER BALLAD

BY AN ENCHANTER UNKNOWN¹

THE Scot, to rival realms a mighty bar,
 Here fixed his mountain home : a wide domain,
 And rich the soil, had purple heath been grain ;
 But what the niggard ground of wealth denied,
 From fields more blest his fearless arm supplied.
Leyder

THE Scotts, Kerrs, and Murrays, and Deloraines al
 The Hughies o' Hawdon, and Wills-o'-the-Wall,
 The Willimondswicks, and the hard-riding Dicks,
 Are staunch to the last to their old Border tricks ;
 Wine flows not from heath, and bread grinds not fi
stone,
 They must reeve for their living, or life they'll h
none.

When the Southron's strong arm with the steel and
law,
 Had tamed the moss-troopers, so bonny and braw
 Though spiders wove webs in the rusty sword-hilt,
 In the niche of the hall which their forefathers bu
 Yet with sly paper-credit and promise to pay,
 They still drove the trade which the wise call conv

They whitewashed the front of their old Border fo
 They widened its loop-holes, and opened its court

¹ Sir Walter Scott.

² Steal ! odious is the word—*convey* the wise it
 —Pistol. [The correct reading is 'Convey' the wi
 call. 'Steal !'—foh ! a fico for the phrase.—Sh
 speare, *Merry Wives of Windsor*, act I, sc. iii, l. 32

They put in sash-windows where none were before,
And they wrote the word ' BANK ' o'er the new-painted
door ;

The cross-bow and matchlock aside they did lay,
And they shot the proud Southron with promise to pay.

They shot him from far, and they shot him from near,
And they laid him as flat as their fathers laid deer :
Their fathers were heroes, though some called them
thieves

When they ransacked their dwellings, and drove off their
beeves ;

But craft undermined what force battered in vain,
And the pride of the Southron was stretched on the plain.

Now joy to the Hughies and Willies so bold !

The Southron, like Dickon, is bought and is sold ;
To his goods and his chattels, his house and his land,
Their promise to pay is as Harlequin's wand :

A touch and a word, and pass, presto, begone,
The Southron has lost, and the Willies have won.

The Hughies and Willies may lead a glad life :

They reap without sowing, they win without strife :
The Bruce and the Wallace were sturdy and fierce,
But where Scotch steel was broken Scotch paper can
pierce ;

And the true meed of conquest our minstrels shall fix
On the promise to pay of our Willimondswicks.

ST PETER OF SCOTLAND

Si bene calculum ponas, ubique naufragium est.
Petronius [*Satyricon*, cxv].

ST PETER of Scotland set sail with a crew
Of philosophers, picked from the Bluecap Review :
His boat was of paper, old rags were her freight,
And her bottom was sheathed with a spruce copper-
plate.

Her mast was a quill, and to catch the fair gale
The broad grey goose feather was spread for a sail ;
So he ploughed his blithe way through the surge and the
spray,

And the name of his boat was the *Promise-to-Pay*.

And swiftly and gaily she went on her track,
As if she could never be taken a-back,
As if in her progress there never could be
A chop of the wind or a swell of the sea.

She was but a fair-weather vessel, in sooth,
For winds that were gentle, and waves that were
smooth ;

She was built not for storm, she was armed not for
strife,

But in her St Peter risked fortune and life.

His fortune, 'tis true, was but bundles of rag,
That no pedlar, not Scotch, would have put in his bag ;
The worth of his life none could know but the few
Who insured it on sailing from Sweet Edinbroo.

St Peter seemed daft, and he laughed and he quaffed ;
But an ill-boding wave struck his vessel right aft :
It stove in his quarters and swamped his frail boat,
Which sunk with an eddy and left him afloat.

He clung to his goose-quill and floated all night,
And he landed at daybreak in pitiful plight ;
And he preached a discourse when he reached the good
town,

To prove that his vessel should not have gone down.

The nautical science he took for his guide
Allowed no such force as the wind or the tide :
None but blockheads could think such a science o'er-
thrown,

By the breath of a gale which ought not to have blown.

LAMENT OF SCOTCH ECONOMISTS

ON THE EXTINCTION OF THE ONE-POUND NOTES

Do not halloo before you are out of the wood.
Castlereagh, *of blessed memory*.

Oh hone-a-rie ! Oh hone a-rie !
The pride of paper's reign is o'er,
And fall'n the flower of credit's tree :
We ne'er shall see a flimsy more.

Oh ! sprung from great I-will-not-pay,
The chief that never feared a dun,
How hopeful was thy ne'er-come-day,
How comely thy symbolic ONE !

The country loons with wonder saw
The magic type perform its rounds,
Transforming many a man of straw
To men of many thousands pounds.

For northern lads blithe days were those ;
They wanted neither beef nor ale,
Surprised their toes with shoes and hose,
And made Scotch broo' of English kail.

Oh ! Johnny Groat, we little thought,
Tow'rds thee our noses e'er would point ;
But flimsies burned, and cash returned,
Will put said noses out of joint.

Improvements vast will then be past :
The march of mind will backward lead ;
For how can mind be left behind,
When we march back across the Tweed ?

Scotch logic floats on one-pound notes :
When rags are cash our shirts are ore :
What else would go to scare the crow,
Becomes a myriad pounds and more.

A scarecrow's suit would furnish forth
A good Scotch bank's whole stock in trade :
The wig, for coinage nothing worth,
Might ' surplus capital ' be made.

Oh ! happy land, by Scotchmen taught !
Thy fate was then indeed divine,
When every scarecrow's pole was thought
A true Real del Monte mine.

Oh mystic ONE, that turned out NONE,
When senseless panic pressed thee hard !
Who thee could hold and call out ' Gold ! '
Would he had feathered been and tarred.

Thy little fly-wheel kept in play
The mighty money-grinding mill ;
When thou art rashly torn away,
The whole machine will stand stock still.

The host of promisers to pay
That fill their jugs on credit's hill,
Will each roll down and crack his crown,
As certainly as Jack and Jill.

And we, God knows, may doff our hose
And sell our shoes for what they're worth,
And trudge again with naked toes
Back to our land of Nod, the north.

For, should we strain our lecturing throats,
We might to walls and doors discuss :

When John Bull sees through one-pound notes,
'Tis very clear he'll see through us.

That rare hotch-potch, the College Scotch,
Reared by our art in London town,
Will be at best a standing jest,
At least until it tumbles down.

Of those day-dreams, our free trade schemes,
That laid in sippets goslings green,
The world will think less brain than drink
In skulls that hatched them must have been.

Then farewell, shirts, and breeks, and coats,
Cloth, linen, cambric, silk, and lawn !
Farewell ! with you, dear one-pound notes,
Mac Banquo's occupation's gone.

The man who thrives with tens and fives
Must have some coin, and none have we !
Roast beef, adieu ! come, barley broo !
Oh hone-a-rie ! Oh hone-a-rie !

CALEDONIAN WAR WHOOP

By the Coat of our House, which is an ass rampant,
I am ready to fight under this banner.—Shadwell's
Humorists.

I

CHORUS OF WRITERS TO THE SIGNET

EH, laird ! Eh, laird ! an' ha' ye haird,
That we're to hae nae ae poond nots ?
Ye weel may say the Hooses tway
Wad play the de'il wi' a' the Scots.

Ha' they nae fears when Scotland's tears
 Flow fast as ony burnie, oh !
 But they shall find we've a' one mind,
 The mind of one attorney, oh !

II

De'il take us a' if we can ca'
 To mind the day wherein we got
 The idle croons o' seely loons
 In ony medium but a not.
 De'il take us as we hop' to be
 Wi' spoils o' clients bonny, ho !
 If e'er we look to touch a fee
 When there's nae paper money, oh !

III

Solo : SIR MALACHI MALAGROWTHER

Quoth Hudibras—Friend Ralph, thou hast
 (Hunt's blacking shines on Hyde Park—wa
 OUTFRAN THE CONSTABLE at last,
 For gold will still be lord of all.
 The ups and downs of paper poun's
 Have made the English weary, oh !
 And 'tis their will old Scotland's mill
 Shall e'en gae tapsalteerie, oh !

IV

Old Scotland brags, she kens of rags
 Far more than all the world beside :
 Her ancient mint with naught else in't,
 Is all her wealth, and power, and pride.
 Her ancient flag is all a rag,
 So oft in battle bloody, oh !
 Now well I think her blood is ink,
 And rags her soul and body, oh !

V

Beneath that rig, our ancient flag,
We'll draw for rags our old claymore :
Our arrows still, with grey goose quill
Well fledged and tipped, in showers we'll pour :
Our ink we'll shed, both black and red,
In strokes, and points, and dashes, oh !
Ere laws purloin our native coin,
And turn it all to ashes, oh !

VI

The poorest rats of all the earth,
Were ragged Scots in days of yore,
Till paper coining's happy birth,
Made cash of all the rags they wore ;
Though but the shade of smoke, 'tis plain,
Said cash is Scotland's glory, oh !
To make it real rags again
Would be a tragic story, oh !

VII

What Scot would tack in herring smack,
His living from the deep to snatch,
Without a ragman at his back
To take per-centage on his catch ?
Who thinks that gold a place would hold
On Scotland's soil a minute, oh !
Unless of rag we make a bag
That's full with nothing in it, oh !

VIII

Our Charley lad we bought and sold,
But we've no Charley now to sell :
Unless the de'il should rain up gold,
Where Scots can get it, who can tell ?

The English loons have silver spoons,
 And golden watches bonnie, oh !
 But we'll have nought that's worth a groat,
 Without our paper money, oh !

IX

GRAND CHORUS OF SCOTCHMEN

Then up claymore and down with gun,
 And up with promises to pay,
 And down with every Saxon's son,
 That threatens us with reckoning day.
 To promise aye, and never pay,
 We've sworn by Scotland's fiddle, oh !
 Who calls a Scot ' to cash his not '
 We'll cut him through the middle, oh !

CHORUS OF SCOTCH ECONOMISTS

ON A PROSPECT OF SCOTCH BANKS IN ENGLAND

To the air of *The Campbells are coming*

Quickly : He pay ? Alack ! he is poor.

Falstaff : Look on his face. What call you rich ?
 Let him coin his face.—[Shakespeare, *Henry IV*, *First Part*, act iii, sc. iii, l. 90].

THE braw lads are coming—Oho ! Oho !
 The braw lads are coming—Oho ! Oho !
 The highways they're treadin'
 From bonnie Dun-Edin,
 With cousins by dozens—Oho ! Oho !

No shoon have the braw lads—Oh no ! Oh no !
 No hose have the braw lads—Oh no ! Oh no !
 No breeks for the wearing,
 No shirts for the airing,
 No coin for the bearing—Oh no ! Oh no !

Each leaves a braw lassie—Oho ! Oho !
 Each face is all brassy—Oho ! Oho !
 They are bound for soft places,
 Where coining their faces
 Will mend their lean cases—Oho ! Oho !

The English they'll settle—Oho ! Oho !
 They'll harry their metal—Oho ! Oho !
 They'll coin muckle paper,
 They'll make a great vapour,
 To their fiddle we'll caper—Oho ! Oho !

Come riddle my riddle—Oho ! Oho !
 The cat and the fiddle—Oho ! Oho !
 Sing high diddle diddle,
 It is the Scotch fiddle,
 Then lead down the middle—Oho ! Oho !

The cat is the miller—Oho ! Oho !
 Grinds paper to siller—Oho ! Oho !
 He plays the Scotch fiddle,
 Sing high diddle diddle,
 We've riddled the riddle—Oho ! Oho !

The English we'll saddle—Oho ! Oho !
 We'll ride them a-straddle—Oho ! Oho !
 They beat us in battle,
 When money would rattle,
 But now they're our cattle—Oho ! Oho !

In parley metallic—Oho ! Oho !
 They bothered our Gaelic—Oho ! Oho !
 But with sly disputation,
 And rag circulation,
 We've mastered their nation—Oho ! Oho !

Come, Johnny Bull, hither—Oho ! Oho !
 We'll make you quite lither—Oho ! Oho !
 Come dance for your betters
 A hornpipe in fetters,
 We'll teach you your letters—Oho ! Oho !

Come, sing as we've said it—Oho ! Oho !
 Sing ' Free trade and credit '—Oho ! Oho !
 Sing ' Scotch education ',
 And ' O'er-population ',
 And ' Wealth of the nation '—Oho ! Oho !

Then scrape the Scotch fiddle—Oho ! Oho !
 Here's John in the middle—Oho ! Oho !
 There's nothing so bonny
 As Scotch paper money,
 Now dance away, Johnny—Oho ! Oho !

YE KITE-FLYERS OF SCOTLAND

By T. C.¹

Quel ch'io vi debbo posso di parole
 Pagare in parte, e d'opera d'inchiestro—Ariosto.

YE kite-flyers of Scotland,
 Who live from home at ease ;
 Who raise the wind, from year to year,
 In a long and strong trade breeze :
 Your paper-kites let loose again
 On all the winds that blow ;
 Through the shout of the rout
 Lay the English ragmen low ;
 Though the shout for gold be fierce and bold,
 And the English ragmen low.

¹ Thomas Campbell.

The spirits of your fathers
Shall peep from every leaf ;
For the midnight was their noon of fame,
And their prize was living beef.
Where Deloraine on Musgrave fell,
Your paper kites shall show,
That a way to convey
Better far than theirs you know,
When you launch your kites upon the wind
And raise the wind to blow.

Caledonia needs no bullion,
No coin in iron case ;
Her treasure is a bunch of rags
And the brass upon her face ;
With pellets from her paper mills
She makes the Southrons trow,
That to pay her sole way
Is by promising to owe,
By making promises to pay
When she only means to owe.

The meteor rag of Scotland
Shall float aloft like scum,
Till credit's o'erstrained line shall crack,
And the day of reckoning come :
Then, then, ye Scottish kite-flyers,
Your hone-a-rie must flow,
While you drink your own ink
With your old friend Nick below,
While you burn your bills and singe your
quills
In his bonny fire below.

CHORUS OF NORTHUMBRIANS

ON THE PROHIBITION OF SCOTCH ONE-POUND NOTES
IN ENGLAND

MARCH, march, Make-rags of Borrowdale¹,
 Whether ye promise to bearer or order ;
 March, march, Take-rag and Bawbee tail²,
 All the Scotch flimsies must over the Border :
 Vainly you snarl anent
 New Act of Parliament,
 Bidding you vanish from dairy and ' lauder ' ³ ;
 Dogs, you have had your day,
 Down tail and slink away ;
 You'll pick no more bones on this side of the Border.
 Hence to the hills where your fathers stole cattle ;
 Hence to the glens where they skulked from the law ;
 Hence to the moors where they vanished from battle,
 Crying ' De'il tak the hindmost ', and ' Charlie's awa'.'
 Metal is clanking here ;
 Off with your banking gear ;
 Off, ere you're paid ' to Old Harry or order ' ;
 England shall many a day
 Wish you'd been far away,
 Long ere your kite-wings flew over the Border.

¹ Not the Cumberland Borrodaile, but the genuine ancient name of that district of Scotland, whatever it be called now, from which was issued the first promise to pay, that was made with the express purpose of being broken.

² Scotié for Tag-rag and Bob-tail: ' a highly respectable old firm '. A paper kite with a bawbee at its tail is perhaps a better emblem of the safe and economical currency of Scotland than Mr Canning's mountain of paper irrigated by a rivulet of gold.

³ Scotié for larder.

March, march, Ettrick and Teviotdale,
 Pay-day's the word, lads, and gold is the law,
 March, march, Eskdale and Liddesdale ;
 Tagdale, and Ragdale, and Bobdale, and a' ;
 Person or purse, they say ;
 Purse you have none to pay ;
 Your persons who'll deal with, except the Recorder ?
 Yet, to retrieve your freaks,
 You can just leave your breeks ;
 You'll want them no more when you're over the Border.

High on a pole in the vernal sun's baskings,
 When April has summoned you ragships away,
 We'll hoist up a pair of your best galligaskins,
 Entwined with young thistles to usher in May
 Types of Scotch ' copital ',
 They shall o'er-top-it-all,
 Stripped off from bearer and brushed into order ;
 Then if you tarry, rogues,
 Nettles you'll get for brogues,
 And to the Rogue's March be drummed o'er the
 Border.

MARGERY DAW

Agite : inspicite : aurum est. Profecto, spectatores,
 Comicum.
 Verum ad hanc rem agundam Philippum est.
 Plautus, *Pænulus* [act III, sc. ii, ll. 20-1].

CHORUS OF PAPER MONEY MAKERS

SEE-SAW, Margery Daw,
 Spent all her gold and made money of straw.

Margery Daw was our prototype fair :
 She built the first bank ever heard of :
 Her treasury ripened and dried in the air,
 And governments hung on the word of

Margery Daw, Margery Daw,
Who spent all her gold and made money of straw.

Mother Goose was a blue of exceeding *éclat*,

She wielded a pen, not a thimble :

She made a fine ode about Margery Daw,

Which was but a mystical symbol :

' See-saw, Margery Daw,

Sold her bed and lay upon straw '.

Margery borrowed the little folks' gold,

And lent it the great folks to fight with :

They shot it abroad over woodland and wold,

Till things began not to go right with

Margery Daw, Margery Daw,

Who spent all her gold and made money of straw.

The little folks roared for their gold back again,

And Margery trembled with terror ;

She called for relief to the land's mighty men,

And they said she must pay for her error ;

' See-saw, look to your straw :

We've nothing to say to you, Margery Daw '.

Margery Daw was alarmed for her straw :

Her wishes this speech didn't suit with,

' Oho ! mighty men ! ' said Margery then,

' You'll get no more money to shoot with ;

See-saw, pile up the straw ;

Bring me a flambeau ' said Margery Daw.

They looked very bold, but they very soon saw

That their coffers began to look drossy ;

So they made it a law that fair Margery's straw,

Should be gold both in *esse* and *posse*.

' See-saw, Margery's straw,

Is golden by nature, and gold by the law '.

Margery Daw struck the sky with her head,
And strode o'er the earth like a goddess ;
And the sword of the conqueror yielded like lead,
When it smote upon Margery's bodice.
See-saw, plenty of straw
Will make us all glorious as Margery Daw.

The conqueror fell, and the mighty men saw
That they seemed to be safer and stronger ;
And then they turned round upon Margery Daw,
Saying ' Straw shall be metal no longer.
See-saw, Margery Daw,
Get your gold back again, chop up your straw '.

Margery wearied her eloquent lips :
They had never received her so coldly :
A-kimbo they stood, with their hands on their hips,
And their right feet put forward most boldly :
' See-saw, Margery Daw,
Get your gold back again, chop up your straw '.

Margery put forth her powerful hand,
She seized on the straw all around her ;
And up rose a flame at her word of command,
Like the furnace of any brass-founder.
' See-saw, Margery Daw
Wants her gold back again : flames to the straw '.

The omnipotent straw, that had been the world's law,
Was soon only cinder and ember :
Such a blaze was ne'er seen round Guy Faux on a green,
On the night of the fifth of November.
' See-saw, pile up the straw,
There's a brave bonfire ' said Margery Daw.

Down fell, as beneath mighty Juggernaut's car,
The small fry of straw-money makers,

The tumult of ruin, from near and from far,
Once more made the mighty men Quakers :
' See-saw, Margery Daw,
Off with the gold again : give us more straw '.

The Jews made a project for Margery Daw,
She thought it too ticklish for trying ;
But they sent her a Scotchman exceedingly braw,
To prove 'twas as easy as lying :
' See-saw, Margery Daw,
A wee bit o' gold and a mickle of straw '.

Margery heard the MacPuzzlehead preach,
And she was no whit a logician,
She knew little more than the eight parts of speech,
Though she wrote with amazing precision
' Margery Daw ', ' Margery Daw ',
The prettiest writing the world ever saw.

Margery scattered her treasures abroad,
And who was so glorious as she then ?
He who was backward in Margery's laud,
Mac Puzzlehead proved, was a Heathen.
See-saw, gold in the straw,
Who was so glorious as Margery Daw ?

Up started the small fry of straw money men,
Who seemed to have fallen for ever ;
They scattered their straw o'er the nation again,
And chorused as yet they had never :
' See-saw, plenty of straw,
Will make us all glorious as Margery Daw '.

Margery's glory was darkened afresh,
The great men again stood a-kimbo ;
She feared she was caught in Mac Puzzlehead's nest
Who had argued her gold out of limbo.
' See-saw, pile up the straw,
Bring me a flambeau ' said Margery Daw.

Again in her anger she darkened the air
With the smoke of a vast conflagration,
And again to the earth in dismay and despair,
Fell the heroes of straw circulation.
' See-saw, Margery Daw
Owes you no courtesy : burn your own straw '.

Around and about came a glad rabble rout,
The flames from a distance discerning ;
And shouting they saw, in the midst of the straw,
Mac Puzzlehead's effigy burning.
' See-saw, pile up the straw,
Roast the Mac Puzzlehead, Margery Daw '.

But then to the sky rose a terrible cry,
A long and a loud lamentation ;
And Margery's halls rang with wailings and calls
That filled her with deep consternation :
' Straw, straw, give us some straw ;
Straw, or we perish, sweet Margery Daw '.

And what happened then ? Oh, what happened then ?
Oh ! where is the rest of the story ?
And what was devised by the land's mighty men,
To renovate Margery's glory ?
Oh, there is a flaw in the volume of straw,
That tells the true story of Margery Daw.

But we find if we pore ancient manuscripts o'er
With deep antiquarian endeavour,
That Margery's straw became metal once more¹,
And she was as glorious as ever.
See-saw, plenty of straw
Will make us all glorious as Margery Daw.

¹ ' If it be not now, yet it will come : THE READINESS
IS ALL '.—*Hamlet*, act v, sc. ii.

MARGARET LOVE PEACOCK

LONG night succeeds thy little day ;
Oh blighted blossom ! can it be,
That this grey stone and grassy clay
Have closed our anxious care of thee ?

The half-form'd speech of artless thought,
That spoke a mind beyond thy years ;
The song, the dance, by nature taught ;
The sunny smiles, the transient tears ;

The symmetry of face and form,
The eye with light and life replete ;
The little heart so fondly warm ;
The voice so musically sweet.

These lost to hope, in memory yet
Around the hearts that lov'd thee cling,
Shadowing, with long and vain regret,
The too fair promise of thy spring.

CATHOLIC EMANCIPATION¹

WHEN John of Ziska went to kingdom come
He left his skin to make his church a drum,
To sound a rub-a-dub for Reformation,
And beat a glorious muster for salvation ;

So Winchelsea, who soon will be no more,
Between two stools—Guy Faux and Scarlet W—,
To bigots of all ages and conditions
Shall leave his noble sheepskin for petitions.

¹ Speech by Lord Winchelsea, versified.

II¹

' My lords, as I'm a man veracious,
I had a word or two to say
Which were exceedingly sagacious ;
But, I protest, they've flown away.

' 'Tis sure the greatest of all hardships,
And proves some spell is round me spread,
That barely looking at your lordships
Drives all ideas from my head.

' My " winged words ", in regions airy,
Just now are hovering out of reach ;
I'll catch my stray vocabulary,
And then, my lords, I'll make a speech '.

FROM THE MISFORTUNES OF ELPHIN, 1829

THE CIRCLING OF THE MEAD HORNS

FILL the blue horn, the blue buffalo horn :
Natural is mead in the buffalo horn :
As the cuckoo in spring, as the lark in the morn,
So natural is mead in the buffalo horn.
As the cup of the flower to the bee when he sips,
Is the full cup of mead to the true Briton's lips ;
From the flower-cups of summer, on field and on tree,
Our mead cups are filled by the vintager bee,
Seithenyn² ap Seithyn, the generous, the bold,
Drinks the wine of the stranger from vessels of gold³ ;
But we from the horn, the blue silver-rimmed horn,
Drink the ale and the mead in our fields that were born.

¹ Speech, or rather break-down, by Lord Winchelsea, versified.

² The accent is on the second syllable : Seithényn.

³ Gwin . . . o eur . . . ANEURIN.

The ale-froth is white, and the mead sparkles bright;
 They both smile apart, and with smiles they unite¹:
 The mead from the flower, and the ale from the corn,
 Smile, sparkle, and sing in the buffalo horn.

The horn, the blue horn, cannot stand on its tip;
 Its path is right on from the hand to the lip:
 Though the bowl and the wine-cup our tables adorn,
 More natural the draught from the buffalo horn.

But Seithenyn ap Seithyn, the generous, the bold,
 Drinks the bright-flowing wine from the far-gleaming
 gold:

The wine, in the bowl by his lip that is worn,
 Shall be glorious as mead in the buffalo horn.

The horns circle fast, but their fountains will last,
 As the stream passes ever, and never is past:
 Exhausted so quickly, replenished so soon,
 They wax and they wane like the horns of the moon.

Fill high the blue horn, the blue buffalo horn;
 Fill high the long silver-rimmed buffalo horn:
 While the roof of the hall by our chorus is torn,
 Fill, fill to the brim, the deep silver-rimmed horn.

THE SONG OF THE FOUR WINDS²

WIND from the north: the young spring day
 Is pleasant on the sunny mead;
 The merry harps at evening play:
 The dance gay youths and maidens lead:

¹ The mixture of ale and mead made *bradawd*, a favourite drink of the Ancient Britons.

² This poem is a specimen of a numerous class of ancient Welsh poems, in which each stanza begins

The thrush makes chorus from the thorn :
The mighty drinker fills his horn.

Wind from the east : the shore is still ;
The mountain-clouds fly tow' rds the sea ;
The ice is on the winter-rill ;
The great hall fire is blazing free :
The prince's circling feast is spread :
Drink fills with fumes the brainless head.

Wind from the south : in summer shade
'Tis sweet to hear the loud harp ring ;
Sweet is the step of comely maid,
Who to the bard a cup doth bring :
The black crow flies where carrion lies :
Where pig-nuts lurk, the swine will work.

Wind from the west : the autumnal deep
Rolls on the shore its billowy pride :
He, who the rampart's watch must keep,
Will mark with awe the rising tide :
The high spring-tide, that bursts its mound,
May roll o'er miles of level ground.

Wind from the west : the mighty wave
Of ocean bounds o'er rock and sand ;
The foaming surges roar and rave
Against the bulwarks of the land :
When waves are rough, and winds are high,
Good is the land that's high and dry.

with a repetition of the predominant idea, and terminates with a proverb, more or less applicable to the subject. In some poems, the sequence of the main images is regular and connected, and the proverbial terminations strictly appropriate; in others, the sequence of the main images is loose and incoherent, and the proverbial termination has little or nothing to do with the subject of the stanza. The basis of the poem in the text is in the *Englynion* of Llwyarch Hên.

Wind from the west : the storm-clouds rise ;
 The breakers rave ; the whirl-blasts roar,
 The mingled rage of seas and skies
 Bursts on the low and lonely shore :
 When safety's far, and danger nigh,
 Swift feet the readiest aid supply.

GWYDDNAU EI CANT

PAN DDOAI Y MOR DROS CANTREV Y GWAELOWD

A SONG OF GWYTHNO GARANHIR

ON THE INUNDATION OF THE SEA OVER THE PLAIN OF
GWAELOD

Stand forth, Seithenyn : winds are high :
 Look down beneath the lowering sky ;
 Look from the rock : what meets thy sight ?
 Nought but the breakers rolling white.

Stand forth, Seithenyn : winds are still :
 Look from the rock and heathy hill
 For Gwythno's realm : what meets thy view ?
 Nought but the ocean's desert blue.

Curst be the treacherous mound, that gave
 A passage to the mining wave :
 Curst be the cup, with mead-froth crowned,
 That charmed from thought the trusted mound.

A tumult, and a cry to heaven !
 The white surf breaks : the mound is riven :
 Through the wide rift the ocean-spring
 Bursts with tumultuous ravaging.

The western's ocean's stormy might
 Is curling o'er the ramparts' height :
 Destruction strikes with want and scorn
 Presumption, from abundance born.

The tumult of the western deep
Is on the winds, affrighting sleep :
It thunders at my chamber-door :
It bids me wake, to sleep no more.

The tumult of the midnight sea
Swells inland, wildly, fearfully :
The mountain-caves respond its shocks
Among the unaccustomed rocks.

The tumult of the vext sea-coast
Rolls inland like an armed host :
It leaves, for flocks and fertile land,
But foaming waves and treacherous sand.

The wild sea rolls where long have been
Glad homes of men, and pastures green :
To arrogance and wealth succeed
Wide ruin and avenging need.

Seithenyn, come : I call in vain :
The high of birth and weak of brain
Sleeps under ocean's lonely roar
Between the rampart and the shore.

The eternal waste of waters, spread
Above his unrespected head,
The blue expanse, with foam besprent,
Is his too glorious monument.

ANOTHER SONG OF GWYTHNO

I LOVE the green and tranquil shore ;
I hate the ocean's dizzy roar,
Whose devastating spray has flown
High o'er the monarch's barrier-stone.

Sad was the feast, which he who spread
Is numbered with the inglorious dead ;
The feast within the torchlit hall,
While stormy breakers mined the wall.

To him repentance came too late :
In cups the chatterer met his fate :
Sudden and sad the doom that burst
On him and me, but mine the worst.

I love the shore and hate the deep :
The wave has robbed my nights of sleep :
The heart of man is cheered by wine ;
But now the wine-cup cheers not mine.

The feast, which bounteous hands dispense
Makes glad the soul, and charms the sense
But in the circling feast I know
The coming of my deadliest foe.

Blest be the rock, whose foot supplied
A step to them that fled the tide ;
The rock of bards, on whose rude steep
I bless the shore, and hate the deep.

DYHUDDIANT ELFFIN

THE CONSOLATION OF ELPHIN

LAMENT not, Elphin : do not measure
By one brief hour thy loss or gain :
Thy weir to-night has borne a treasure,
Will more than pay thee years of pain.
St Cynllo's aid will not be vain :
Smooth thy bent brow, and cease to mourn
Thy weir will never bear again
Such wealth as it to-night has borne.

The stormy seas, the silent rivers,
The torrents down the steeps that spring,
Alike of weal or woe are givers,
As pleases heaven's immortal king.
Though frail I seem, rich gifts I bring,
Which in Time's fulness shall appear,
Greater than if the stream should fling
Three hundred salmon in thy weir.

Cast off this fruitless sorrow, loading
With heaviness the unmanly mind :
Despond not ; mourn not ; evil boding
Creates the ill it fears to find.
When fates are dark, and most unkind
Are they who most should do thee right,
Then wilt thou know thine eyes were blind
To thy good fortune of to-night.

Though, small and feeble, from my coracle
To thee my helpless hands I spread,
Yet in me breathes a holy oracle
To bid thee lift thy drooping head.
When hostile steps around thee tread,
A spell of power my voice shall wield,
That, more than arms with slaughter red,
Shall be thy refuge and thy shield.

CANU Y MEDD

THE MEAD SONG OF TALIESIN

THE King of kings upholds the heaven,
And parts from earth the billowy sea :
By Him all earthly joys are given ;
He loves the just, and guards the free.
Round the wide hall, for thine and thee,
With purest draughts the mead-horns foam,
Maelgon of Gwyneth ! Can it be
That here a prince bewails his home ?

The bee tastes not the sparkling draught
Which mortals from his toils obtain ;
That sends, in festal circles quaffed,
Sweet tumult through the heart and brain.
The timid, while the horn they drain,
Grow bold ; the happy more rejoice ;
The mourner ceases to complain ;
The gifted bard exalts his voice.

To royal Elphin life I owe,
Nurture and name, the harp, and mead :
Full, pure, and sparkling be their flow,
The horns to Maelgon's lips decreed :
For him may horn to horn succeed,
Till, glowing with their generous fire,
He bid the captive chief be freed,
Whom at his hands my songs require,

Elphin has given me store of mead,
Mead, ale, and wine, and fish, and corn ;
A happy home ; a splendid steed,
Which stately trappings well adorn.
To-morrow be the auspicious morn
That home the expected chief shall lead ;
So may King Maelgon drain the horn
In thrice three million feasts of mead.

SONG OF THE WIND¹

THE winds that wander far and free,
Bring whispers from the shores they sweep ;
Voices of feast and revelry ;
Murmurs of forests and the deep ;

¹ This poem has little or nothing of Taliesin's *Canu y Gwynt*, with the exception of the title. That poem is apparently a fragment ; and, as it now stands, is an incoherent and scarcely intelligible rhapsody. It contains no distinct or explicit idea, except the proposition

Low sounds of torrents from the steep
 Descending on the flooded vale ;
 And tumults from the leaguered keep,
 Where foes the dizzy ramparts scale.

The whispers of the wandering wind
 Are borne to gifted ears alone ;
 For them it ranges unconfined,
 And speaks in accents of its own.

It tells me of Deheubarth's throne ;
 The spider weaves not in its shield¹ :
 Already from its towers is blown
 The blast that bids the spoiler yield.

t it is an unsafe booty to carry off fat kine, which
 y be easily conceded in a case where nimbleness
 heel, both in man and beast, must have been of
 at importance. The idea, from which, if from
 thing in the existing portion of the poem, it takes
 name, that the whispers of the wind bring rumours
 war from Deheubarth, is rather implied than ex-
 pressed.

The spider weaving in suspended armour is an
 emblem of peace and inaction. Thus Bacchylides,
 his fragment on Peace :

ἐν δὲ σιδαροδέτοις πόρπαξιν
 αἰθᾶν ἀράχων ἔργα πέλονται.

[In iron-bound shields is found the labour of brown
 lers.—*Frag.* 46 (B. 13)].

Euripides, in a fragment of *Erechtheus* :

κείσθω δόρυ μοι μίτον ἀμφιπλέκειν
 ἀράχνης.

Let my spear lie for spiders to weave their web
 ut it.—*Frag.* 369].

and Nonnus, whom no poetical image escaped (*Dionys-*
a, L. xxxviii) :

Ill with his prey the fox may wend,
 When the young lion quits his lair :
 Sharp sword, strong shield, stout arm, should tend
 On spirits that unjustly dare.

To me the wandering breezes bear
 The war-blast from Caer Lleon's brow ;
 The avenging storm is brooding there
 To which Diganwy's towers shall bow.

THE INDIGNATION OF TALIESIN WITH THE BARDS OF MAELGON GWYNETH

FALSE bards the sacred fire pervert,
 Whose songs are won without desert ;
 Who falsehoods weave in specious lays,
 To gild the base with virtue's praise.

From court to court, from tower to tower,
 In warrior's tent, in lady's bower,
 For gold, for wine, for food, for fire,
 They tune their throats at all men's hire.

οὐ φόβος, οὐ τότε δῆρις' ἔκειτο δὲ τηλόθι χάρμης
 Βακχιάς ἐξαέτηρος ἀραχνιώωσα βοεῖη.

[No slaying was there then, no fighting : but far from battle lay the shield of Bacchus covered with spiders' web for six years].

And Beaumont and Fletcher, in the *Wife for a Month* :

Would'st thou live so long, till thy sword hung by,
 And lazy spiders filled the hilt with cobwebs ?

A Persian poet says, describing ruins :

The spider spreads the veil in the palace of the Cæsars.

And among the most felicitous uses of this emblem, must never be forgotten Hogarth's cobweb over the lid of the charity-box.

Their harps re-echo wide and far
With sensual love, and bloody war,
And drunkenness, and flattering lies :
Truth's light may shine for other eyes.

In palaces they still are found,
At feasts, promoting senseless sound :
He is their demigod at least,
Whose only virtue is his feast.

They love to talk ; they hate to think ;
All day they sing ; all night they drink ;
No useful toils their hands employ ;
In boisterous throngs is all their joy.

The bird will fly, the fish will swim,
The bee the honeyed flowers will skim ;
Its food by toil each creature brings,
Except false bards and worthless kings.

Learning and wisdom claim to find
Homage and succour from mankind ;
But learning's right, and wisdom's due,
Are falsely claimed by slaves like you.

True bards know truth, and truth will show ;
Ye know it not, nor care to know :
Your king's weak mind false judgment warps ;
Rebuke his wrong, or break your harps.

I know the mountain and the plain ;
I know where right and justice reign ;
I from the tower will Elphin free ;
Your king shall learn his doom from me.

A spectre of the marsh shall rise,
With yellow teeth, and hair, and eyes,

From whom your king in vain aloof
Shall crouch beneath the sacred roof.

He through the half-closed door shall spy
The Yellow Spectre sweeping by ;
To whom the punishment belongs
Of Maelgon's crimes and Elphin's wrongs.

TALIESIN AND MELANGHEL

Taliesin : MAID of the rock !, though loud the flood
My voice will pierce thy cell :
No foe is in the mountain wood ;
No danger in the dell :
The torrents bound along the glade ;
Their path is free and bright ;
Be thou as they, O mountain maid !
In liberty and light.

Melanghel : The cataracts thunder down the steep ;
The woods all lonely wave :
Within my heart the voice sinks deep
That calls me from my cave.
The voice is dear, the song is sweet,
And true the words must be :
Well pleased I quit the dark retreat,
To wend away with thee.

Taliesin : Not yet ; not yet ; let nightdews fall,
And stars be bright above,
Ere to her long-deserted hall
I guide my gentle love.
When torchlight flashes on the roof,
No foe will near thee stray :
Even now his parting courser's hoof
Rings from the rocky way.

nghel : Yet climb the path, and comfort speak,
To cheer the lonely cave,
Where woods are bare, and rocks are bleak,
And wintry torrents rave.
A dearer home my memory knows,
A home I still deplore ;
Where firelight glows, while winds and snows
Assail the guardian door.

THE WAR-SONG OF DINAS VAWR

THE mountain sheep are sweeter,
But the valley sheep are fatter ;
We therefore deemed it meet
To carry off the latter,
We made an expedition ;
We met a host, and quelled it ;
We forced a strong position,
And killed the men who held it.

On Dyfed's richest valley,
Where herds of kine were browsing,
We made a mighty sally,
To furnish our carousing.
Fierce warriors rushed to meet us ;
We met them, and o'erthrew them :
They struggled hard to beat us ;
But we conquered them, and slew them.

As we drove our prize at leisure,
The king marched forth to catch us ;
His rage surpassed all measure,
But his people could not match us.
He fled to his hall-pillars ;
And, ere our force we led off,
Some sacked his house and cellars,
While others cut his head off.

We there, in strife bewildr'ing,
Spilt blood enough to swim in :
We orphaned many children,
And widowed many women.
The eagles and the ravens
We glutted with our foemen ;
The heroes and the cravens,
The spearmen and the bowmen.

We brought away from battle,
And much their land bemoaned them,
Two thousand head of cattle,
And the head of him who owned them :
Ednyfed, king of Dyfed,
His head was borne before us ;
His wine and beasts supplied our feasts,
And his overthrow, our chorus.

GORWYNION Y GAUAV

THE BRILLIANCIES OF WINTER

LAST of flowers, in tufts around
Shines the gorse's golden bloom :
Milk-white lichens clothe the ground
'Mid the flowerless heath and broom :
Bright are holly-berries, seen
Red, through leaves of glossy green.

Brightly, as on rocks they leap,
Shine the sea-waves, white with spray :
Brightly, in the dingles deep,
Gleams the river's foaming way ;
Brightly through the distance show
Mountain-summits clothed in snow.

Brightly, where the torrents bound,
Shines the frozen colonnade,

Which the black rocks, dripping round,
And the flying spray have made :
Bright the ice-drops on the ash
Leaning o'er the cataract's dash.

Bright the hearth, where feast and song
Crown the warrior's hour of peace,
While the snow-storm drives along,
Bidding war's worse tempest cease ;
Bright the hearth-flame, flashing clear
On the up-hung shield and spear.

Bright the torchlight of the hall
When the wintry night-winds blow ;
Brightest when its splendours fall
On the mead-cup's sparkling flow :
While the maiden's smile of light
Makes the brightness trebly bright.

Close the portals ; pile the hearth ;
Strike the harp ; the feast pursue ;
Brim the horns : fire, music, mirth,
Mead and love, are winter's due.
Spring to purple conflict calls
Swords that shine on winter's walls.

AVALLENAU MYRDDIN

MERLIN'S APPLE-TREES

FAIR the gift to Merlin given,
Apple-trees seven score and seven ;
Equal all in age and size ;
On a green hill-slope, that lies
Basking in the southern sun,
Where bright waters murmuring run.

Just beneath the pure stream flows ;
High above the forest grows ;
Not again on earth is found
Such a slope of orchard ground :
Song of birds, and hum of bees,
Ever haunt the apple-trees.

Lovely green their leaves in spring ;
Lovely bright their blossoming :
Sweet the shelter and the shade
By their summer foliage made :
Sweet the fruit their ripe boughs hold,
Fruit delicious, tinged with gold.

Gloyad, nymph with tresses bright,
Teeth of pearl, and eyes of light,
Guards these gifts of Ceidio's son,
Gwendol, the lamented one,
Him, whose keen-edged sword no more
Flashes 'mid the battle's roar.

War has raged on vale and hill :
That fair grove was peaceful still.
There have chiefs and princes sought
Solitude and tranquil thought :
There have kings, from courts and throng
Turned to Merlin's wild-wood songs.

Now from echoing woods I hear
Hostile axes sounding near :
On the sunny slope reclined
Feverish grief disturbs my mind,
Lest the wasting edge consume
My fair spot of fruit and bloom.

Lovely trees, that long alone
In the sylvan vale have grown,

Bare, your sacred plot around,
Grows the once wood-waving ground :
Fervent valour guards you still ;
Yet my soul presages ill.

Well, I know, when years have flown,
Briars shall grow where ye have grown :
Them in turn shall power uproot ;
Then again shall flowers and fruit
Flourish in the sunny breeze,
On my new-born apple-trees.

THE MASSACRE OF THE BRITONS

SAD was the day for Britain's land,
A day of ruin to the free,
When Gorthyn¹ stretched a friendly hand
To the dark dwellers of the sea².

But not in pride the Saxon trod,
Nor force nor fraud oppressed the brave,
Ere the grey stone and flowery sod
Closed o'er the blessed hero's grave³.

The twice-raised monarch⁴ drank the charm,
The love-draught of the ocean-maid⁵ ;
Vain then the Briton's heart and arm,
Keen spear, strong shield, and burnished blade.

Gwrtheyrn : Vortigern. ² Hengist and Horsa.
Gwthevyr : Vortimer, who drove the Saxons out
Britain.

Vortigern, who was, on the death of his son Vort-
mer, restored to the throne from which he had been
deposed.

Ronwen : Rowena.

'Come to the feast of wine and mead'
Spake the dark dweller of the sea¹;
'There shall the hours in mirth proceed;
There neither sword nor shield shall be'.

Hard by the sacred temple's site,
Soon as the shades of evening fall,
Resounds with song and glows with light
The ocean-dweller's rude-built hall.

The sacred ground, where chiefs of yore
The everlasting fire adored,
The solemn pledge of safety bore,
And breathed not of the treacherous sword.

The amber wreath his temples bound:
His vest concealed the murderous blade;
As man to man, the board around,
The guileful chief his host arrayed.

None but the noblest of the land,
The flower of Britain's chiefs, were there:
Unarmed, amid the Saxon band,
They sate, the fatal feast to share.

Three hundred chiefs, three score and three:
Went, where the festal torches burned
Before the dweller of the sea:
They went; and three alone returned.

Till dawn the pale sweet mead they quaffed
The ocean-chief unclosed his vest;
His hand was on his dagger's haft,
And daggers glared at every breast.

¹ Hengist.

But him, at Eidiol's¹ breast who aimed,
The mighty Briton's arm laid low :
His eyes with righteous anger flamed ;
He wrenched the dagger from the foe ;

And through the throng he cleft his way,
And raised without his battle-cry ;
And hundreds hurried to the fray,
From towns, and vales, and mountains high.

But Britain's best blood dyed the floor
Within the treacherous Saxon's hall ;
Of all, the golden chain who wore,
Two only answered Eidiol's call.

Then clashed the sword ; then pierced the lance ;
Then by the axe the shield was riven ;
Then did the steed on Cattræth prance,
And deep in blood his hoofs were driven.

Even as the flame consumes the wood,
So Eidiol rushed along the field ;
As sinks the snow-bank in the flood,
So did the ocean-rovers yield.

The spoilers from the fane he drove,
He hurried to the rock-built tower,
Where the base king, in mirth and love,
Sate with his Saxon paramour².

The storm of arms was on the gate,
The blaze of torches in the hall,
So swift, that ere thy feared their fate,
The flames had scaled their chamber wall.

¹ Eidiol or Emrys : Emrys Wledig : Ambrosius.

² Vortigern and Rowena.

They died : for them no Briton grieves ;
No planted flower above them waves ;
No hand removes the withered leaves
That strew their solitary graves.

And time the avenging day brought round
That saw the sea-chief vainly sue :
To make his false host bite the ground
Was all the hope our warrior knew.

And evermore the strife he led,
Disdaining peace, with princely might,
Till, on a spear, the spoiler's¹ head
Was reared on Caer-y-Cynan's height.

THE CAULDRON OF CERIDWEN

THE sage Ceridwen was the wife
Of Tegid Voël, of Pemble Mere :
Two children blest their wedded life,
Morvran and Creirwy, fair and dear :
Morvran, a son of peerless worth,
And Creirwy, loveliest nymph of earth :
But one more son Ceridwen bare,
As foul as they before were fair.

She strove to make Avagddu wise ;
She knew he never could be fair :
And, studying magic mysteries,
She gathered plants of virtue rare :
She placed the gifted plants to steep
Within the magic cauldron deep,
Where they a year and day must boil,
Till three drops crown the matron's toil.

¹ Hengist.

Nine damsels raised the mystic flame ;
Gwion the Little near it stood :
The while for simples roved the dame
Through tangled dell and pathless wood.
And, when the year and day had past,
The dame within the cauldron cast
The consummating chaplet wild,
While Gwion held the hideous child.

But from the cauldron rose a smoke
That filled with darkness all the air :
When through its folds, the torchlight broke,
Nor Gwion, nor the boy, was there.
The fire was dead, the cauldron cold,
And in it lay, in sleep uprolled,
Fair as the morning-star, a child,
That woke, and stretched its arms, and smiled.

What chanced her labours to destroy,
She never knew ; and sought in vain
If 'twere her own mis-shapen boy,
Or little Gwion, born again :
And, vexed with doubt, the babe she rolled
In cloth of purple and of gold,
And in a coracle consigned
Its fortunes to the sea and wind.

The summer night was still and bright,
The summer moon was large and clear,
The frail bark, on the spring-tide's height,
Was floated into Elphin's weir.
The baby in his arms he raised :
His lovely spouse stood by, and gazed,
And, blessing it with gentle vow,
Cried ' TALIESIN ! ' ' Radiant brow ! '

And I am he : and well I know
Ceridwen's power protects me still ;

And hence o'er hill and vale I go,
 And sing, unharmed, whate'er I will.
 She has for me Time's veil withdrawn :
 The images of things long gone,
 The shadows of the coming days,
 Are present to my visioned gaze.

And I have heard the words of power,
 By Ceirion's solitary lake,
 That bid, at midnight's thrilling hour,
 Eryri's hundred echoes wake.
 I to Diganwy's towers have sped,
 And now Caer Lleon's halls I tread,
 Demanding justice, now, as then,
 From Maelgon, most unjust of men.

RICH AND POOR

OR, SAINT AND SINNER

This is a correct copy of a little poem which has been often printed, and not quite accurately. It first appeared, many years ago, in *The Globe* and *Traveller*, and was suggested by a speech in which Mr Wilberforce, replying to an observation of Dr Lushington, that 'the Society for the Suppression of Vice meddled with the poor alone', said that 'the offences of the poor came more under observation than those of the rich.'
 —T. L. P.

THE poor man's sins are glaring ;
 In the face of ghostly warning
 He is caught in the fact
 Of an overt act—
 Buying greens on Sunday morning.
 The rich man's sins are hidden
 In the pomp of wealth and station ;
 And escape the sight
 Of the children of light,
 Who are wise in their generation.

The rich man has a kitchen,
And cooks to dress his dinner ;
 The poor who would roast
 To the baker's must post,
And thus becomes a sinner.

The rich man has a cellar,
And a ready butler by him ;
 The poor must steer
 For his pint of beer
Where the saint can't choose but spy him.

The rich man's painted windows
Hide the concerts of the quality ;
 The poor can but share
 A crack'd fiddle in the air,
Which offends all sound morality.

The rich man is invisible
In the crowd of his gay society ;
 But the poor man's delight
 Is a sore in the sight,
And a stench in the nose of piety.

The rich man has a carriage
Where no rude eye can flout him ;
 The poor man's bane
 Is a third-class train,
With the day-light all about him.

The rich man goes out yachting.
Where sanctity can't pursue him ;
 The poor goes afloat
 In a fourpenny boat,
Where the bishops groan to view him.

THE FATE OF A BROOM

AN ANTICIPATION

These lines were published in *The Examiner* of August 1831. They were then called an anticipation. They may now be fairly entitled a prophecy fulfilled.—
T. L. P., 1837.

Lo ! in corruption's lumber-room,
The remnants of a wondrous broom,
That walking, talking, oft was seen,
Making stout promise to sweep clean,
But evermore, at every push,
Proved but a stump without a brush.
Upon its handle-top, a sconce,
Like Brahma's looked four ways at once :
Pouring on king, lords, church, and rabble,
Long floods of favour-currying gabble ;
From fourfold mouthpiece always spinning
Projects of plausible beginning,
Whereof said sconce did ne'er intend
That any one should have an end ;
Yet still, by shifts and quaint inventions,
Got credit for its good intentions,
Adding no trifle to the store
Wherewith the Devil paves his floor.
Found out at last, worn bare and scrubbish,
And thrown aside with other rubbish,
We'll e'en hand o'er the enchanted stick,
As a choice present for Old Nick,
To sweep, beyond the Stygian lake,
The pavement it has helped to make.

FROM CROCHET CASTLE, 1831

CHORUS BY MR TRILLO

AFTER careful meditation,
And profound deliberation,
In the various pretty projects which have just been
shown,

Not a scheme in agitation,
For the world's amelioration,
[as a grain of common sense in it, except my own.

WE'LL DINE AND DRINK

If I drink water while this doth last,
May I never again drink wine :
For how can a man, in his life of a span,
Do anything better than dine ?
We'll dine and drink, and say if we think
That anything better can be ;
And when we have dined, wish all mankind
May dine as well as we.

And though a good wish will fill no dish,
And brim no cup with sack,
Yet thoughts will spring, as the glasses ring,
To illumine our studious track.
On the brilliant dreams of our hopeful schemes
The light of the flask shall shine ;
And we'll sit all day, but we'll find the way
To drench the world with wine.

BEYOND THE SEA

BEYOND the sea, beyond the sea,
My heart is gone, far, far from me ;
And ever on its track will flee
My thoughts, my dreams, beyond the sea.

FROM CROTCHET CASTLE

Beyond the sea, beyond the sea,
The swallow wanders fast and free ;
Oh, happy bird ! were I like thee
I, too, would fly beyond the sea.

Beyond the sea, beyond the sea,
Are kindly hearts and social glee :
But here for me they may not be ;
My heart is gone beyond the sea.

LLYN-Y-DREIDDIAD-VRAWD

THE POOL OF THE DIVING FRIAR

GWENWYNWYN withdrew from the feasts of his hall ;
He slept very little, he prayed not at all ;
He pondered, and wandered, and studied alone ;
And sought, night and day, the philosopher's stone.

He found it at length, and he made its first proof
By turning to gold all the lead of his roof :
Then he bought some magnanimous heroes, all fire,
Who lived but to smite and be smitten for hire.

With these, on the plains like a torrent he broke ;
He filled the whole country with flame and with smoke ;
He killed all the swine, and he broached all the wine ;
He drove off the sheep, and the beeves, and the kine ;

He took castles and towns ; he cut short limbs and
lives ;
He made orphans and widows of children and wives :
This course many years he triumphantly ran,
And did mischief enough to be called a great man.

When, at last, he had gained all for which he had
striven,

He bethought him of buying a passport to heaven ;
Good and great as he was, yet he did not well know
How soon, or which way, his great spirit might go.

He sought the grey friars, who, beside a wild stream,
Refected their frames on a primitive scheme ;
The gravest and wisest Gwenwynwyn found out,
All lonely and ghostly and angling for trout.

Below the white dash of a mighty cascade,
Where a pool of the stream a deep resting-place made,
And rock-rooted oaks stretched their branches on high,
The friar stood musing, and throwing his fly.

To him said Gwenwynwyn ' Hold, father, here's store,
For the good of the church, and the good of the poor ;
Then he gave him the stone ; but, ere more he could
speak,

Wrath came on the frair, so holy and meek :

He had stretched forth his hand to receive the red gold,
And he thought himself mocked by Gwenwynwyn the
Bold ;

And in scorn of the gift, and in rage at the giver,
He jerked it immediately into the river.

Gwenwynwyn, aghast, not a syllable spake ;
The philosopher's stone made a duck and a drake :
Two systems of circles a moment were seen,
And the stream smoothed them off, as they never had
been.

Gwenwynwyn regained, and uplifted, his voice :
' Oh frair, grey friar, full rash was thy choice ;
The stone, the good stone, which away thou hast
thrown,
Was the stone of all stones, the philosopher's stone ! *

The friar looked pale, when his error he knew ;
The friar looked red, and the friar looked blue ;
And heels over head, from the point of a rock,
He plunged, without stopping to pull off his frock.

He dived very deep, but he dived all in vain,
The prize he had slighted he found not again :
Many times did the friar his diving renew,
And deeper and deeper the river still grew.

Gwenwynwyn gazed long, of his senses in doubt,
To see the grey friar a diver so stout :
Then sadly and slowly his castle he sought,
And left the friar diving, like dabchick distraught.

Gwenwynwyn fell sick with alarm and despite,
Died, and went to the devil, the very same night :
The magnanimous heroes he held in his pay
Sacked his castle, and marched with the plunder away.

No knell on the silence of midnight was rolled,
For the flight of the soul of Gwenwynwyn the Bold :
The brethren, unfee'd, let the mighty ghost pass,
Without praying a prayer, or intoning a mass.

The friar haunted ever beside the dark stream :
The philosopher's stone was his thought and his dream ;
And day after day, ever head under heels,
He dived all the time he could spare from his meals.

He dived, and he dived, to the end of his days,
As the peasants oft witnessed with fear and amaze :
The mad friar's diving-place long was their theme,
And no plummet can fathom that pool of the stream.

And still, when light clouds on the midnight winds ride,
If by moonlight you stray on the lone river-side,
The ghost of the friar may be seen diving there,
With head in the water and heels in the air.

FLORENCE AND BLANCHFLOR¹

FLORENCE and Blanchflor, loveliest maids,
Within a summer grove,
Amid the flower-enamelled shades
Together talked of love.

A clerk sweet Blanchflor's heart had gained ;
Fair Florence loved a knight :
And each with ardent voice maintained,
She loved the worthiest wight.

Sweet Blanchflor praised her scholar dear,
As courteous, kind, and true ;
Fair Florence said her chevalier
Could every foe subdue.

And Florence scorned the bookworm vain,
Who sword nor spear could raise ;
And Blanchflor scorned the unlettered brain
Could sing to no lady's praise.

From dearest love, the maidens bright
To deadly hatred fell ;
Each turned to shun the other's sight,
And neither said farewell.

The king of birds, who held his court
Within that flowery grove,
Sang loudly : ' 'Twill be rare disport
To judge this suit of love.'

Before him came the maidens bright,
With all his birds around,

Imitated from the Fabliau *De Florance et de Blanche*
n, alias *Jugement d'Amour*.

To judge the cause, if clerk or knight
In love be worthiest found.

The falcon and the sparrow-hawk
Stood forward for the fight :
Ready to do and not to talk,
They voted for the knight.

And Blanchflor's heart began to fail,
Till rose the strong-voiced lark,
And, after him, the nightingale,
And pleaded for the clerk.

The nightingale prevailed at length,
Her pleading had such charms ;
So eloquence can conquer strength,
And arts can conquer arms.

The lovely Florence tore her hair,
And died upon the place ;
And all the birds assembled there
Bewailed the mournful case.

They piled up leaves, and flowerets rare,
Above the maiden bright,
And sang : ' Farewell to Florence fair,
Who too well loved her knight '.

THE PRIEST AND THE MULBERRY TREE¹

DID you hear of the curate who mounted his mare,
And merrily trotted along to the fair ?
Of creature more tractable none ever heard,
In the height of her speed she would stop at a word ;

¹ Imitated from the Fabliau *Du Provoire qui mennea des Mères*.

And again with a word, when the curate said Hey,
She put forth her mettle, and galloped away.

As near to the gates of the city he rode,
While the sun of September all brilliantly glowed,
The good priest discovered, with eyes of desire,
A mulberry tree in a hedge of wild briar ;
On boughs long and lofty, in many a green shoot,
Hung large, black, and glossy, the beautiful fruit.

The curate was hungry and thirsty to boot ;
He shrunk from the thorns, though he longed for the
fruit ;

With a word he arrested his courser's keen speed,
And he stood up erect on the back of his steed ;
On the saddle he stood, while the creature stood still,
And he gathered the fruit, till he took his good fill.

' Sure never ' , he thought, ' was a creature so rare,
So docile, so true, as my excellent mare.
Lo, here, how I stand ' (and he gazed all around),
' As safe and as steady as if on the ground,
Yet how had it been, if some traveller this way,
Had, dreaming no mischief, but chanced to cry Hey ? '

He stood with his head in the mulberry tree,
And he spoke out aloud in his fond reverie :
At the sound of the word, the good mare made a push,
And down went the priest in the wild-briar bush.
He remembered too late, on his thorny green bed,
Much that well may be thought, cannot wisely be said.

✓ IN THE DAYS OF OLD

In the days of old,
Lovers felt true passion,
Deeming years of sorrow
By a smile repaid.

Now the charms of gold,
 Spells of pride and fashion,
 Bid them say good-morrow
 To the best-loved maid.

Through the forests wild,
 O'er the mountains lonely,
 They were never weary
 Honour to pursue :
 If the damsel smiled
 Once in seven years only,
 All their wanderings dreary
 Ample guerdon knew.

Now one day's caprice
 Weighs down years of smiling,
 Youthful hearts are rovers,
 Love is bought and sold :
 Fortune's gifts may cease,
 Love is less beguiling ;
 Wiser were the lovers,
 In the days of old.

BYP AND NOP

*Promotion BY PURCHASE and by NO PURCHASE ;
 or a Dialogue between Captain A. and Colonel Q.*

Quoth Byp to Nop : ' I made my hop
 By paying for promotion ' :—
 Quoth Nop to Byp : ' I made my skip
 By aid of *petticoation*.'

Quoth Nop to Byp : ' You'll never trip
Ascending steps of Gold by ' :—
Quoth Byp to Nop : ' You'll never drop
With such a tail to hold by.'

[N.B. Byp, for by purchase, and Nop, for no purchase, are the common official abbreviations in all returns of promotions, and ring the changes through long columns of Parliamentary papers.]

THE LEGEND OF MANOR HALL

[Published in 1861 (*Bentley's Ballads*)]

OLD Farmer Wall, of Manor Hall,
To market drove his wain :
Along the road it went well stowed
With sacks of golden grain.

His station he took, but in vain did he look
For a customer all the morn,
Though the farmers all, save Farmer Wall,
They sold off all their corn.

Then home he went, sore discontent,
And many an oath he swore,
And he kicked up rows with his children and spouse,
When they met him at the door.

Next market-day, he drove away
To the town his loaded wain :
The farmers all, save Farmer Wall,
They sold off all their grain.

No bidder he found, as he stood astound
At the close of the market-day,

When the market was done, and the chapmen were gone,
Each man his several way.

He stalked by his load, along the road ;
His face with wrath was red :
His arms he tossed, like a goodman crossed
In seeking his daily bread.

His face was red, and fierce was his tread,
And with lusty voice cried he :
' My corn I'll sell to the devil of hell,
If he'll my chapman be '.

These words he spoke, just under an oak,
Seven hundred winters old ;
And he straight was aware of a man sitting there,
On the roots and grassy mould.

The roots rose high, o'er the greensward dry,
And the grass around was green,
Save just the space of the stranger's place,
Where it seemed as fire had been.

All scorched was the spot, as gypsy pot
Had swung and bubbled there :
The grass was marred, the roots were charred,
And the ivy stems were bare.

The stranger up sprung : to the farmer he flung
A loud and friendly hail,
And he said : ' I see well, thou hast corn to sell,
And I'll buy it on the nail.'

The twain in a trice agreed on the price ;
The stranger his earnest paid,
And with horses and wain, to come for the grain,
His own appointment made.

The farmer cracked his whip, and tracked
His way right merrily on :
He struck up a song, as he trudged along,
For joy that his job was done.

His children fair he danced in the air ;
His heart with joy was big ;
He kissed his wife ; he seized a knife ;
He slew a sucking-pig.

The faggots burned, the porkling turned
And crackled before the fire ;
And an odour arose, that was sweet in the nose
Of a passing ghostly friar.

He tirmed at the pin, he entered in,
He sate down at the board ;
The pig he blessed, when he saw it well dressed,
And the humming ale outpoured.

The friar laughed, the friar quaffed,
He chirped like a bird in May ;
The farmer told, how his corn he had sold,
As he journeyed home that day.

The friar he quaffed, but no longer he laughed,
He changed from red to pale :
' Oh, hapless elf ! 'tis the fiend himself,
To whom thou hast made thy sale.'

The friar he quaffed, he took a deep draught ;
He crossed himself amain ;
' Oh, slave of pelf, 'tis the devil himself,
To whom thou hast sold thy grain !

' And, sure as the day, he'll fetch thee away,
With the corn which thou hast sold,

If thou let him pay o'er one tester more
Than thy settled price in gold '.

The farmer gave vent to a loud lament,
The wife to a long outcry ;
Their relish for pig and ale was flown ;
The friar alone picked every bone,
And drained the flagon dry.

The friar was gone : the morning dawn
Appeared, and the stranger's wain
Came to the hour, with six-horse power,
To fetch the purchased grain.

The horses were black : on their dewy track,
Light steam from the ground up-curved ;
Long wreaths of smoke from their nostrils broke,
And their tails like torches whirled !

More dark and grim, in face and limb,
Seemed the stranger than before,
As his empty wain, with steeds thrice twain,
Drew up to the farmer's door.

On the stranger's face was a sly grimace,
As he seized the sacks of grain,
And one by one, till left were none,
He tossed them on the wain.

And slyly he leered, as his hand upreared
A purse of costly mould,
Where bright and fresh, through a silver mesh,
Shone forth the glistening gold.

The farmer held out his right hand stout,
And drew it back with dread ;
For in fancy he heard each warning word
The supping friar had said.

His eye was set on the silver net ;
His thoughts were in fearful strife ;
Then, sudden as fate, the glittering bait
Was snatched by his loving wife.

And, swift as thought, the stranger caught
The farmer his waist around,
And at once the twain, and the loaded wain,
Sank through the rifted ground.

The gable-end wall of Manor Hall
Fell in ruins on the place ;
That stone-heap old the tale has told
To each succeeding race.

The wife gave a cry that rent the sky,
At her goodman's downward flight ;
But she held the purse fast, and a glance she cast
To see that all was right.

'Twas the fiend's full pay for her goodman gray,
And the gold was good and true ;
Which made her declare that ' his dealings were fair,
To give the devil his due.'

She wore the black pall for Farmer Wall,
From her fond embraces riven :
But she won the vows of a younger spouse,
With the gold which the fiend had given.

Now, farmers beware, what oaths you swear,
When you cannot sell your corn ;
Best to bid and buy, a stranger be nigh,
With hidden tail and horn.

And with good heed, the moral a-read,
Which is of this tale the pith,

If your corn you sell to the fiend of hell,
You may sell yourself therewith.

And if by mishap, you fall in the trap,—
Would you bring the fiend to shame,
Lest the tempting prize should dazzle her eye:
Lock up your frugal dame.

NEWARK ABBEY

On the Wey, near Chertsey, Surrey

[Written in 1842 : with a reminiscence of Aug
1807 ; Published in *Frazer* in 1860]

I GAZE where August's sunbeam falls
Along these grey and lonely walls,
Till in its light absorbed appears
The lapse of five-and-thirty years.
If change there be, I trace it not
In all this consecrated spot :
No new imprint of Ruin's march
On roofless wall and frameless arch :
The woods, the hills, the fields, the stream,
Are basking in the selfsame beam :
The fall, that turns the unseen mill
As then it murmured, murmurs still.
It seems as if in one were cast
The present and the imaged past ;
Spanning, as with a bridge sublime,
That fearful lapse of human time ;
That gulf, unfathomably spread
Between the living and the dead.
For all too well my spirit feels
The only change this scene reveals.

FLORENCE AND BLANCHFLOR¹

FLORENCE and Blanchflor, loveliest maids,
Within a summer grove,
Amid the flower-enamelled shades
Together talked of love.

A clerk sweet Blanchflor's heart had gained ;
Fair Florence loved a knight :
And each with ardent voice maintained,
She loved the worthiest wight.

Sweet Blanchflor praised her scholar dear,
As courteous, kind, and true ;
Fair Florence said her chevalier
Could every foe subdue.

And Florence scorned the bookworm vain,
Who sword nor spear could raise ;
And Blanchflor scorned the unlettered brain
Could sing to no lady's praise.

From dearest love, the maidens bright
To deadly hatred fell ;
Each turned to shun the other's sight,
And neither said farewell.

The king of birds, who held his court
Within that flowery grove,
Sang loudly : 'Twill be rare disport
To judge this suit of love.'

Before him came the maidens bright,
With all his birds around,

¹ Imitated from the Fabliau *De Florance et de Blanche
lor, alias Jugement d'Amour*.

A WHITEBAIT DINNER AT LOVEGROVE'S

AT BLACKWALL, JULY, 1851

ΚΩΜΟΣ 'ΙΧΘΥΟΦΑΓΟΣ

Ημεθα μὲν πρόπαν ἡμαρ, ἐς ἥλιον καταδύντα,
 Ὡρῃ περ θερίνῃ, ὅτε μαίνεται Σείριος ἄστηρ,
 Πρὸς Μέλανος Τείχους, Ταμέσας αὐταῖσι παρ' ὀχθαῖς,
 Δώμασιν Ἀλσοφίλοιο, τραπέζας εὖ στορέσαντος,
 Δαινύμενοι λώστους ἄλδς ἰχθῦς καὶ ποταμοῖο,
 Πέρκας τε, τρίγλας τε, καὶ ἐγγέλους σάλαράς τε,
 Καὶ λευκὸν δέλεαρ, ἐρατεινῆς δαιτὸς ἀγαλμα·
 Τοῖς τ' ἐπὶ, εἶδατα πολλὰ κρέων, πῖάρ τ' ἐλάφιοι,
 Ὅρνιθας εἰς τε τέλος, κρυστάλλους τ' ἀγλαοκάρπους·
 Πίνοντές τ' οἶνον, Χαμπαίνιοι δὲ φέρον ἄγροι,
 Ἡ ῥήνου σκόπελοι, ἥ νήσων διὰ Μαδεῖρα.
 Ἦμος δ' ἥελιος κατέδυ, καὶ ἐπὶ κνέφας ἦλθε,
 Δὴ τότε γ' ἀνστάντες, ὅσοι ἀνστάμεναι δυνάμεσθα,
 Σπείσαντές τε Μαράσχοινον Βρομίῳ τε καὶ Ἐρυῇ,
 Οἴκαδε ἰέμενοι, μέγα εἰσανεβήσαμεν ἄστυ,
 Δίφροις ἀτμοφόροισι, σιδηρεῖν τε κελεύθῳ.

SEDEBAMUS quidem per totum diem, usque ad sole
occidentem,

Tempestate utique æstiva, quum furebat Canicu
stella,

Apud Nigrum Murum, Thamesæ ad ipsas ripas,
 Ædibus Nemoramantis, mensas qui bene instravera
 Epulantes optimos maris pisces et fluminis,
 Percusque, mullosque, atque anguillas, salarasque,
 Et albam escam, jucundæ dapis summum decus :
 His et insuper, fercula multa carniū et pinguedine
cervi,

Coturnices et in fine, glaciesque eximiis-frugibu
inclýtas :

Bibentesque vinum, Champægnii quod tulerunt agri,
 Vel Rheni scopuli, vel insularum divina, Madeira.

And again with a word, when the curate said Hey,
She put forth her mettle, and galloped away.

As near to the gates of the city he rode,
While the sun of September all brilliantly glowed,
The good priest discovered, with eyes of desire,
A mulberry tree in a hedge of wild briar ;
On boughs long and lofty, in many a green shoot,
Hung large, black, and glossy, the beautiful fruit.

The curate was hungry and thirsty to boot ;
He shrunk from the thorns, though he longed for the
fruit ;

With a word he arrested his courser's keen speed,
And he stood up erect on the back of his steed ;
On the saddle he stood, while the creature stood still,
And he gathered the fruit, till he took his good fill.

' Sure never ', he thought, ' was a creature so rare,
So docile, so true, as my excellent mare.
Lo, here, how I stand ' (and he gazed all around),
' As safe and as steady as if on the ground,
Yet how had it been, if some traveller this way,
Had, dreaming no mischief, but chanced to cry Hey ? '

He stood with his head in the mulberry tree,
And he spoke out aloud in his fond reverie :
At the sound of the word, the good mare made a push,
And down went the priest in the wild-briar bush.
He remembered too late, on his thorny green bed,
Much that well may be thought, cannot wisely be said.

✓ IN THE DAYS OF OLD

In the days of old,
Lovers felt true passion,
Deeming years of sorrow
By a smile repaid.

So twine round the heart, in the light of life's mornin;
 Love's coils of green promise and bright purp
 bloom :

The noontide goes by, and the colours adorning,
 Its unfulfilled dreamings, are wrapt up in gloom.

But press the fresh flower, while its charms are ye
 glowing,

Its colour and form through long years will remain
 And treasured in memory, thus love is still showing
 The outlines of hope, which else blossomed in vain.

FROM GRYLL GRANGE, 1860

THE DEATH OF PHILEMON¹

I

CLOSED was Philemon's hundredth year :
 The theatre was thronged to hear
 His last completed play :
 In the mid scene, a sudden rain
 Dispersed the crowd—to meet again
 On the succeeding day.

He sought his home, and slept, and dreamed.
 Nine maidens through the door, it seemed,
 Passed to the public street.
 He asked them ' Why they left his home '.
 They said ' A guest will hither come
 We must not stay to meet '.

He called his boy with morning light,
 Told him the vision of the night,
 And bade his play be brought.

¹ Suidas, *sub voce* Φιλήμων.—Apuleius, *Florid.*, 16.

His finished page again he scanned,
Resting his head upon his hand.
Absorbed in studious thought.

He knew not what the dream foreshowed :
That nought divine may hold abode
Where death's dark shade is felt :
And therefore were the Muses nine
Leaving the old poetic shrine,
Where they so long had dwelt.

II

The theatre was thronged once more,
More thickly than the day before,
To hear the half-heard song.
The day wore on. Impatience came.
They called upon Philemon's name,
With murmurs loud and long.

Some sought at length his studious cell,
And to the stage returned, to tell
What thousands strove to ask.
' The poet we have been to seek
Sate with his hand upon his cheek
As pondering o'er his task.

' We spoke. He made us no reply.
We reverentially drew nigh,
And twice our errand told.
He answered not. We drew more near.
The awful mystery then was clear :
We found him stiff and cold.

' Struck by so fair a death, we stood
Awhile in sad admiring mood :
Then hastened back, to say

That he, the praised and loved of all,
Is deaf for ever to your call :

That on this self-same day,

' When here presented should have been
The close of this fictitious scene,

His life's true scene was o'er :

We seemed, in solemn silence awed,
To hear the " Farewell and applaud ",
Which he may speak no more.

' Of tears the rain gave prophecy :
The nuptial dance of comedy

Yields to the funeral train.

Assemble where his pyre must burn :

Honour his ashes in their urn :

And on another day return

To hear his songs again '.

THE DAPPLED PALFREY¹

' My traitorous uncle has wooed for himself :
Her father has sold her for land and for pelf :
My steed, for whose equal the world they might search,
In mockery they borrow to bear her to church.

' Oh ! is there no path through the forest so green,
Where thou and I only, my palfrey, have been ?
We traversed it oft, when I rode to her bower
To tell my love tale through the rift of the tower.

' Thou know'st not my words, but thy instinct is good :
By the road to the church lies the path through the wood:
Thy instinct is good, and her love is as true :
Thou wilt see thy way homeward : dear palfrey, adieu '.

¹ Founded on *Le Vair Palefroi* : among the *Fabliaux* published by Barbazon.

They feasted full late and full early they rose,
And churchward they rode more than half in a doze :
The steed in an instant broke off from the throng,
And pierced the green path, which he bounded along.

In vain was pursuit, though some followed pell-mell :
Through bramble and thicket they floundered and fell.
On the backs of their coursers some dozed as before,
And missed not the bride till they reached the church
door.

The knight from his keep on the forest-bound gazed :
The drawbridge was down, the portcullis was raised :
And true to his hope came the palfrey amain,
With his only loved lady, who checked not the rein.

The drawbridge went up : the portcullis went down :
The chaplain was ready with bell, book, and gown :
The wreck of the bride-train arrived at the gate,
The bride showed the ring, and they muttered ' Too
late ! '

' Not too late for a feast, though too late for a fray ;
What's done can't be undone : make peace while you
may ' :
So spake the young knight, and the old ones complied ;
And quaffed a deep health to the bridegroom and bride.

✓ LOVE AND AGE

I PLAYED with you 'mid cowslips blowing,
When I was six and you were four ;
When garlands weaving, flower-balls throwing,
Were pleasures soon to please no more.

Through groves and meads, o'er grass and heather,
With little playmates, to and fro,
We wandered hand in hand together ;
But that was sixty years ago.

You grew a lovely roseate maiden,
And still our early love was strong :
Still with no care our days were laden,
They glided joyously along ;
And I did love you very dearly,
How dearly words want power to show ;
I thought your heart was touched as nearly ;
But that was fifty years ago.

Then other lovers came around you,
Your beauty grew from year to year,
And many a splendid circle found you
The centre of its glittering sphere.
I saw you then, first vows forsaking,
On rank and wealth your hand bestow ;
Oh, then I thought my heart was breaking—
But that was forty years ago.

And I lived on, to wed another ;
No cause she gave me to repine ;
And when I heard you were a mother,
I did not wish the children mine.
My own young flock, in fair progression
Made up a pleasant Christmas row :
My joy in them was past expression—
But that was thirty years ago.

You grew a matron, plump and comely,
You dwelt in fashion's brightest blaze ;
My earthly lot was far more homely ;
But I too had my festal days.

No merrier eyes have ever glistened
Around the hearthstone's wintry glow,
Than when my youngest child was christened—
But that was twenty years ago.

Time passed. My eldest girl was married,
And I am now a grandsire grey ;
One pet of four years old I've carried
Among the wild-flowered meads to play.
In our old fields of childish pleasure,
Where now, as then, the cowslips blow,
She fills her basket's ample measure—
And that is not ten years ago.

But though first love's impassioned blindness
Has passed away in colder light,
I still have thought of you with kindness,
And shall do, till our last good-night.
The ever-rolling silent hours
Will bring a time we shall not know,
When our young days of gathering flowers
Will be an hundred years ago.

A NEW ORDER OF CHIVALRY

I

SIR MOSES, Sir Aaron, Sir Jamramajee,
Two stock-jobbing Jews, and a shroffing Parsee,
Have girt on the armour of old Chivalrie,
And, instead of the Red Cross, have hoisted Balls Three.

Now fancy our Sovereign, so gracious and bland,
With the sword of Saint George in her royal right hand,
Instructing this trio of marvellous Knights
In the mystical meanings of Chivalry's rites.

' You have come from the bath, all in milk-white array,
To show you have washed worldly feelings away,
And, pure as your vestments from secular stain,
Renounce sordid passions and seekings for gain.

' This scarf of deep red o'er your vestments I throw,
In token, that down them your life-blood shall flow,
Ere Chivalry's honour, or Christendom's faith,
Shall meet through your failure, or peril or scaith.

' These slippers of silk, of the colour of earth,
Are in sign of remembrance of whence you had birth :
That from earth you have sprung, and to earth you
return,
But stand for the faith, life immortal to earn.

' This blow of the sword on your shoulder-blade true
Is the mandate of homage, where homage is due,
And the sign that your swords from the scabbard shall
fly
When " St George and the Right " is the rallying cry.

' This belt of white silk, which no speck has defaced,
Is the sign of a bosom with purity graced,
And binds you to prove, whatsoever betides,
Of damsels distressed the friends, champions, and
guides.

' These spurs of pure gold are the symbols which say,
As your steeds obey them, you the Church shall obey,
And speed at her bidding, through country and town,
To strike, with your falchions, her enemies down.'

II

Now fancy these Knights, when the speech they have
heard,
As they stand, scarfed, shoed, shoulder-dubbed, belted
and spurred,

With the cross-handled sword duly sheathed on the thigh,

Thus simply and candidly making reply :

' By your Majesty's grace we have risen up Knights,
But we feel little relish for frays and for fights :
There are heroes enough, full of spirit and fire,
Always ready to shoot and be shot at for hire.

' True with bulls and with bears we have battled our cause ;

And the bulls have no horns, and the bears have no paws ;

And the mightiest blow which we ever have struck
Has achieved but the glory of laming a duck¹.

' With two nations in arms, friends impartial to both,
To raise each a loan we shall be nothing loth ;
We will lend them the pay, to fit men for the fray ;
But shall keep ourselves carefully out of the way.

¹ In Stock Exchange slang, Bulls are speculators for a rise, Bears for a fall. A lame duck is a man who cannot pay his differences, and is said to waddle off. The patriotism of the money-market is well touched by Ponsard, in his comedy *La Bourse*, act iv., scene 3 :

ALFRED

Quand nous sommes vainqueurs, dire qu'on a baissé !
Si nous étions battus, on aurait donc haussé ?

DELATOUR

On a craint qu'un succès, si brillant pour la France,
De la paix qu'on rêvait n'éloignât l'espérance.

ALFRED

Cette Bourse, morbleu ! n'a donc rien dans le cœur !
Ventre affamé n'a point d'oreilles . . . pour l'honneur !
Aussi je ne veux plus jouer—qu'après ma noce—
Et j'attends Waterloo pour me mettre à la hausse.

' We have small taste for championing maids in distress:
 For State we care little : for Church we care less :
 To Premium and Bonus our homage we plight :
 " Percentage ! " we cry : and " A fig for the right ! "

' 'Twixt Saint George and the Dragon we settle it thus :
 Which has scrip above par is the Hero for us :
 For a turn in the market, the Dragon's red gorge
 Shall have our free welcome to swallow Saint George'.

Now, God save our Queen, and if aught should occur
 To peril the crown or the safety of her,
 God send that the leader, who faces the foe,
 May have more of King Richard than Moses and Co.

FROM ORLANDO INNAMORATA

With earnest wish to pass the enchanted gate,
 Orlando to the fount again advanced,
 And found Morgana, all with joy elate,
 Dancing around, and singing as she danced.
 As lightly moved and twirled the lovely Fate¹
 As to the breeze the lightest foliage glanced,

¹ I have translated *Fata*, Fate. It is usually translated Fairy. But the idea differs essentially from that of a fairy. Amongst other things there is no *Fato*, or Oberon to the Titania. It does not, indeed, correspond with our usual idea of Fate, but it is more easily distinguished as a class; for our old acquaintances the Fates, are an inseparable three. The Italian *F* is independent of her sisters. They are enchantresses but they differ from other enchantresses in being mortal. They are beautiful, too, and their beauty immortal: always in Bojardo. He would not have turned Alcina into an old woman, as Ariosto which I must always consider a dreadful blemish the many charms of the *Orlando Furioso*.

With looks alternate to the earth and sky,
She thus gave out her words of witchery :

‘ Let him who seeks unbounded wealth to hold,
Or joy, or honour, or terrestrial state,
Seize with his hands this lock of purest gold,
That crowns my brow, and blest shall be his fate.
But when time serves, behoves him to be bold,
Nor even a moment’s pause interpolate :
The chance, once lost, he never finds again :
I turn, and leave him to lament in vain’.

Thus sang the lovely Fate in bowery shade
Circling in joy around the crystal fount ;
But when within the solitary glade
Glittered the armour of the approaching Count,
She sprang upon her feet, as one dismayed,
And took her way towards a lofty mount
That rose the valley’s narrow length to bound :
Thither Morgana sped along the ground.

Bojardo, *Orlando Innamorato*, l. ii. c. 9. Ed. di Vinegia,
1544¹.

So spake Repentance. With the spèed of fire
Orlando followed where the enchantress fled,
Rending and scattering tree and bush and brier,
And leaving wide the vestige of his tread.

¹ In the last stanza of this translation, the seventh line is the essence of the stanza immediately following ; the eighth is from a passage several stanzas forward, after Orlando has obtained the key, which was the object of his search.

Che mal se trova alcun sotto la Luna,
Ch’ adopri ben la chiave di Fortuna.

The first two books of Bojardo’s poem were published in 1486. The first complete edition was published in 1495. The Venetian edition of 1544, from

So twine round the heart, in the light of life's morning,
 Love's coils of green promise and bright purple
 bloom :

The noontide goes by, and the colours adorning,
 Its unfulfilled dreamings, are wrapt up in gloom.

But press the fresh flower, while its charms are yet
 glowing,

Its colour and form through long years will remain :
 And treasured in memory, thus love is still showing
 The outlines of hope, which else blossomed in vain.

FROM GRYLL GRANGE, 1860

THE DEATH OF PHILEMON¹

I

CLOSED was Philemon's hundredth year :
 The theatre was thronged to hear
 His last completed play :
 In the mid scene, a sudden rain
 Dispersed the crowd—to meet again
 On the succeeding day.

He sought his home, and slept, and dreamed.
 Nine maidens through the door, it seemed,
 Passed to the public street.
 He asked them ' Why they left his home '.
 They said ' A guest will hither come
 We must not stay to meet '.

He called his boy with morning light,
 Told him the vision of the night,
 And bade his play be brought.

¹ Suidas, *sub voce* Φιλήμων.—Apuleius, *Florid.*, 16.

His finished page again he scanned,
Resting his head upon his hand.
Absorbed in studious thought.

He knew not what the dream foreshowed :
That nought divine may hold abode
Where death's dark shade is felt :
And therefore were the Muses nine
Leaving the old poetic shrine,
Where they so long had dwelt.

II

The theatre was thronged once more,
More thickly than the day before,
To hear the half-heard song.
The day wore on. Impatience came.
They called upon Philemon's name,
With murmurs loud and long.

Some sought at length his studious cell,
And to the stage returned, to tell
What thousands strove to ask.
' The poet we have been to seek
Sate with his hand upon his cheek
As pondering o'er his task.

' We spoke. He made us no reply.
We reverentially drew nigh,
And twice our errand told.
He answered not. We drew more near.
The awful mystery then was clear :
We found him stiff and cold.

' Struck by so fair a death, we stood
Awhile in sad admiring mood :
Then hastened back, to say

That he, the praised and loved of all,
Is deaf for ever to your call :

That on this self-same day,

' When here presented should have been
The close of this fictitious scene,

His life's true scene was o'er :

We seemed, in solemn silence awed,
To hear the " Farewell and applaud ",
Which he may speak no more.

' Of tears the rain gave prophecy :
The nuptial dance of comedy

Yields to the funeral train.

Assemble where his pyre must burn :
Honour his ashes in their urn :
And on another day return
To hear his songs again '.

THE DAPPLED PALFREY¹

' My traitorous uncle has wooed for himself :
Her father has sold her for land and for pelf :
My steed, for whose equal the world they might search,
In mockery they borrow to bear her to church.

' Oh ! is there no path through the forest so green,
Where thou and I only, my palfrey, have been ?
We traversed it oft, when I rode to her bower
To tell my love tale through the rift of the tower.

' Thou know'st not my words, but thy instinct is good :
By the road to the church lies the path through the wood :
Thy instinct is good, and her love is as true :
Thou wilt see thy way homeward : dear palfrey, adieu '.

¹ Founded on *Le Vair Palefroi* : among the *Fabliaux* published by Barbazon.

For the daughter of the Sun
On thy form we gaze appalled.

Circe : Gryllus, too, your summons called.

The Three : Him of yore thy powerful spell

Doomed in swinish shape to dwell :

Yet such life he reckoned then

Happier than the life of men.

Now, when carefully he ponders

All our scientific wonders,

Steam-driven myriads, all in motion,

On the land and on the ocean,

Going, for the sake of going,

Wheresoever waves are flowing,

Wheresoever winds are blowing ;

Converse through the sea transmitted,

Swift as ever thought had flitted ;

All the glories of our time,

Past the praise of loftiest rhyme ;

Will he, seeing these, indeed,

Still retain his ancient creed,

Ranking, in his mental plan,

Life of beast o'er life of man ?

Circe : Speak, Gryllus.

Gryllus : It is early yet to judge :

But all the novelties I yet have seen

Seem changes for the worse.

The Three : If we could show him

Our triumphs in succession, one by one,

'Twould surely change his judgment : and herein

How might'st thou aid us, *Circe* !

Circe : I will do so :

And calling down, like Socrates, of yore,

The clouds to aid us, they shall shadow forth

In bright succession, all that they behold,

From air, on earth and sea. I wave my wand :

And lo ! they come, even as they came in Athens,

Shining like virgins of ethereal life.

Through groves and meads, o'er grass and heather,
With little playmates, to and fro,
We wandered hand in hand together ;
But that was sixty years ago.

You grew a lovely roseate maiden,
And still our early love was strong :
Still with no care our days were laden,
They glided joyously along ;
And I did love you very dearly,
How dearly words want power to show ;
I thought your heart was touched as nearly ;
But that was fifty years ago.

Then other lovers came around you,
Your beauty grew from year to year,
And many a splendid circle found you
The centre of its glittering sphere.
I saw you then, first vows forsaking,
On rank and wealth your hand bestow ;
Oh, then I thought my heart was breaking—
But that was forty years ago.

And I lived on, to wed another ;
No cause she gave me to repine ;
And when I heard you were a mother,
I did not wish the children mine.
My own young flock, in fair progression
Made up a pleasant Christmas row :
My joy in them was past expression—
But that was thirty years ago.

You grew a matron, plump and comely,
You dwelt in fashion's brightest blaze ;
My earthly lot was far more homely ;
But I too had my festal days.

As before the wolf the flocks,
As before the hounds the fox ;
As before the cat the mouse,
As the rat from falling house ;
As the fiend before the spell
Of holy water, book, and bell ;
As the ghost from dawning day—
So has fled, in gaunt dismay,
This septemvirate of quacks
From the shadowy attacks
Of Cœur-de-Lion's battle-axe.

II

Could he in corporeal might,
Plain to feeling as to sight,
Rise again to solar light,
How his arm would put to flight
All the forms of Stygian night
That round us rise in grim array,
Darkening the meridian day ;
Bigotry, whose chief employ
Is embittering earthly joy ;
Chaos, throned in pedant state,
Teaching echo how to prate ;
And ' Ignorance, with looks profound ',
Not ' with eye that loves the ground '.
But stalking wide, with lofty crest,
In science's pretentious vest.

III

And now, great masters of the realms of shade,
To end the task which called us down from air,
We shall present, in pictured show arrayed,
Of this your modern world the triumphs rare,
That Gryllus's benighted spirit
May wake to your transcendant merit,

' You have come from the bath, all in milk-white array,
To show you have washed worldly feelings away,
And, pure as your vestments from secular stain,
Renounce sordid passions and seekings for gain.

' This scarf of deep red o'er your vestments I throw,
In token, that down them your life-blood shall flow,
Ere Chivalry's honour, or Christendom's faith,
Shall meet through your failure, or peril or scaith.

' These slippers of silk, of the colour of earth,
Are in sign of remembrance of whence you had birth :
That from earth you have sprung, and to earth you
return,
But stand for the faith, life immortal to earn.

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 Orlando to the fount again advanced,
 And found Morgana, all with joy elate,
 Dancing around, and singing as she danced.
 As lightly moved and twirled the lovely Fate¹
 As to the breeze the lightest foliage glanced,

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 Ch' adopri ben la chiave di Fortuna.

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 shed in 1486. The first complete edition was pub-
 shed in 1495. The Venetian edition of 1544, from

Nearer he drew, with feet that could not tire,
 And strong in hope to seize her as she sped,
 How vain the hope ! Her form he seemed to clasp,
 But soon as seized, she vanished from his grasp.

How many times he laid his eager hand
 On her bright form, or on her vesture fair ;
 But her white robes, and their vermilion band,
 Deceived his touch, and passed away like air.

which I have cited this passage, and the preceding one in chapter xx, is the fifteenth and last complete Italian edition. The original work was superseded by the *Rifacciamenti* of Berni and Domenichi. Mr Panizzi has rendered a great service to literature in reprinting the original. He collated all accessible editions. *Verum opere in longo fas est obrepere somnum*¹. He took for his standard, as I think unfortunately, the Milanese edition 1539. With all the care he bestowed on his task, he overlooked one fearful perversion in the concluding stanza, which in all editions but the Milanese reads thus :

Mentre ch' io canto, ahimè Dio redentore,
 Veggio l' Italia tutta a fiamma e a foco,
 Per questi Galli, che con gran furore
 Vengon per disertar non so che loco.
 Però vi lascio in questo vano amore
 Di Fiordespina ardente a poco a poco :
 Un' altra fiata, se mi fia concesso,
 Racconterovi il tutto per expresso.

Even while I sing, ah me, redeeming Heaven !
 I see all Italy in fire and flame,
 Raised by these Gauls, who, by great fury driven,
 Come with destruction for their end and aim.
 The maiden's heart, by vainest passion riven,
 Not now the rudely-broken song may claim ;
 Some future day, if Fate auspicious prove,
 Shall end the tale of Fiordespina's love.

¹ [Horace, *Ars Poetica*, l. 360].

but once, as with a half-turned glance she scanned
 her foe—Heaven's will and happy chance were there—
 no breath for pausing might the time allow—
 she seized the golden forelock of her brow.

Then passed the gloom and tempest from the sky ;
 the air at once grew calm and all serene ;
 and where rude thorns had clothed the mountain high,
 was spread a plain, all flowers and vernal green.
 Repentance ceased her scourge. Still standing nigh,
 with placid looks, in her but rarely seen,
 she said : ' Beware how yet the prize you lose ;
 the key of fortune few can wisely use.'

THE SPIRIT RAPPERS

Circe : WAKE, Gryllus, and arise in human form.

Gryllus : I have slept soundly, and had pleasant dreams.

Circe : I, too, have soundly slept. Divine how long.

Gryllus : Why, judging by the sun, some fourteen hours.

Circe : Three thousand years.

Gryllus : That is a nap indeed.

But this is not your garden, nor your palace.

Where are we now ?

Circe : Three thousand years ago,
 this land was forest, and a bright pure river
 ran through it to and from the ocean stream.
 Now, through a wilderness of human forms,
 and human dwellings, a polluted flood
 rolls up and down, charged with all earthly poisons,
 poisoning the air in turn.

Gryllus : I see vast masses
 of strange unnatural things.

Circe : Houses, and ships,
 and boats, and chimneys vomiting black smoke,
 horses, and carriages of every form,
 and restless bipeds, rushing here and there
 for profit or for pleasure, as they phrase it.

For the daughter of the Sun
On thy form we gaze appalled.

ce : Gryllus, too, your summons called.

Three : Him of yore thy powerful spell

Doomed in swinish shape to dwell :

Yet such life he reckoned then

Happier than the life of men.

Now, when carefully he ponders

All our scientific wonders,

Steam-driven myriads, all in motion,

On the land and on the ocean,

Going, for the sake of going,

Wheresoever waves are flowing,

Wheresoever winds are blowing ;

Converse through the sea transmitted,

Swift as ever thought had flitted ;

All the glories of our time,

Past the praise of loftiest rhyme ;

Will he, seeing these, indeed,

Still retain his ancient creed,

Ranking, in his mental plan,

Life of beast o'er life of man ?

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Illus : It is early yet to judge :

But all the novelties I yet have seen

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Three : If we could show him

Our triumphs in succession, one by one,

'Twould surely change his judgment : and herein

How might'st thou aid us, Circe !

ce : I will do so :

And calling down, like Socrates, of yore,

The clouds to aid us, they shall shadow forth

In bright succession, all that they behold,

From air, on earth and sea. I wave my wand :

And lo ! they come, even as they came in Athens,

Shining like virgins of ethereal life.

CHORUS OF CLOUDS¹

I

CLOUDS ever-flowing, conspicuously soaring.

From loud-rolling Ocean, whose stream² gave us birth,

To heights, whence we look over torrents down-pouring

To the deep quiet vales of the fruit-giving earth,—

As the broad eye of Æther, unwearied in brightness,

Dissolve our mist-veil in glittering rays,

Our forms we reveal from its vapoury lightness,

In semblance immortal, with far-seeing gaze.

II

Shower-bearing Virgins, we seek not the regions

Whence Pallas, the Muses, and Bacchus have fled,

But the city, where Commerce embodies her legions,

And Mammon exalts his omnipotent head.

All joys of thought, feeling, and taste are before us,

Wherever the beams of his favour are warm :

Though transient full oft as the veil of our chorus,

Now golden with glory, now passing in storm.

CHORUS

I

As before the pike will fly

Dace and roach and such small fry ;

As the leaf before the gale,

As the chaff beneath the flail,

¹ The first stanza is pretty closely adapted from the strophe of Aristophanes : ἀέτατοι Νεφέλαι¹. The second is only a distant imitation of the antistrophe : παρθένου ὀμβροφόροι².

² In Homer, and all the older poets, the ocean is a river surrounding the earth, and the seas are inlets from it.

[¹ *Nubes*, l. 275.]

[² *Nubes*, l. 299.]

As before the wolf the flocks,
As before the hounds the fox ;
As before the cat the mouse,
As the rat from falling house ;
As the fiend before the spell
Of holy water, book, and bell ;
As the ghost from dawning day—
So has fled, in gaunt dismay,
This septemvirate of quacks
From the shadowy attacks
Of Cœur-de-Lion's battle-axe.

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Could he in corporeal might,
Plain to feeling as to sight,
Rise again to solar light,
How his arm would put to flight
All the forms of Stygian night
That round us rise in grim array,
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Bigotry, whose chief employ
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III

d now, great masters of the realms of shade,
To end the task which called us down from air,
Shall present, in pictured show arrayed,
Of this your modern world the triumphs rare,
at Gryllus's benighted spirit
y wake to your transcendant merit,

And, with profoundest admiration thrilled,
 He may with willing mind assume his place
 In your steam-nursed, steam-borne, steam-killed,
 And gas-enlightened race.

Circe : Speak, Gryllus, what you see.

Gryllus : I see the ocean
 And o'er its face ships passing wide and far ;
 Some with expanded sails before the breeze,
 And some with neither sails nor oars, impelled
 By some invisible power against the wind,
 Scattering the spray before them. But of many
 One is on fire, and one has struck on rocks
 And melted in the waves like fallen snow.
 Two crash together in the middle sea,
 And go to pieces on the instant, leaving
 No soul to tell the tale, and one is hurled
 In fragments to the sky, strewing the deep
 With death and wreck. I had rather live with *Circe*
 Even as I was, than flit about the world
 In those enchanted ships, which some *Alastor*
 Must have devised as traps for mortal ruin.

Circe : Look yet again.

Gryllus : Now the whole scene is changed.
 I see long chains of strange machines on wheels,
 With one in front of each, puffing white smoke
 From a black hollow column. Fast and far
 They speed, like yellow leaves before the gale,
 When Autumn winds are strongest. Through their
 windows

I judge them thronged with people ; but distinctly
 Their speed forbids my seeing.

Spirit-rapper : This is one
 Of the great glories of our modern time,
 ' Men are become as birds ', and skim like swallows
 The surface of the world.

Gryllus : For what good end ?

Spirit-rapper : The end is in itself—the end of
skimming

The surface of the world.

Gryllus : If that be all,
I had rather sit in peace in my old home :
But while I look, two of them meet and clash,
And pile their way with ruin. One is rolled
Down a steep bank ; one through a broken bridge
Is dashed into a flood. Dead, dying, wounded,
Are there as in a battlefield. Are these
Your modern triumphs ? Jove preserve me from them.

Spirit-rapper : These ills are rare. Millions are
borne in safety

Where one incurs mischance. Look yet again.

Gryllus : I see a mass of light brighter than that
Which burned in Circe's palace, and beneath it
A motley crew, dancing to joyous music,
But from that light explosion comes, and flame ;
And forth the dancers rush in haste and fear
From their wide-blazing hall.

Spirit-rapper : Oh, Circe ! Circe !
Thou show'st him all the evil of our arts
In more than just proportion to the good.
Good without evil is not given to man.
Jove, from his urns dispensing good and ill,
Gives all unmixed to some, and good and ill
Mingled to many—good unmixed to none¹.

¹ This is the true sense of the Homeric passage :

δοιοι γάρ τε πίθοι κατακείται ἐν Διὸς οὐδὲι
δῶρων οἷα δίδωσι, κακῶν ἕτερος δέ τ' ἐάων·
ᾧ μὲν καμμίξας δῶψι Ζεὺς τερπικέρανος,
ἄλλοτε μὲν τε κακῷ ὃ γε κύρεται, ἄλλοτε δ' ἐσθλῷ·
ᾧ δέ κε τῶν λυγρῶν δῶψι, λωβητὸν ἔθηκε,
καὶ ἐ κακῇ βούβρωστις ἐπὶ χθόνα διὰν ἔλαυνει,
φοιτᾷ δ' οὔτε θεοῖσι τετιμένος οὔτε βροτοῖσιν.

—HOMER, *Iliad*, xxiv [527]

Our arts are good. The inevitable ill
That mixes with them, as with all things human,
Is as a drop of water in a goblet
Full of old wine.

Gryllus : More than one drop, I fear,
And those of bitter water.

Circe : There is yet
An ample field of scientific triumph :
What shall we show him next ?

Spirit-rapper : Pause we awhile.
He is not in the mood to feel conviction
Of our superior greatness. He is all
For rural comfort and domestic ease,
But our impulsive days are all for moving :
Sometimes with some ulterior end, but still
For moving, moving, always. There is nothing
Common between us in our points of judgment.
He takes his stand upon tranquillity,
We ours upon excitement. There we place
The being, end, and aim of mortal life,
The many are with us : some few, perhaps,
With him. We put the question to the vote

There are only two distributions : good and ill mixed, and unmixed ill. None, as Heyne has observed, receive unmixed good. *Ex dolio bonorum nemo meracius accipit : hoc memorare omisit.* This sense is implied, not expressed. Pope missed it in his otherwise beautiful translation.

Two urns by Jove's high throne have ever stood,
The source of evil one, and one of good ;
From thence the cup of mortal man he fills,
Blessings to these, to those distributes ills,
To most he mingles both : the wretch decreed
To taste the bad, unmixed, is curst indeed ;
Pursued by wrongs, by meagre famine driven,
He wanders, outcast both of earth and heaven.—Pope.

By universal suffrage. Aid us, Circe !
On talismanic wings your spells can waft
The question and reply. Are we not wiser,
Happier, and better, than the men of old,
Of Homer's days, of Athens, and of Rome ?

Voices Without : Ay. No. Ay, ay. No. Ay, ay,
ay, ay, ay.

We are the wisest race the earth has known,
The most advanced in all the arts of life,
In science and in morals.

Spirit-rapper : The ays have it.
What is that wondrous sound, that seems like thunder
Mixed with gigantic laughter ?

Circe : It is Jupiter—
Who laughs at your presumption ; half in anger,
And half in mockery. Now, my worthy masters,
You must in turn experience in yourselves
The mighty magic thus far tried on others.

The table turned slowly, and by degrees went on
spinning with accelerated speed. The legs assumed
motion, and it danced off the stage. The arms of the
chairs put forth hands, and pinched the spirit-rappers,
who sprang up and ran off, pursued by their chairs.

Circe : Now, Gryllus, we may seek our ancient home
In my enchanted isle.

Gryllus : Not yet, not yet.
Good signs are toward of a joyous supper.
Therein the modern world may have its glory,
And I, like an impartial judge, am ready
To do it ample justice. But, perhaps,
As all we hitherto have seen are shadows,
So too may be the supper.

Circe : Fear not, Gryllus,
That you will find a sound reality,
To which the land and air, seas, lakes, and rivers,

Have sent their several tributes. Now, kind friends,
 Who with your smiles have graciously rewarded
 Our humble, but most earnest aims to please,
 And with your presence at our festal board
 Will charm the Winter midnight, Music gives
 The signal : Welcome and old wine await you.

Chorus : Shadows to-night have offered portraits
 true

Of many follies which the world enthrall.
 'Shadows we are, and shadows we pursue' :
 But, in the banquet's well-illuminated hall,
 Realities, delectable to all,
 Invite you now our festal joy to share.
 Could we our Attic prototype recall,
 One compound word should give our bill of fare :
 But where our language fails, our hearts true welcome
 bear.

THE LEGEND OF SAINT LAURA

SAINT LAURA, in her sleep of death,
 Preserves beneath the tomb
 —'Tis willed where what is willed must be—¹
 In incorruptibility
 Her beauty and her bloom.

So pure her maiden life had been,
 So free from earthly stain,
 'Twas fixed in fate by Heaven's own Queen,
 That till the earth's last closing scene
 She should unchanged remain.

Within a deep sarcophagus
 Of alabaster sheen,

¹ Vuolsi così colà dove si puote
 Ciò che si vuole, e più non domandare.—Dante.

With sculptured lid of roses white,
She slumbered in unbroken night,
By mortal eyes unseen.

Above her marble couch was reared
A monumental shrine,
Where cloistered sisters, gathering round,
Made night and morn the aisle resound
With choristry divine.

The abbess died : and in her pride
Her parting mandate said,
They should her final rest provide
The alabaster couch beside,
Where slept the sainted dead.

The abbess came of princely race :
The nuns might not gainsay :
And sadly passed the timid band,
To execute the high command
They dared not disobey.

The monument was opened then :
It gave to general sight
The alabaster couch alone :
But all its lucid substance shone
With preternatural light.

They laid the corpse within the shrine :
They closed its doors again :
But nameless terror seemed to fall,
Throughout the livelong night, on all
Who formed the funeral train.

Lo ! on the morrow morn, still closed
The monument was found :
But in its robes funereal drest,
The corpse they had consigned to rest
Lay on the stony ground,

Fear and amazement seized on all :
They called on Mary's aid :
And in the tomb, unclosed again,
With choral hymn and funeral train.
The corpse again was laid.

But with the incorruptible
Corruption might not rest :
The lonely chapel's stone-paved floor
Received the ejected corpse once more,
In robes funereal drest.

So was it found when morning beamed :
In solemn suppliant strain
The nuns implored all saints in heaven,
That rest might to the corpse be given,
Which they entombed again.

On the third night a watch was kept
By many a friar and nun :
Trembling, all knelt in fervent prayer,
Till on the dreary midnight air
Rolled the deep bell-toll ' One ! '

The saint within the opening tomb
Like marble statue stood :
All fell to earth in deep dismay :
And through their ranks she passed away,
In calm unchanging mood.

No answering sound her footsteps raised
Along the stony floor :
Silent as death, severe as fate,
She glided through the chapel gate,
And none beheld her more.

The alabaster couch was gone :
The tomb was void and bare ;

For the last time, with hasty rite,
Even 'mid the terror of the night,
They laid the abbess there.

'Tis said the abbess rests not well
In that sepulchral pile :
But yearly, when the night comes round
As dies of ' One ' the bell's deep sound
She flits along the aisle.

But whither passed the virgin saint,
To slumber far away,
Destined by Mary to endure,
Unaltered in her semblance pure,
Until the judgment day ?

None knew, and none may ever know :
Angels the secret keep :
Impenetrable ramparts bound,
Eternal silence dwells around
The chamber of her sleep.

TO LORD BROUGHTON
IN ANSWER TO BIRTHDAY GREETINGS

' OLD friend, whose rhymes so kindly mix,
Thoughts grave and gay with seventy-six,
I hope it may to you be given
To do the same at seventy-seven ;
Whence your still living friends may date
A new good wish for seventy-eight ;
And thence again extend the line,
Until it passes seventy-nine ;
And yet again, and yet again,
While health and cheerfulness remain.
Long be they yours, for, blessed with these,
Life's latest years have power to please,
And round them spread the genial blow
Which sunset casts on Alpine snow,

CASTLES IN THE AIR

[Date unknown]

My thoughts by night are often filled
With visions false as fair :
For in the past alone I build
My castles in the air.

I dwell not now on what may be :
Night shadows o'er the scene :
But still my fancy wanders free
Through that which might have been.

MIDNIGHT

[No date]

Oh, clear are thy waters, thou beautiful stream !
And sweet is the sound of thy flowing ;
And bright are thy banks in the silver moonbeam,
While the zephyrs of midnight are blowing.
The hawthorn is blooming thy channel along,
And breezes are waving the willow,
And no sound of life but the nightingale's song
Floats o'er thy murmuring billow.

Oh, sweet scene of solitude ! dearer to me
Than the city's fantastical splendour !
From the haunts of the crowd I have hastened to thee,
Nor sigh for joys I surrender.
From the noise of the throng, from the mirth of the
dance,
What solace can misery borrow ?
Can riot the care-wounded bosom entrance,
Or still the pulsation of sorrow ?

TIME

[Date unknown]

Passan vostri trionfi e vostre pompe ;
Passan le signorie, passano i regni.
Cose 'l tempo trionfa i nomi e'l mondo—Petrarca.

WHENCE is the stream of Time ? What source
supplies

Its everlasting flow ? What gifted hand
Shall raise the veil by dark Oblivion spread,
And trace it to its spring ? What searching eye
Shall pierce the mists that veil its onward course,
And read the future destiny of man ?
The past is dimly seen : the coming hour
Is dark, inscrutable to human sight :
The present is our own ; but while we speak,
We cease from its possession, and resign
The stage we tread on, to another race,
As vain, and gay, and mortal as ourselves.
And why should man be vain ? He breathes to-day,
To-morrow he is not : the laboured stone
Preserves awhile the name of him that was :
Time strikes the marble column to the ground,
And sinks in dust the sculptured monument.
Yet man is vain, and with exulting thought,
Rears the proud dome and spacious colonnade,
Plants the wide forest, bids the garden bloom
Where frowned the desert, excavates the earth,
And, gathering up the treasures of her springs,
Rolls the full stream through flow'r-enamelled banks,
Where once the heather struck its roots in sand.
With joy he hails, with transitory joy,
His new creations : his insatiate pride
Exults in splendour which he calls his own.
As if possessions could be called our own,
Which, in a point of ever-varying time,

By force, by fraud, by purchase, or by death,
Will change their lords, and pass to other hands.
Then since to none perpetual use is given,
And heir to heir, as wave to wave, succeeds,
How vain the pride of wealth ! how vain the boast
Of fields, plantations, parks, and palaces,
If death invades alike, with ruthless arm,
The peasant's cottage, and the regal tower,
Unawed by pomp, inflexible by gold !

Death comes to all. His cold and sapless hand
Waves o'er the world, and beckons us away.
Who shall resist the summons ? Child of earth !
While yet the blood runs dancing through thy veins,
Impelled by joy and youth's meridian heat,
'Twere wise at times, to change the crowded haunts
Of human splendour, for the woodland realms
Of solitude, and mark, with heedful ear,
The hollow voice of the autumnal wind,
That warns thee of thy own mortality.

Death comes to all. Not earth's collected wealth,
Golcondian diamonds and Peruvian gold,
Can gain from him the respite of an hour.
He wrests his treasure from the miser's grasp,
Dims the pale rose on beauty's fading cheeks,
Tears the proud diadem from kingly brows,
And breaks the warrior's adamant shield.

Man yields to death ; and man's sublimest works
Must yield at length to Time. The proud one thinks
Of life's uncertain tenure, and laments
His transitory greatness. While he boasts
His noble blood, from ancient kings derived,
And views with careless and disdainful eye
The humble and the poor, he shrinks in vain
From anxious thoughts, that teach his sickening heart
That he is like the beings he contemns,

The creature of an hour ; that when a few,
 Few years have past, that little spot of earth,
 That dark and narrow bed, which all must press,
 Will level all distinction. Then he bids
 The marble structure rise, to guard awhile,
 A little while, his fading memory.
 Thou lord of thousands ! Time is lord of thee :
 Thy wealth, thy glory, and thy name are his.
 And may protract the blow, but cannot bar
 His certain course, nor shield his destined prey.

The wind and rain assail thy sumptuous domes :
 They sink, and are forgotten. All that is
 Must one day cease to be. The chiefs and kings,
 That awe the nations with their pomp and power,
 Shall slumber with the chiefs and kings of old :
 And Time shall leave no monumental stone,
 To tell the spot of their eternal rest.

CHORAL ODE

[Date unknown]

"Ὅστις τοῦ πλέονος μέρους."
 Sophocles, *Œdipus at Colonus* [1211].

ALAS ! that thirst of wealth and power
 Should pass the bounds by wisdom laid,
 And shun contentment's mountain-bower,
 To chase a false and fleeting shade !
 The torrid orb of summer shrouds
 Its head in darker, stormier clouds
 Than quenched its vernal glow ;
 And streams, that meet the expanding sea,
 Resign the peace and purity
 That marked their infant flow.

Go seek what joys, serene and deep,
The paths of wealth and power supply !
The eyes no balmy slumbers steep :
The lips own no satiety,
Till, where unpitying Pluto dwells,
And where the turbid Styx impels
Its circling waves along,
The pale ghost treads the flowerless shore,
And hears the unblest sisters pour
Their loveless, lyreless song.

Man's happiest lot is *not to be* :
And, when we tread life's thorny steep,
Most blest are they, who, earliest free,
Descend to death's eternal sleep.
From wisdom far, and peace, and truth,
Imprudence leads the steps of youth,
Where ceaseless evils spring :
Toil, frantic passion, deadly strife,
Revenge, and murder's secret knife,
And envy's scorpion sting.

Age comes, unloved, unsocial age,
Exposed to fate's severest shock,
As to the ocean-tempest's rage
The bleak and billow-beaten rock.
There ills on ills commingling press,
Morose, unjoying helplessness,
And pain, and slow disease :
As, when the storm of winter raves,
The wild winds rush from all their caves,
To swell the northern seas.

A GOODLYE BALLADE OF LITTLE JOHN 399

OH, NOSE OF WAX ! TRUE SYMBOL OF THE
MIND

[Date unknown]

OH, nose of wax ! true symbol of the mind
Which fate and fortune mould in all mankind
(Even as the hand moulds thee) to foul or fair—
Thee good John Bull for his device shall bear,
While Sawney Scot the ductile mass shall mould,
Bestowing paper and receiving gold.
Thy image shrined in studious state severe,
Shall grace the pile which Brougham and Campbell rear:
Thy name to those scholastic bowers shall pass
And rival Oxford's ancient nose of brass.

A GOODLYE BALLADE OF LITTLE JOHN

SHEWINGE HOW HE RAYSED A DYVELL, AND COULDE
NOTTE LAYE HYMME

[Date unknown]

FYTTE THE FIRST

LITTLE John he sat in a lonely hall,
Mid spoils of the Church of old :
And he saw a shadowing on the wall,
That made his blood run cold.

He saw the dawn of a coming day,
Dim-glimmering through the gloom :
He saw the coronet pass away
From the ancient halls where it then held sway,
And the mitre it's place resume.

He saw, the while, through the holy pile
The incense vapour spread ;
He saw the poor, at the Abbey door,
Receiving their daily bread.

He saw on the walls the shadows cast
 Of sacred sisters three :
 He blessed them not, as they flitted past :
 But above them all he hated the last,
 For that was Charitie.

Now down from the shelf a book he bore,
 And characters he drew,
 And a spell he muttered o'er and o'er,
 Till before him cleft was the marble floor,
 And a murky fiend came through.

' Now take thee a torch in thy red right hand '
 Little John to the fiend he saith :
 ' And let it serve as a signal brand,
 To rouse the rabble, throughout the land,
 Against the Catholic Faith '.

Straight through the porch, with brandished torch,
 The fiend went joyously out :
 And a posse of parsons, established by law,
 Sprang up when the lurid flame they saw,
 To head the rabble rout.

And braw Scots Presbyters nimbly sped
 In the train of the muckle black de'il ;
 And, as the wild infection spread,
 The Protestant hydra's every head,
 Sent forth a yell of zeal.

And pell-mell went all forms of dissent,
 Each beating its scriptural drum ;
 Wesleyans and Whitfieldites followed as friends,
 And whatever in onion Iarian ends,
Et omne quod exit in hum.

And in bonfires burned ten thousand Guys,
 With caricatures of the pious and wise,
 'Mid shouts of goblin glee,

And such a clamour rent the skies,
That all buried lunatics seemed to rise,
And hold a Jubilee.

FYTTE THE SECOND

THE devil gave the rabble scope
And they left him not in the lurch :
But they went beyond the summoner's hope ;
For they quickly got tired of bawling ' No Pope !'
And bellowed ' No State Church !'

' Ho !' quoth Little John, ' this must not be :
The devil leads all amiss :
He works for himself, and not for me :
And straightway back I'll bid him flee
To the bottomless abyss'.

Again he took down his book from the wall,
And pondered words of might :
He muttered a speech, and he scribbled a scrawl :
But the only answer to his call
Was a glimpse, at the uttermost end of the hall,
Of the devil taking a sight.

And louder and louder grew the clang
As the rabble raged without :
The door was beaten with many a bang ;
And the vaulted roof re-echoing rang
To the tumult and the shout.

The fiendish shade on the wall portrayed,
Threw somersaults fast and free,
And flourished his tail like a brandished flail,
As busy as if it were blowing a gale,
And his task were on the sea.

FAREWELL TO MEIRION

And up he toss't his huge pitchfork,
As visioned shrines uprose ;
And right and left he went to work,
Till full over Durham, and Oxford, and York,
He stood with a menacing pose.

The rabble roar was hushed awhile,
As the hurricane rests in its sweep ;
And all throughout the ample pile
Reigned silence dread and deep.

Then a thrilling voice cried : ' Little John,
A little spell will do,
When there is mischief to be done,
To raise me up and set me on ;
For I, of my own free will, am won
To carry such spiritings through.

' But when I am riding the tempest's wing,
And towers and spires have blazed,
'Tis no small conjurer's art to sing,
Or say, a spell to check the swing
Of the demons he has raised '.

FAREWELL TO MEIRION

[No date]

MEIRION, farewell ! thy sylvan shades,
Thy mossy rocks and bright cascades,
Thy tangled glens and dingles wild,
Might well detain the Muses' child.
But can the son of science find,
In thy fair realm, one kindred mind,
One soul sublime, by feeling taught,
To wake the genuine pulse of thought,
One heart by nature formed to prove
True friendship and unvarying love ?

No—Bacchus reels through all thy fields,
Her brand fanatic frenzy wields,
And ignorance with falsehood dwells,
And folly shakes her jingling bells.
Meirion, farewell—and ne'er again
My steps shall press thy mountain reign,
Nor long on thee my memory rest,
Fair as thou art—unloved, unblessed.
And ne'er may parting stranger's hand
Wave a fond blessing on thy land.
Long as disgusted virtue flies
From folly, drunkenness, and lies :
Long as insulted science shuns
The steps of thy degraded sons ;
Long as the northern tempest roars
Round their inhospitable doors.

OH BLEST ARE THEY, AND THEY ALONE

[No date]

Oh blest are they, and they alone,
To fame, to wealth, to power unknown ;
Whose lives in one perpetual tenor glide,
Nor feel one influence of malignant fate :
For when the gods on mortals frown
They pour no single vengeance down,
But scatter ruin vast and wide
On all the race they hate.
Then ill on ill succeeding still,
With unrelaxing fury pours,
As wave on wave the breakers rave
Tumultuous on the wreck-strown shores,
When northern tempests sweep
The wild and wintry deep,
Uprending from its depths the sable sand,

ON CALLERS

Which blackening eddies whirl
And crested surges hurl
Against the rocky bulwarks of the land,
While to the tumult, deepening round,
The repercussive caves resound.

In solitary pride,
By Dirce's murmuring side,
The giant oak has stretched its ample shade,
And waved its tresses of imperial might ;
Now low in dust its blackened boughs are laid
Its dark root withers in the depth of night.
Nor hoarded gold, nor pomp of martial power
Can check necessity's supreme control,
That cleaves unerringly the rock-built tower,
And whelms the flying bark where shoreless
oceans roll.

ON CALLERS

Instead of sitting wrapped up in flannel
With rheumatism in every joint,
I wish I was in the English Channel,
Cruising round the Lizard Point,
Steering south with the wind before me,
I should not care whether smooth or rough,
For then no visitors would call to bore me,
Of whose 'good-mornings' I have had enough.

THE END





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